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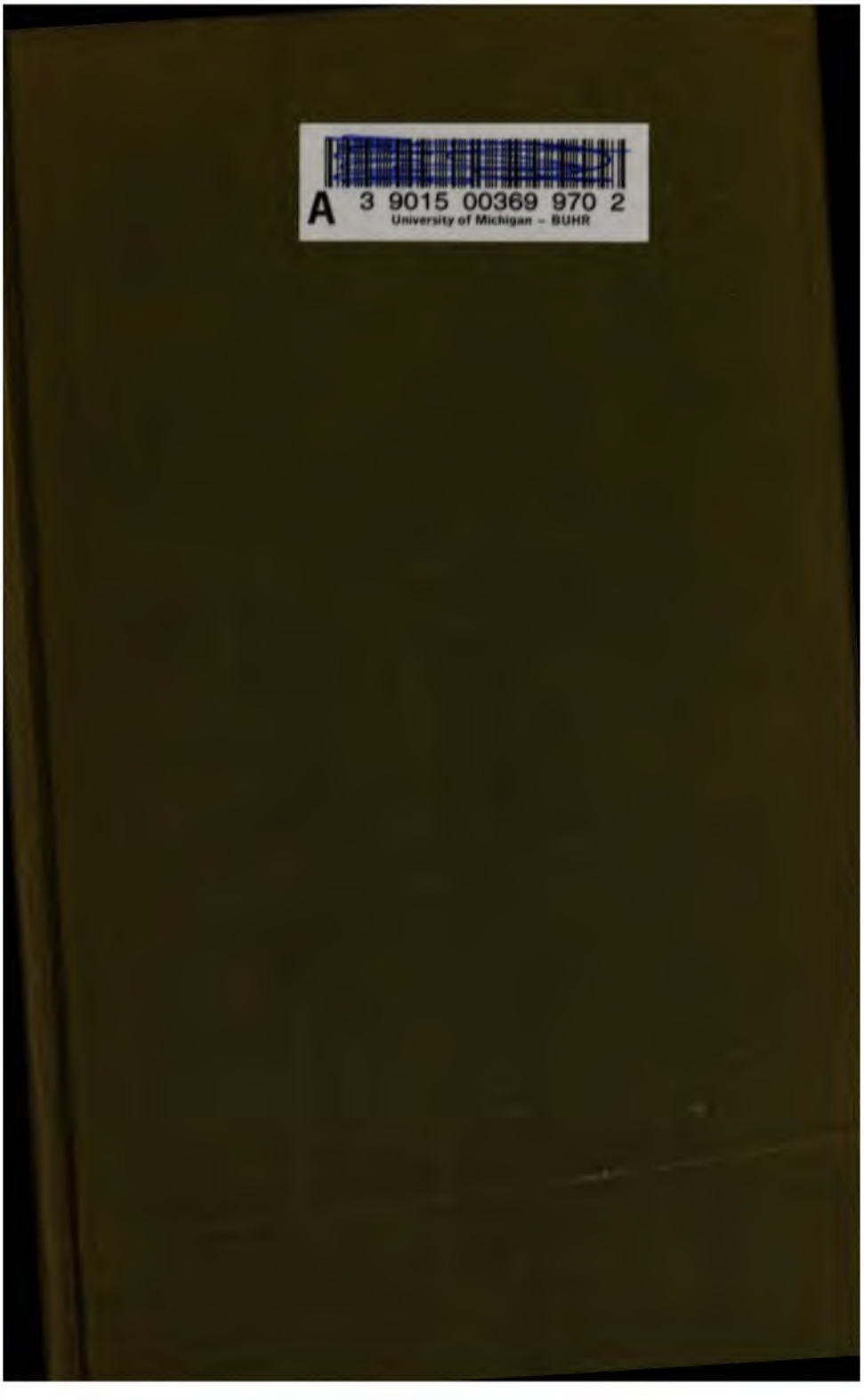
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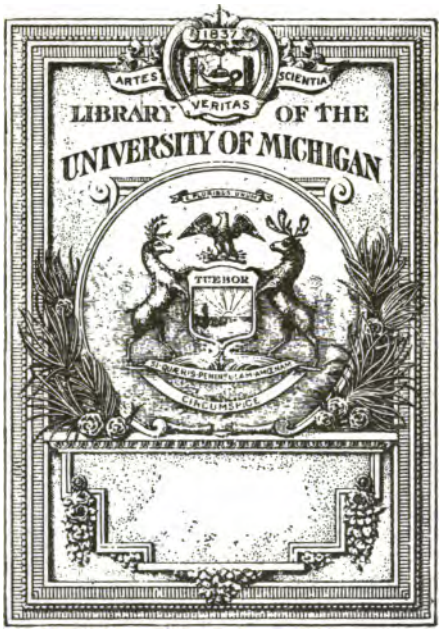
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THE TRILOGY;

OR

DANTE'S THREE VISIONS.

PART II.

PURGATORIO,

OR

THE VISION OF PURGATORY:

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH,
IN THE METRE AND TRIPLE RHYME OF THE ORIGINAL;

WITH

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

BY

THE REV. JOHN WESLEY THOMAS.

LONDON:
HENRY G. BOHN, YORK STREET, COVENT GARDEN.
1862.

"Lettor, tu vedi ben com' io innalzo
La mia materia, e però con più arte
Non ti maravigliar s' io la rincalzo."

PURGATORIO, ix. 70—72.

PRINTED BY J. E. ADLARD, BARTHOLOMEW CLOSE, E.C.

TO GARIBALDI

AND THE PEOPLE OF ITALY,

THE FELLOW-COUNTRYMEN OF DANTE;

AS AN EXPRESSION OF SYMPATHY

AND REGRET FOR THEIR FORMER SUFFERINGS;

OF ADMIRATION AND JOY FOR THEIR LATE CONDUCT

AND PRESENT POSITION;

AND OF HOPE

FOR THEIR FUTURE UNION AND PROSPERITY;

THIS VERSION OF THE

PURGATORIO

IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED BY

THE TRANSLATOR.

FAIR ITALY, HOW SAD HAS BEEN THY STORY!
OF OLD THY CIVIL FACTIONS FORGED FOR THEE
THE STRANGER'S YOKE, THE ROD OF TYRANNY,
PURPLED THY PLAINS AND MADE THY RIVERS GORY.
HOW LONG AND GRIEVOUS WAS THY PURGATORY!
BUT IT IS PAST:—FREE AND UNITED NOW,
AMONG THE NATIONS THOU HAST REAR'D THY BROW,
DECK'D WITH THE WREATH OF GARIBALDI'S GLORY.
ILLUSTRIOUS CHIEF!—IF DANTE FROM THE SKIES
LOOKS DOWNWARD ON THE LAND HE LOVED SO WELL,
IN THEE THAT VIRTUOUS HUNTER HE DESCRIES
WHO CHASED THE SHE-WOLF TO HER NATIVE HELL:
WHILE ITALY, FOR FREEDOM'S BATTLE WON,
HAILS THEE HER NOBLEST, BEST, AND BRAVEST SON.

PREFACE.

THE Translator acknowledges with gratitude the very favourable manner in which his Version of DANTE'S *Inferno* has been received by the Public, and criticised by the Press. Encouraged and stimulated by the approbation which has been so decidedly pronounced, he has proceeded with the PURGATORIO to its completion, and has found it increasingly "a labour of love." His further study of the TRILOGY has given him a more intense interest in the scenes and objects which it portrays, and a higher appreciation of the author's learning, wisdom, and genius.

The great Poem of DANTE tends to familiarise us with the Mediæval history of Italy and of Europe; and that in the most effectual and delightful manner, by its vivid allusions and descriptions. It is a standing and mighty protest in favour of humanity, uttered at one time in whispers and anon in thunder, to the ear and heart of his country, against its oppressors—those crowned and incarnate plagues, whether domestic or foreign, by whom she has been so long distracted, plundered, and enslaved; and it greatly contributed to preserve unquenched the hope and energy of her children, to foster their hatred of oppression, and at length to produce that sudden outburst of opposition to spiritual and temporal tyranny which has been attended with such signal success. At a time, therefore, when the affairs of the Italian Peninsula have been brought so prominently before the public mind of Europe, and

the emancipation of its *whole* population from the chains of political and ecclesiastical thraldom is an object of such ardent hope to ourselves, DANTE's immortal work presents a stronger claim than ever to our attentive study and reverential admiration.

The love of tragic grandeur, so deeply implanted in the human mind, makes every tale of suffering popular, and has perpetuated through all ages the great themes of the Epic and Dramatic Muse,—

> "Presenting Thebes' or Pelops' line,
> Or the Tale of Troy Divine."

It is this feeling that stirs within us in reading DANTE, and that has given to the scenes of misery described in the *Inferno*, their wonderful attraction and profound interest. Nor is this kind of interest wanting in the *Purgatorio;* but its griefs and torments are chastened by repentance and mitigated by hope. It portrays the realm of penitence and hallowed grief. Opinions may perhaps differ as to the relative merits of the three Visions; but, instead of deciding this point, we shall merely quote the language of two competent witnesses. The *Athenæum* (No. 1654, page 45) says, "The *Purgatorio* is much more interesting than the *Inferno;* and the *Paradiso* in some respects surpasses them both." And a former interpreter of DANTE (Mr. WRIGHT) says, "The gloom and severity which characterise the opening of the poem having deterred many from persevering in the study of DANTE, the translator begs to recommend his readers, not to dwell on the horrors of the *Inferno*, but to speed their flight with the poet to the calm regions of the *Purgatorio*, and the sublime rapture of the *Paradiso*."

LEEK; *April 9th*, 1862.

ON

THE CATHOLICISM OF DANTE.

THE Catholicism of DANTE appears to have been equally removed from a blind acquiescence in the doctrine of Papal Infallibility, and a scornful rejection of the Faith once delivered to the Saints. "Dante's religion," says his compatriot and co-religionist, UGO FOSCOLO, "was directly derived from the First Fathers of the Church, from whose enlarged views the Roman Papacy of the thirteenth century had already departed. His ideas of human nature in its progress towards perfection in a future life, and of the Holy Spirit's influence on the minds of all men, opened the way for the still further display of Christian truth. To him the Papacy was nothing more than the instrument of spiritual organization."—*Discorso Storico sul Testo di Dante.* The truth respecting Dante's religious opinions holds a place between two very different and opposite representations which have been made respecting them. On the one hand, Bellarmine and other adherents of the Papacy, discreetly unobservant of every adverse token, have claimed our Poet as its thorough partisan: and this claim has usually been conceded by his Commentators and Translators. So fully has its correctness come to be assumed, that by the writer of an article on "Dante and his English Translators," which appeared in a recent Review, the Evangelical Character of Dante's Christianity is represented as a discovery of our own! But although the Reviewer considers it a total misapprehension on our part, the only argument he could think of to prove it so is, that the Poet has placed in the Inferno Mahomet, Vanni Fucci, the Centaur Cacus, and the two Roman conspirators Brutus and Cassius: an argument the force of which we fail to perceive; since none of these, that ever we heard of, were either Protestant or Evangelical.

In direct opposition, however, to this assumption, Rosetti, on the other hand, has described the *Divina Commedia* as a Political Allegory, and prefers against its author a charge of the deepest hypocrisy. "The voice of ages," he writes, "proclaimed Dante to be no less profound as a theologian than matchless as a poet;

deeply did I meditate on his works and compare one with another; I investigated historical facts. I confronted his opinions with those of other authors; and as doubt swelled to suspicion, and suspicion became certainty, I cannot describe the feelings with which the full consciousness (conviction?) of *his hypocrisy* overwhelmed me!"—ROSETTI; *Disquisitions;* vol. ii. p. 198.

The former of these representations can scarcely be admitted in its fullest extent; much less the still more injurious imputation contained in the latter, however plausibly and ingeniously supported. We believe that both do injustice to the character of the Poet, and are inconsistent with facts which are capable of being proved by the most satisfactory evidence. We have seen how largely DANTE partook of the Anti-papal Spirit which manifested itself during the Middle Ages, and at length deprived the Papacy of its dominion over one half of Europe, and greatly weakened it in the other; and how much his mind was imbued with Evangelical principles and sentiments. Let those who deem it surprising or incredible that he should have been *so much of a Protestant* more than two hundred years before the Reformation, remember that what is called Protestantism is essentially the Religion of the *New Testament*,[1]—a book with which DANTE was perfectly familiar. Those, on the other hand, who are prejudiced against his immortal poem, because he held most of the doctrines inculcated by the Church of Rome, and died in her communion, make no sufficient allowance for the time in which he lived and the circumstances in which he was placed. At the same time, both classes of objectors appear to forget, how much of truth and error may coexist and be blended together, in the same individual mind. This may, perhaps, be best illustrated, and our view of the Poet's Catholicism justified, by an example familiar to Englishmen. By all Protestants, WICLIF has been considered "The Morning Star of the Reformation:" yet his religious opinions differed very little from those of our poet; although he had the advantage of living when, after a long night of ignorance and superstition throughout Christendom, the dawn was further advanced by half a century than it was in the age of DANTE.

This *Historical Parallel* is both interesting and instructive. It

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[1] Sir Isaac Wotton's answer to the question, "Where was your religion before Luther?" is well known. When this question was put to him by a clerical acquaintance in Rome, he replied, "My Religion was then to be found, where yours is not to be found now,—in the written word of God." We hope that the Italian people, now so nearly emancipated from the temporal yoke of Papal sovereignty, will take their Religion from the same hallowed source,—the discourses of Christ and the writings of his Apostles and Evangelists.

may not be amiss, therefore, to see how far it can be pursued. WICLIF, indeed, was an Englishman, a priest, and a voluminous prose and controversial writer; while DANTE was an Italian, a layman, and a poet: but in their characters, opinions, and fortunes, they strikingly resemble each other, as the following comparison will show.

1. Both flourished in the fourteenth century, about fifty years apart; and their lives were nearly of the same length.[1]

2. Both were highly educated, possessing all the science and literature of their age, intensely scholastic in their habits, and Realists in philosophy.

3. Both were ardent politicians and able diplomatists. Dante was sent on a mission to Rome by the Bianchi of his native city, and to Venice by Guido da Polenta, Lord of Ravenna; and Wiclif was sent to Bruges as one of four Commissioners on the part of the English Government, for the adjustment of a dispute with the Papal Court.

4. Both wrote in defence of the Civil Government against the encroachments of the Papacy, contending for the supremacy of the Civil Power in all secular matters; Dante in his *De Monarchiâ*, and Wiclif in a treatise which he sent forth in 1365, and others published subsequently.

5. Both were profoundly versed in the Holy Scriptures, which they held in the highest veneration. See "On the Religious opinions of Dante," prefixed to the *Trilogy*, Part I. p. xlvi. Wiclif constantly appealed to the Authority of Holy Scripture, and published a Translation of the Bible in the language of Englishmen.

6. Dante embodied his opinions and feelings in his great Poem the *Trilogy*, a Vision of Hell, Purgatory, and Paradise: Wiclif's most celebrated work, next to his Translation of the Bible, was the *Trialogus*, a series of colloquies between Truth, Falsehood, and Wisdom, in which he has given the substance of all his lectures at the University.

7. Both were members of the Church of Rome to the last, and held the Doctrine of Purgatory, the Seven Sacraments, and the lawfulness of praying to departed Saints. Wiclif in his Treatise in defence of the Civil Power, subscribes himself "a lowly and obedient son of the Roman Church." In several of his treatises he speaks of Purgatory, and appears to have retained his belief therein without question to the last. In that entitled, "The Church and her Members," which, from internal evidence, appears to have been written the year before he died, he describes the Church as having its members in heaven, on earth, and in *Pur-*

[1] DANTE was born A.D. 1265, and died in 1321; WICLIF was born in 1324, and died in 1384.

gatory. And somewhat about the same time he wrote "The great sentence of the Curse expounded," still in manuscript at Cambridge, in which he affirms that "saying of mass, with cleanness of holy life and burning devotion, pleaseth God Almighty, and *is profitable to Christian souls in Purgatory*."—*Life* by LEWIS. Ed., 1720, pp. 131, 132.

8. But the errors which they retained were held by both in a form so modified and mitigated, and at the same time were blended with so much of primitive and evangelical Truth, that like St. Gregory the Great, they may be truly regarded as Protestants by anticipation.[1]

9. Both denounced in the severest terms the Pride, Ambition, and Covetousness of the Papal Court, and the corruption and hypocrisy of the monastic orders.

10. Both were the objects of fierce and unrelenting persecution, but were protected by powerful noblemen; Dante by Can Grande de la Scala, and others, and Wiclif by John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster.

11. Dante was banished from his native city, and afterwards fined and sentenced to be *burnt alive*, on a charge of *baratry*, or malversation. He died and was buried in exile. Wiclif was denounced as a heretic, in five Papal Bulls addressed to the English authorities, who were ordered to arrest and imprison him. He was driven from the University, and, after his death, by a decree of the Council of Constance, his bones were dug up and *burnt*, and his ashes thrown into the river Swift near Lutterworth. Both Dante's book *De Monarchiâ* and Wiclif's *Translation of the Bible*, and his other works, were burnt, and the reading of them prohibited.[2]

12. And lastly, each of these great men exercised an influence over his country equal, if not superior, to that of any other man.

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[1] Not only Gregory's doctrinal views, though on some points not entirely unperverted, but his disclaimer of, and indignant *protest* against, the assumption by any mortal, of the title of Universal Bishop, give him a decided claim to this appellation. "But I confidently say, that whoever calls himself Universal Bishop, or desires to be so called, in his arrogance is the forerunner of Antichrist, because in his pride he prefers himself to the rest."—GREGORY; *Ep. ad Maur. Aug.*

[2] TACITUS, after narrating the prosecution of C. Cordus by the dependants of Sejanus, for having called Brutus and Cassius the "Last of the Romans," adds: "The Fathers ordered his book to be burnt by the Ædiles, but it was preserved in secret and copies were multiplied; so ridiculous is the folly of those who think that by an arbitrary act they can extinguish what deserves to be remembered by posterity. For the very oppression endured by genius

The writings of both have obtained a world-wide renown, and have had an enduring and salutary effect on the literature, manners, and religion of Western Europe and of the world. The cause which Wiclif championed, after a hundred and fifty years of proscription and persecution, triumphed in the Reformation: and that for which Dante laboured and contended, after more than five centuries of oppression and suffering, has at length become victorious, and bids fair to result in the establishment of Civil and Religious liberty, and the triumph of Christ's Gospel, throughout the Italian peninsula and its islands.

While, therefore, we make the same kind of allowance for DANTE that we make for WICLIF, on account of the age in which he lived and the circumstances by which he was environed, we are bound to admit his perfect sincerity as a member of the Church in which he was brought up, and to give him credit for a degree of freedom from the debasing influence of superstition to which few, if any, had then attained. We accept the statements which he has made respecting Purgatory, and other Mediæval doctrines of his Church, as we do his belief in the Ethics of Aristotle, in the Astronomical system of Ptolemy, and in the doctrines of Judicial Astrology. In his Poem he has described the Invisible World as he believed it to exist, availing himself of all the assistance which the Theology and Science of his time could afford him, while he expanded and filled up the dim and indistinct outline of the Triple Realm from the ample stores of his classical, historical, and political information, and by the creative power of his own sublime and daring genius.

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increases its authority. Foreign kings, and all who have employed the same cruel policy, have gained nothing thereby but disgrace to themselves and glory to the objects of their persecution."—*Annales*, iv. 35. Milton, in his *Areopagitica*, seems evidently to have had in view this passage of the Roman Historian.

ON

THE DOCTRINE OF PURGATORY

AND ITS ORIGIN.

THE doctrine of the Church of Rome, on the subject of Purgatory, was thus expressed by the Council of Florence, A.D. 1439, "If the truly penitent depart hence in the love of God, before they have made satisfaction for sins of commission and omission by fruits meet for repentance, their souls after death are cleansed by the pains of purgatory; and the suffrages of the faithful still alive, such as sacrifices of the mass, prayers, alms, and other works of piety, which they have been accustomed to offer, according to the institutions of the Church, contribute to the relief of such pains."—*Concil.* LABBE and COSARTI, tom. xiii.; Concil. Florent., col. 1135. Ed. Paris, 1672. The Council of Trent, in its *Catechism*, after speaking of Hell, says, "There is also the fire of purgatory, in which the souls of the just are purified by punishment for a stated time, to the end that they may be admitted into their eternal country, into which nothing defiled entereth."—Part i. Chap. vi. Quest. 3. On consulting other authorities we learn, that Purgatory is situated under the earth, contiguous to hell: that it is the same fire that tortures the lost, and cleanses the just in purgatory. DANTE'S *ideas of it soared much higher!*

If it be asked, Whence is this doctrine of Purgatory derived? we answer, Not from the Sacred Scriptures, for they are silent on the subject. Certain passages to which Roman Catholic writers have been in the habit of appealing for its support, will, on a fair interpretation, be found to bear a very different meaning; while with many others the doctrine is wholly inconsistent. The testimony of the Fathers is hostile to the doctrine. Several of them ignore it, and others employ language directly opposed to the notion of such a state. For instance, Clement, who is mentioned with honour by St. Paul (*Phil.* iv. 3), says, "Wherefore, while we are on earth let us repent: for we are as clay in the hands of the artificer. For as the potter, if he make a vessel, and it be turned amiss in his hands, or broken, again forms it

anew; but if he have gone so far as to throw it into the furnace of fire, he can no longer bring help to it. And thus we, while we are in this world, should repent with our whole heart for whatever evil we have done in the flesh; while we have yet the time of repentance, that we may be saved of the Lord. For after we shall have departed out of this world, we shall no longer be able either to confess our sins, or to repent there."—2 CLEMENTIS *ad Corinthos*, viii. To the same purpose writes IGNATIUS, the disciple of St. JOHN, "that we should repent whilst there is yet time to return to God."—2 *Ad Smyrnæas*, ix. And in the prospect of martyrdom he expresses his confident expectation of an immediate admission to the presence of God.—*Ib.* iv. JUSTIN MARTYR says, "We assert that the souls of the unjust exist after death, and are sensibly tormented, but that the souls of the good are happy, free from punishment."—*Apol. pro Christianis*, 2. (*Parisiis*, 1515.) To the same effect, speak Tertullian, Cyprian, Lactantius, Epiphanius, Hilary, the two Cyrils, Augustine, and others. Indeed, Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, who suffered death for the Papal Supremacy, in the reign of Henry VIII., while asserting that the belief of Purgatory on the authority of the Church is obligatory, admits that "The doctrine of Purgatory was a long time unknown, was rarely, if at all, heard of among the ancients, and to this day the Greeks believe it not."—*Contra Luth.* Art. 18. To the same effect writes Polydore Virgil.—*Invent. Rerum.* viii. 1. And Alphonsus à Castro says, "Concerning Purgatory, there is almost no mention, especially among the Greek writers. In consequence of which, even to this day, purgatory is not believed by the Greeks."—Lib. iv. on the word *Indulgence;* see also lib. xii. on the word *Purgatory*. There can scarcely be more striking proof that the doctrine is neither Catholic nor Apostolic.

From a natural sentiment of respect for the departed and of anxiety for their eternal welfare, but especially from the notion of a premillenial resurrection, as the special privilege of some and not common to all the faithful, the custom of praying for the dead sprung up and gained ground, some centuries before the doctrine of Purgatory was introduced into the Church.

Prayers for the dead are mentioned in the forged and Apocryphal *Acts of Paul and Thecla*. Augustine, in the fourth century, says that the souls of the dead are relieved (*relevari*) or helped (*adjuvari*) by the prayers of the living. But Chrysostom and Epiphanius, in the same century, testify that these prayers were offered for all the faithful, including Fathers, Prophets, Confessors, Martyrs, Evangelists, Apostles, and even for the Virgin Mary herself. They therefore give no sanction to the doctrine of purgatorial sufferings.

But "*Flectere si nequeo superos, Acheronta movebo.*" If the Scriptures are silent on the subject, other oracles have spoken;

and when an appeal to the highest authority has been unsuccessful, some have been willing to content themselves with a lower. Thus King Saul, when the Lord answered him not, when the Prophets had no message for him, and the Urim and Thummim were silent, betook himself to the cave of the Pythoness; and thus the advocates of Purgatory have sometimes quoted in its defence and support the traditions of Pagan Antiquity. No less a controversialist than Cardinal Bellarmine has appealed to the writings of heathen Poets and Philosophers. *De Purg.* lib. i. cap. xi. And if *their* writings are of any authority in the Christian Religion, the cause on behalf of this doctrine is won. Plato divided the inhabitants of the invisible world into three classes; the good, who after death inhabit the Elysian fields; the incorrigibly bad, who are cast into Tartarus or hell, never to be released; and a middle class, who though they had sinned, were in a curable condition, and were sent to Hades to be chastised and purified, and were afterwards admitted into Elysium. The heathen believed that the prayers and sacrifices of the living are essential to the repose of the dead. Thus in Homer, Elpenor in Hades beseeches Ulysses to perform his funeral rites.—*Odyssey*, xi. 59—78. In the *Choephoræ* of Æschylus, Electra, at the risk of her life, presents her offerings and pours out her libations, to propitiate the shade of her father. And Virgil describes the ghost of Palinurus as asking the same service from Æneas.—*Æneid.* vi. 363—371. He further makes the soul of his father Anchises thus describe the torments of the heathen Purgatory:—"For when life itself departs, even then every evil is not cured in the wretched: for many vices remain strangely incrusted. Therefore they are tortured with pains and undergo punishment for bygone faults. Some hung up are exposed to the winds; others, beneath a vast gulf, are washed from the crime that pollutes them; others are burned in the fire. All have to suffer their several punishments. Thence, when the long period appointed has wiped out the concreted filth, and left pure the celestial intelligence and simple brightness of the soul, we are sent to the spacious Elysium, and a few inhabit the happy fields."—*Æneid.* vi. 735—747.

These quotations from ancient Pagan writers—the last from a *Roman* poet—will serve to explain the source from which the Mediæval Church of Rome derived her doctrine of Purgatory. This Pagan origin of Catholic Doctrine may be further illustrated by the following *Apologue*.

There was a time when the Church of Rome was a pure church, and her "faith was spoken of throughout the world." She took a prominent part in the work of spreading the Gospel, and for its sake endured the severest persecution. After a war of three centuries, her efforts were crowned with victory; and Paganism, pierced through with arrows of light, retired to die. But on her death-bed she meditated a deep revenge; she sent for the Church,

pretended the greatest remorse for the mischief she had done, especially for the blood she had spilt—the blood of saints and martyrs; and proposed as a small compensation, but the only one possible, to make a WILL, appointing the Church her heir and residuary legatee. This being done, the Church inherited the goods and chattels of the vanquished and defunct Superstition—her temples, altars, incense, vestments, and images, together with a large estate in *Terra incognita*, called PURGATORY, which has proved a source of incalculable wealth under her improved and judicious management. The temples made very good churches, with a little sprinkling of holy water. The sacred vestments continued to sweep the ground, and the altars and censers to send up fragrant clouds toward heaven; while the heathen Gods were christened into Saints, and the same images were still worshipped under an altered name. Venus became a virgin, Pan lent his pagan horns to Moses, and the ancient statue of Jupiter made a very good St. Peter, by merely changing the thunderbolts into a couple of keys. Even the title of Pontifex Maximus, borne by the Emperor as high-priest of Pagan Rome, was transferred to the Pope as the high-priest of Papal Rome; and the ceremony, introduced by the vanity of the tyrant Caligula, of requiring all who approached him to kiss his embroidered slipper, has been faithfully copied by his Holiness, and transmitted to our own times. As this inheritance was held by the Church, not under the will of her founder, but under a newer title—the new testament of Paganism, it is not surprising that she has latterly been rather shy of exposing—except to the initiated who are in her confidence—the former document, on which she still professes to base her authority. Thus endowed, she carried on a flourishing business for more than a thousand years; and by putting down all rivalry with fire and sword, as far as her influence reached, she succeeded in establishing for herself all but a complete monopoly. At length her oppressions and extortions proved so intolerable, that one half of Europe seceded from her establishment. Since then she has felt the necessity of acting with greater caution, and has had recourse to various expedients to win back the lost confidence of the public, and preserve her remaining credit. But her embarrassments have so greatly increased, that not long since the Head of the Firm *absconded*. It is true that, by the assistance and under the protection of a very powerful friend, he has returned; but without the continuance of the same patronage, he would be unable to keep open his office a single day.

It was only by slow degrees, however, that the doctrine of Purgatory won its way, and at length attained the rank which it now holds in the dogmatic theology and recognised formularies of the Church. In the fifth century, Mosheim tells us, "the Pagan doctrine concerning the *Purification of departed souls*, by means of a certain *fire*, was more amply explained and confirmed than formerly." i. 126.

Towards the end of the sixth century, Pope Gregory, surnamed the Great, gave the doctrine some countenance. In the tenth century, "the fears of purgatory, of that fire that was to destroy the remaining impurities of departed souls, were carried to the greatest height, and far exceeded the apprehensions of eternal torments. The clergy, therefore, finding these terrors admirably adapted to increase their authority and promote their interest, used every method to augment them, and by the most pathetic discourses, accompanied by monstrous fables and fictitious miracles, laboured to establish the doctrine of purgatory, and to make it appear that they had a mighty interest in that formidable region."—*ib.* 225, 226.

Even in the twelfth century, many continued to dissent from this doctrine, and to doubt its truth; and although it continued more and more to prevail, the existence of Purgatory was not an authoritative dogma of the Church, but remained an open question, until it was at length decided and made an article of faith by the Council of Florence, which was held A.D. 1439, and whose language on the subject we have already quoted.

The Council of Trent, after asserting the existence of Purgatory, concludes its decree on the subject thus,—"Bishops are to take care that the suffrages of the living faithful, namely, masses, prayers, alms, and other works of piety, which have usually been performed by the faithful for other faithful persons deceased, be piously and devoutly performed, according to the institutions of the Church; and that whatever is *due* on their behalf, either from the *bequests of testators*, or on any other account, should not be performed slightly, but diligently and carefully, by the Priests and Ministers of the Church, and by others who are bound to perform this office."—*Sessio* XXV. *Decretum de Purgatorio.*

Of course, the authority of the Church, as represented by two infallible Councils, must settle the controversy for ever, in the estimation of those who exercise an implicit faith in her decisions; and supersede the necessity of any other proof or evidence in support of the doctrine in question. But it is interesting to notice what kind of evidence was depended on in the ages of ignorant faith, *before* the Church had formally decided the existence of Purgatory; and what means have been resorted to for the confirmation of that dogma, *since* the faith of Christendom in the Authority of the Church of Rome received so rude a shock from the Reformation in the sixteenth century. In default of better evidence, *Visions* were extensively and frequently resorted to. Alban Butler appeals to the vision of St. Perpetua, as *evidence* of the existence of Purgatory; arguing that God would not have permitted such a Saint to be imposed on. She saw her deceased brother, a child of *seven years old*, with several others in a dark place, pale, dirty, feverish, and thirsty, with a wound in his face, and tantalised with a vessel of water which he strove in

vain to reach. In a second vision, she saw him in a lightsome place, clean, well-clad, and refreshed, with only the scar of his former wound.—*Lives of Saints*, i. 536. This is told on the authority of St. Augustine, who wrote more than two hundred years after her decease. The monkish historians, preceding the age of Dante, have given accounts of numerous visions, to some of which he was unquestionably indebted for hints which assisted him in the construction of his own splendid fiction. We have already pointed out several of these passages, and others will occur as we proceed. We may assume the *subjective* accuracy of these visions without admitting the *objective* reality of the scenes they represented. They can only be accepted as evidence that the seers believed in Purgatory, not of its actual existence. In the accounts of many modern visions of the spiritual world, with which we have met, there is no reference at all to a middle state, and their evidence in favour of Purgatory *is a blank*. In these cases the *entranced* were all Protestants. In the ancient instances, they were all Roman Catholics;—unless, as the Oxonian Editor of her "*Acts*" has affirmed, St. Perpetua was a Montanist. The Visions of Purgatory related by Matthew Paris and Roger Wendover, are those of Charles the Bald, A.D. 885, the Knight Owen, 1153, and the labourer Turchill, 1206. Bede relates a Vision of Hell, Heaven, and Purgatory, seen by Drithelm of Northumberland. Alban Butler says, that Odilon, the sixth Abbot of Clugni in 998, being *moved by several visions*, instituted the annual commemoration of all the faithful departed, to be observed by the members of his community, with alms, prayers, and sacrifices, for the *suffering souls in Purgatory*. This was the origin of the famous annual festival of *All Souls*, or "the commemoration of the faithful departed," which was adopted by the Roman Pontiff, and added to the Calendar, November 2nd, about the end of the century.

Even in some Protestant communities, however, a lingering remnant of the superstitious feeling which originated and sustained the doctrine of Purgatory, may be traced in those tales of apparitions in which "the spirit of the dead has been compelled to wander in misery on the earth, for some crime or error, small or great, committed during life, and which, unless it be atoned for or rectified, prevents its eternal repose."—*Fiends, Ghosts, and Sprites;* by John N. Radcliffe, p. 215. In a tale of this kind, in *Scenes and Legends of the North of Scotland*, by the late Hugh Miller, the Ghost of a lady who had been bribed to conceal a homicide committed in her presence, adds to her narrative of the fact "I must now leave you; my time is out, and you'll be left to yourselves; *but I shall have no rest for many a twelvemonth to come.*"—p. 369. Shakspeare alludes to this kind of traditional Purgatory; when the Ghost in *Hamlet* (Act i, sc. v.) speaks of his condition:—

"Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night,
And for the day confined to fast in fires,
Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature
Are burnt and purged away."

But for the purpose of chasing the last remains of unbelief, St. Patrick's Purgatory was contrived; and was for ages the wonder and terror of Christendom. It lay far west of the more civilised parts of Europe—the direction in which popular opinion from the remotest ages had placed the abode of spirits. In an island of the ocean near to the setting sun, the place of punishment and purification could be actually entered through an opening in the earth; —a belief which appears to us the very *bathos* of mediæval credulity and superstition. According to the legend, in a desert place near Lough Derg in Ireland, St. Patrick had been shown a cave, and promised plenary remission to all who should remain therein a day and a night. There he constructed an oratory, enclosed the cave, and appointed a small company of Augustinian Monks to take care of it, intrusting the key to the care of the prior, with orders that whoever came to him with a license from the bishop should be allowed to enter the Purgatory. Whoever was bold enough to endure its terrors for twenty-four hours might thus expiate all his sins, past and future, which otherwise would cost him ages of torment. Numbers from all parts of Europe made the attempt, and more perished than ever returned to tell their adventures; for whoever made the trial without the preparation of true repentance, found that place to be the porch of hell. Of those who were found alive when the cave was opened by the monks in attendance, the experience in the various fields of punishment which they had visited, was carefully written down, for the edification of the faithful throughout Christendom. —See ROGER OF WENDOVER, vol. i. 511. That of the knight Owen, already mentioned, is an instance. That of Malatesta Ungarus, a noble gentleman and knight of Rimini, above two centuries later, is recorded in the patent rolls of our Edward III's reign, under the date of 1358. There is also the copy of a safe-conduct, or passport, granted by Richard II in 1397, to enable Raymond, Viscount of Perhilos, Chamberlain or Secretary of Charles VI of France, to visit the Purgatory, with a retinue of twenty men and horses; which Raymond afterwards wrote a narrative of his adventures there, in the Limousin dialect, with all the usual horrors.

But although the fame of Saint Patrick's Irish department of the middle state has long since passed away, other attempts have been made, even in modern times, to realise the terrors of purgatory to the eye of the penitent. The following has recently been described by a correspondent of the *Morning Post*, who was himself an eye-witness:—In a monastic establishment near

Florence there existed a carved and gilt confessional, about six feet high, which is believed to have been constructed in the sixteenth century. On the upper panel was painted the head of our Saviour, and on the lower panel appeared the cross. By a mechanical contrivance concealed within, the priest, who may be interrogating a sinner, has only to touch a spring, when the screen suddenly sinks, and a figure of the devil, the size of a man, leaps forward; not with the dimned glory and majesty of the ruined Archangel, but more in accordance with vulgar notions, having a head on which a few tufts of woolly hair are seen to move; horns; large, round, protruding eyes, fearfully rolling; a tongue hanging out of its mouth; and a body boldly carved as a monster. When the figure appears, the rattle of chains is heard from the concealed machinery. This portable purgatory, available at the will of the officiating priest, as a part of the church furniture, must often have had an effect, when accompanied by the sound of subterranean thunder from the crypt, which can easily be imagined. It was discovered by the civil authorities during the late Italian revolution.

In the quotation already given from the decrees of the Tridentine Council, we have seen that *masses* may be *due* from the living faithful in behalf of the faithful in Purgatory, for the *bequests* of *testators*, and on other accounts. For it is not the custom of those who hold the keys of that mysterious region to issue the writ of *habeas animam* GRATIS! The reader who is curious in such matters may find in Dr. Elliott's *Delineation of Roman Catholicism*, drawn from the authentic and acknowledged standards of the Church of Rome, a great number of extracts from the records of Councils and Synods, illustrating the sharp practice of the Church in the Middle Ages, to induce dying persons to leave bequests for the purpose of defraying the costly process of releasing them from the pains of Purgatory! Who does not exclaim, "Blessed are the rich, who, by reason of their ability to pay for masses, are in so much more favorable a condition with respect to their salvation than the poor!" But such bequests, though they might be designed *pro animæ salute* of the testator, often reduced his surviving relatives to poverty, while they enormously enriched the Church; reminding us of the "Woe," denounced against those "who devoured widows' houses, and for a pretence made long prayers." But if these spiritual advantages are only available for the wealthy, alas, for those who have not the means of purchase, and whose friends have not the ability or inclination to make payment for them! It is true that for the poor and the provident there have been Lotteries in Spain, and Purgatorial Societies in Ireland, *all intended for the relief of souls in Purgatory!* We also learn that at certain times Papal Bulls have been issued for the same purpose, which were sold at sixpence each, with a blank

left for inserting the name of any person on whose behalf it might be purchased. Mr. Seymour obtained a mass at Rome for the deliverance of a soul from Purgatory, at the cheap rate of two francs. He was asked to enter in the altar-book the name of the soul for whom it was intended; and having done so, he was assured by the officiating priest that the soul in question was actually delivered from Purgatory, and a certificate in writing to that effect was given. Mr. Seymour had entered *his own* name in the book, and the priest had certified the deliverance from Purgatory of a soul not yet departed from this life. (C. BEECHER's *Papal Conspiracy Exposed.*) On the other hand, the following statement recently appeared in the *Montreal Witness*:—"PURGATORY.—On the 21st ult., mass was performed in Quebec for the repose of the soul of General Montcalm, who died one hundred years ago." It is to be presumed that masses for the general had already been said, but ineffectually, or the repetition so long after would not have been deemed necessary. But if so, how long must *they* wait "for whom no mass takes off one peck of purgatorial coals"? Yet if the sufferings to be endured in Purgatory *are necessary* for the purification of the soul from the stains of its depravity, *why are they shortened in any case?* And if *not* necessary, where is the charity of those who boast of possessing unlimited power to abridge or mitigate them, and do not exert that power, but permit those torments to be perpetuated, for want of *pecuniary payment?*

The *commercial* character of the Papal Purgatory receives further illustration from an account which has recently been given in the *London Review and Weekly Journal*, under the heading of a "*Limited Liability Company for the Salvation of Souls.*" The writer states that in one of the great, pious, and charitable establishments of Paris, a prospectus of four pages was put into his hands, purporting to be that of a company (*association*) which has been formed "for the deliverance of souls from purgatory." The company was formed in 1847, and the writer adds, "if any of our readers are desirous of obtaining shares, we can recommend them to the Central Bureau, No. 95, Rue de Sevres, Paris."

We are assured in the prospectus that the shareholders incur no liability beyond their subscriptions—though it does not clearly appear what liability was possible, except of disappointment to the souls whose benefit is the ostensible object of the company. The subscription is only three francs (= half a crown) a year. Any person who wishes to become a shareholder for life may entitle himself to that privilege by paying a composition of 100 francs (= £4); and a *dead man* (*un defunt*) may become a shareholder for ever (à perpétuité—the bull is not an *Irish* one) by paying 50 francs (= £2). Shareholders belonging to the latter class are called foundationists.

The funds of the society are to be employed for the following purposes:—1. On the first day of every month a mass is to be

said for all the souls in Purgatory. 2. On every Monday throughout the year, a mass is to be celebrated for the most neglected souls (*les âmes les plus délaissees*) in Purgatory. 3. Three masses are to be said for each shareholder, immediately after his decease; but if he has failed to keep up his subscription, he loses these three masses, with all other benefits of the company. 4. All the other masses, as well as one-third of the money, which is to be expended in alms, are to be applied equally and for ever; first, to the most neglected souls in Purgatory; 2ndly, to the defunct relatives of the shareholders; 3rdly, to the shareholders who have died while they are shareholders.

Let no one suppose that this is a bad investment of his money, for the company guarantees to each shareholder a minimum dividend of "**9** masses a day!" We print the figure in bold type, as it is printed in the prospectus; because we wish to do justice to the liberality of its offers. The "Central Bureau" of the "Company for the deliverance of souls from Purgatory," is one of the establishments of the Jesuits in Paris, whose business talents in spiritual affairs have long been celebrated. The aid of the Fine Arts, too, has been called into requisition, for the prospectus is ornamented with an engraving in front, which represents a congregation on their knees before the altar, while the priest (in this case a director) is performing mass; the angels appear in the clouds above in an approving attitude; and in a vault under the church are a vast number of souls in the fire of Purgatory, who are gradually rising out of the flames, in consequence of the NINE masses a day; and as a result of the prayers "as above," one of these suffering souls is being dragged out by an angel! If the scale of payment advertised in the prospectus be compared with the usual tariff of prices, it will surely be admitted, that such mighty benefits are *dirt-cheap* for the money!

But a curious trial which has occurred in Paris within the last year (1861) has shown that this holy traffic in spiritual benefits to the departed, is not exempt from the same peril of malversation and fraud to which any other kind of traffic is exposed. A priest named Vidal was prosecuted for nonperformance of contract, in having failed to perform the stipulated number of masses which he had undertaken, and for which he had been paid. He belonged to an establishment which had advertised the sale of masses at an "*Immense Sacrifice*"—in the language usual with tradesmen in cases of actual or approaching bankruptcy. *Thirty thousand masses* for the relief of souls from Purgatory were offered, at one franc each, so that no one needed to hesitate in laying out his money. But the Dr. and Cr. accounts produced in court showed, that for 35 masses actually performed, 350 were set down to the credit of the priest; and so on in proportion. Vidal was one of a number of priests who were hired for the service of the dead by a bookselling establishment in Paris, at which a regular trade in

masses was carried on "over the counter." The plaintiff was one of its customers. The Court decided in his favour against the priest. The public exposure of these "cooked accounts," we may presume, would have no very favourable effect on the traffic in Purgatorial passports.

The preceding case, however, is by no means unprecedented; and, had such a plea been admissible in a civil court, we are not sure that M. Vidal's conduct might not have been justified by Papal authority. This will appear from the testimony of D. Antonio Gavin, who was born and educated in Spain, some years a secular priest in the Church of Rome, and in 1715, became a minister of the Church of England. His *Master Key to Popery* was first published in 3 vols., 12mo., London, 1725. "When the Marquis of St. Martin died," he says, "his lady distributed a hundred thousand masses, for which she paid, the very same day, five thousand pounds sterling, besides a thousand masses which she settled upon all the convents and parish churches, to be said every year, which amounts to a thousand pistoles a year, for ever." (Vol. i. p. 131; 3rd Edition, A.D. 1729.) But not satisfied with taking the money of the people for these imposed services to the departed, the priests cheat them out of the masses which they have bargained and paid for; for it often happens, he says, that they receive more money for masses in a day, than they can say in a month. But they have recourse to a "special privilege" which the Pope has granted, and which the priests and friars keep as a secret among themselves. Mr. Gavin confesses that, while he was among them, he never saw the privilege or bull to this effect, though he wished to see it; but it was a thing *secretly understood* among his brethren, that they had authority from the Pope to make *one mass serve for a hundred.* This was called *centenaria missa* (a centenary mass); and this one mass was understood to have as much efficacy as another when said a hundred times; which doubtless is true, but it is evidently a truth too sublime for the vulgar comprehension, and only fitted to be an *esoteric* doctrine, for the contemplation of the initiated. We are further informed, that the dealers in masses keep a sort of stock account, like that which our dealers in foreign spirits keep with the Excise Office, or Board of Inland Revenue, out of which by means of a permit, a quantity may be transferred from one person to another. "If somebody dieth," says the above-named writer," "and the executors of the testament go to a father prior, and beg of him to say a thousand masses, he gives a receipt, whereby *the masses are said already;* for he makes them believe that he has more masses said already by his friars to his own intention; and that, out of that number, he applies a thousand for the soul of the dead person."—D. ANTONIO GAVIN'S *Master Key to Popery*, vol. i. p. 136. See also MCGAVIN'S *Protestant*, vol. ii. p. 128.

While the Catholic reader, then, is at liberty to take the Pur-

gatory of Dante in its most literal sense, those who do not believe in its reality, have not only the translator's leave, but that of Dante himself, to adopt the figurative sense, as will be shown in a subsequent Essay. We may regard the *Purgatorio* as a *Parable*, in which are described the different stages of true repentance in this probationary state, wherein those who desire to forsake evil are variously chastened by a Father's hand, and weaned from sin by sanctified affliction.

The present version, therefore, of Part the Second may be accepted by the most English and Protestant reader, not only as essential to a correct and full description of Mediæval Opinion, but also, in a still higher and more interesting light, as an instructive, grand, and affecting *Allegory*—THE PARABLE OF PURGATORY.

"THEN SAID I, AH LORD GOD! THEY SAY OF ME, DOTH HE NOT SPEAK PARABLES?"—*Ezekiel* XX. 49.

ON

THE FIGURATIVE SENSES OF DANTE'S POEM.

BESIDES the literal sense in which the *Trilogy* is to be understood, and which first engages the reader's attention, some parts of it, as we have already intimated, have a concealed and figurative meaning. The genius of DANTE delighted in an allegorical style and figurative language. In this he resembles the Hebrew Seers and Prophets, with whose writings he was quite familiar, and with whose spirit his own seems to have been so deeply imbued. Like David, he has "inclined his ear to a parable, and opened his dark saying upon the harp." He invites the intelligent reader to consider well the doctrine hidden under the veil of his mystic verses.—(INF., ix. 61-63). He tells us that the subject of the *Divina Commedia* "taken literally, is the state of souls after death; but the *allegorical* subject is man, who, deserving, according to the action of his free-will, either reward or punishment, is judged according to these."—(*Letter to Can Grande.*) And he declares that "the object of the whole poem and of each part separately is to rescue the living from misery, and to conduct them to happiness."—(*Dedication of Paradiso.*) The key to the true interpretation of the Trilogy has been supplied by DANTE himself in another of his works. In his *Convito* he states that in the sacred Scriptures there are four senses. 1. The *Literal*, which is external, and the basis of all the others. 2. The *Allegorical*. 3. The *Moral;* and 4. The *Anagogical*, or Spiritual. "And in unfolding these," he observes, "the literal ought always to be foremost, as being that in the tenor of which the others are included, and without which it would be impossible and irrational to fix our minds upon them; and chiefly as regards the allegorical sense is this impossible, because in everything that has an inside

and an outside, we cannot arrive at the inside without first coming at the outside. Therefore, since in the Scriptures this first sense, the literal, is always at the outside, it is impossible to get at the other senses, especially the allegorical, unless we first come at the literal."

And as in the sacred Scriptures of the Old and New Testament, so in DANTE'S *Trilogy*, these four senses are not to be *everywhere* traced; but while the literal sense is obvious and outermost, like the Earth's green carpet, the other senses here and there "crop out," like the geological strata that underlie it. The letter of the *Trilogy*, or its *Literal* sense, displays the disinterested and beneficent mission of a glorified human spirit from heaven to earth, undertaken for the purpose of unveiling to one in the body the secrets of the invisible world, for his instruction and amendment. That Virgil should be his guide through the first two divisions of the invisible world, was also proper, because as an Epic poet and master of the rules of art, he had in the sixth book of the *Æneid* related an imaginary visit of his own to Hades, for the assertion of Eternal Providence and the glory of the Roman Empire. But for reasons which Dante states explicitly to the reader, the journey through Paradise could only be undertaken and accomplished under Christian auspices, a task, therefore, which is performed by Beatrice herself. It has been asserted that our poet was indebted for many of his ideas to the Mysteries of Isis, and those performed by the Greeks at Eleusis; from which it is also believed that the Templars, and other Societies of the Middle Ages, including the Freemasons, borrowed many of their secret and symbolical rites. The language which Virgil has put into the mouth of Anchises (*Æneid.* vi. 724-751), may be regarded as the most explicit definition extant of the meaning of the Eleusinian mysteries. But the principal sources from which DANTE derived his imagery were doubtless the Old and New Testament.

The *Allegorical* sense is that figurative sense which is conveyed when the persons, things, and actions described are symbolical of others. The Allegory, which only differs from the Apologue or Parable in being usually of greater length, and of a graver character, is employed to veil the writer's meaning, when its full and open display would be dangerous or inconvenient. The anonymous commentator, a contemporary and friend of Dante, says; "I, the writer, heard Dante say, that poetry had never betrayed him into writing anything but what he really meant; but that very often he made words bear a meaning in his verses, which was quite different from the sense they expressed in the writings of others." It will be seen, in a remarkable passage of the *Purgatorio*, that the poet gives to his readers express notice, that the literal sense is but a thin veil to cover the allegorical meaning; and one which it would be an easy thing to penetrate.

Canto viii. 19-21. Thus the pilgrim of love is the Christian believer, inspired by Divine love, and passing through this life to a higher and more enduring one. Thus Beatrice Portarini becomes the symbol of Divine Wisdom. And thus while, in the external and literal sense, Dante speaks with high respect of the Papal Chair, and of those by whom it was occupied, as officially the successors of St. Peter, the allegorical sense appears intended as a covert but severe censure of the pride, unfaithfulness, avarice, and other corruptions of the Papacy, and of its systematic hostility to Italian freedom and unity. This is especially seen in the first and nineteenth cantos of *Inferno*, and in the last two cantos of *Purgatorio*. And it is a remarkable fact, that at a period so much earlier than the Reformation, he applied to the Papacy those predictions of St. JOHN in the *Apocalypse*, which, since the time of Luther, Protestants have been in the habit of applying to the Papal system. In the cantos referred to, Dante seems to have caught the spirit of the sainted seer and exile of Patmos; and we learn from VASSARI'S *Life of Giotto*, that he recommended to that celebrated painter, who was his intimate friend, the study of the Apocalypse, as affording fit subjects for his pencil.

Nor was this method of giving expression to the antipapal spirit which pervaded the Reformation, confined to Dante. In England, we have Piers Ploughman's *Vision*, and *Crede*. Chaucer abounds in innuendos against the Papal usurpation, and the encroachments of the Church on the authority of the Civil Magistrate, which had produced such dire confusion in Christendom. In the character of the PERSONE he has depicted that of Wiclif. The story of GRISELDA, which he says he heard at Padua from the lips of Petrarch, probably when he fled from the wrath of the English Hierarchy, is supposed to have been intended as an allegory descriptive of the harsh and cruel treatment of the Waldenses and other sects, by their temporal rulers, on account of Religion; and a presage of their better treatment, when their truth and innocence should have become apparent. And in *The Wife of Bathes Prologue*, he gives to Purgatory quite a figurative interpretation; making that lady a representation of it in her own person, by the torment which her provoking conduct had inflicted on one of her former husbands, of whom she says, with an oath:

> "——In earth I was his *purgatorie*,
> For which I hope his soulè be in glorie."

The *Moral* signification shows how every sin brings its own punishment: for even in this world its natural fruits of shame, and pain, and death correspond with its evil nature, and prove that "the way of transgressors is hard." Thus in the *Inferno*, the victims of irregular desire are tossed about on fierce winds; the tyrants are immersed in a river of blood; and he who sowed strife between a

father and his children walks with his head severed and held in his hand. And in this manner the moral significations of Dante's poem, which the reader may have noticed in every circle of Hell, will also be manifested in every round of Purgatory. The *Anagogical* or spiritual sense refers to the beauty and majesty of Truth, to the necessity of Christian Faith and the regeneration of the soul by Divine Grace, and to the love of God and our neighbour, as the highest principles of our holy religion, which, commencing in the soul of the believer here below, will have their full development above in the state of eternal blessedness.

The VISION of the Mount of PURGATORY,
The Realm of painful penitence and prayer;
Type of our journey through this world of care,
And of the grief of sinners, young or hoary:—
From Acheron escaping, up to glory,
I saw the ship of Souls; the desert strand;
Casella's music heard; stern Cato scann'd;
And listen'd to Manfredi's thrilling story:
With DANTE traced each steep and rocky round;
Belacqua, Cassero, Buonconte saw;
Heard Pia's piteous tale, with grief profound;
Then on Sordello gazed with silent awe;
Pass'd the seven realms with hallow'd suffering rife,
Join'd Beatrice, and reach'd the Tree of Life.

ON

THE STYLE OF DANTE.

WHILE DANTE excelled in the power of his imagination and the vigour and sublimity of his genius, the materials which he employed in the construction of his great Poem, were derived, as we have seen, from the religion, traditions, politics, literature, and science of his own time and of the ages which preceded him.

The style of DANTE is preëminently original; and was regarded by Lord Macaulay as his peculiar, if not his highest, excellence. "I know nothing," says his Lordship, "with which it can be compared. The noblest models of Greek composition must yield to it. His words are the fewest and the best which it is possible to use. The first expression in which he clothes his thoughts is always so energetic and comprehensive, that amplification would only injure the effect. There is probably no writer in any language who has presented so many striking pictures to the mind. Yet there is probably no writer equally concise." (*Miscellaneous Writings*, vol. i.) In speaking of the *Purgatorio*, he refers to the simile of the sheep in the 3rd Canto, and says, "I think it the most perfect passage of the kind in the world—the most imaginative, the most picturesque, and the most sweetly expressed." And on Cantos 26th, &c., "Nothing can be more beautiful than the use he has made of the river Lethe."—(*Ibid.*)

It has been said that "when Dramatic and General Poetry are contemplated at one view, Shakspeare, Homer, and Dante—the trio of immortals—rise above and stand at a distance from all rivalry; Milton, Byron, and Goethe, nearest, perhaps, but far below." (*London Review*, Jan., 1859, p. 390.) Shakspeare has been considered, in a surpassing degree, the Poet of Human Nature, which is, doubtless, the noblest earthly object of human contemplation. But it may be affirmed with equal certainty, that even in this province of genius, DANTE approaches him the nearest, and is unequalled by any other. "No person," says Macaulay, "can have attended to the *Divina Commedia* without observing how little impression the forms of the external world appear to have made on the mind of DANTE. His temper and his

situation led him to fix his observation exclusively on human nature. The exquisite opening of the 8th Canto of the *Purgatorio* affords a striking instance of this. He leaves to others the earth, the ocean, and the sky. His business is with man. To other writers evening may be the season of dews, and stars, and radiant clouds: to DANTE it is the season of fond recollection and passionate devotion—the hour which melts the heart of the mariner and kindles the love of the pilgrim, the hour when the toll of the bell seems to mourn for another day, which is gone and will return no more."—(*Ibid.*)

It will be remembered that when Zachary Macaulay consulted Lord Brougham, and sought his advice respecting the education of his youthful and promising son—the future Critic, Orator, Poet, Peer of Parliament, and Historian of his Country,—the pith of his Lordship's reply was, "Let him read and study Demosthenes and DANTE!" That this judicious advice was attended to, cannot be doubted; and that the *Trilogy* of DANTE was an especial favourite of Lord Macaulay is evident from almost every part of his writings. To no author are his allusions more frequent. They are both direct and incidental; they are found not only in his critical but in his historical works; and they are made with a frequency and apparent zest which prove the high estimation in which he held the Florentine Poet. The biographer of Robert Hall describes the eloquent but suffering Baptist Preacher as "lying on his back, at the age of sixty, learning the Italian language, that he might verify MACAULAY'S description of DANTE," who ranks him above all the ancient poets except Homer. In speaking of the 3rd Canto of *Inferno* and the 6th of *Purgatorio*, as passages incomparable in their kind, he thus alludes to the opinion of Lord Brougham:—"The merit of the latter (the concluding part of Canto 6th) is, perhaps rather oratorical than poetical; nor can we recollect anything in the great Athenian speeches which equals it in force of invective and bitterness of sarcasm. I have heard the most eloquent statesmen of the age remark that, next to Demosthenes, DANTE is the writer who ought to be the most attentively studied by every man who desires to attain oratorical eminence." (MACAULAY'S *Miscellaneous Writings*, vol. i. pp. 70-71.)

In the Autumn of 1859, the Translator had the privilege of an introduction to Lord Brougham, at Brougham, Westmoreland; and he never can forget the urbanity with which he was received, nor the familiarity with DANTE'S *Divina Commedia* displayed by his Lordship, and his evident appreciation of its brilliant and striking passages. He seemed never tired of quoting the original, which he did with ease and fluency. In referring to the splendid invective contained in the 6th Canto, mentioned above, the name of the person with whom it is connected had escaped him. We suggested that of the Emperor Albert, which occurs in the

invective, but that was not the name intended by his Lordship. It was the only instance in which his memory appeared at fault. After we had taken our leave, and were on our way from Brougham Hall, we heard our name pronounced with great emphasis by his Lordship, and, hastening back, beheld him standing on a bridge that crosses the road through his domain. We had to wait but an instant for the communication, to hear which we had been recalled. With a voice which would have commanded an audience of five thousand persons, had they been present, Lord Brougham pronounced the single word "SORDELLO!" *It was enough!* the temporary lapse had been recovered, and the tenacity of his memory amply vindicated; while on *ours* were indelibly impressed the scene, the sound, and the association between the famous Mantuan Troubadour, described in the *Purgatorio*, and the distinguished British Statesman, to whose lion-like presence, whether couching or roused, that description will not inaptly apply; and whose vehement eloquence and tremendous powers of sarcasm were not surpassed, even in the famous invective inscribed by DANTE *to the memory of Sordello!*

TIME TABLE OF PURGATORIO.

FIRST DAY; Saturday, April 9th, 1300: Noon on the Meridian of Jerusalem. Night—Midnight at the Antipodes, where the Poets emerge from the Abyss, on the Anniversary of the RESURRECTION. "*Non derelinques animam meam in* INFERNO."—Psalm xv (xvi), 10.

The Morning Star ushers in the Dawn; *Purgatorio*, Canto i. lines 13—20. "*Ego sum radix et genus David, stella splendida et matutina.*"—Apoc. xxii. 16.

Sunrise; Canto i. 107—123. "*Et orietur vobis timentibus nomen meum Sol Justitiæ.*"—Mal. iv. 2.

Morning—Sunset at Jerusalem; Canto ii. 1—9. "*Ecce relinquetur vobis domus vestra deserta.*"—Luc. xiii. 35.

Forenoon; Canto ii. 55—57.

Three hours five minutes after Sunrise; iv. 15.

Noon; Midnight at Jerusalem; from 9½ to 10 P.M., at Morocco; iv. 137—139. "*Ecce tenebræ operient terram, et caligo populos; super te autem orietur Dominus.*"—Esaiæ lx. 2.

Afternoon; vi. 51. Towards evening; vii. 43. Sunset; vii. 85.

Twilight; viii. 1—6. Gloaming; viii. 49—51.

SECOND DAY; Sunday, April 10th. The Stars appear; Canto viii. 85—90. Two hours after Sunset; the Moon rising; ix. 1—9.

Dawn; ix. 13, 14. Two hours after Sunrise; ix. 44.

Noon, xii. 80, 81. Three hours before Sunset; Midnight in Italy; xv. 1—6.

Evening; xv. 139; xvii. 9. Sunset; xvii. 12. Night; xvii. 70—72.

THIRD DAY; Monday, April 11th. Midnight; the Moon rising; xviii. 76—78. About 3 A.M., three hours after Midnight, or a little later; xix. 1—6.

Daybreak;—the Sun risen; xix. 37—39.

Fifth hour after Sunrise, or 11 A.M.; xxii. 118—120.

Two hours after Noon; or 2 P.M.; xxiv. 1—3.

The Sun setting; xxvi. 1—6.

Sunset—Sunrise at Jerusalem; Noon on the Ganges; xxvii. 1—5. "*Populus qui ambulat in tenebris, vidit lucem magnam: habitantibus in regione umbræ mortis, lux orta est.*"—Esaiæ ix. 2.

Twilight; xxvii. 61—69.

FOURTH DAY; Tuesday, April 12th. Night; xxvii. 70—75.

Rising of the Morning Star; 94—96.

Morning; xxvii. 109. Noon; xxxiii. 103—105.

PLAN OF PURGATORIO.

Dante's Purgatory consists of a lofty mountain, situated on an island, at the antipodes of Jerusalem. Round the lower part the shades of those who have deferred repentance wander and wait. Purgatory proper, surrounded by a wall, and entered through a narrow gate, consists of seven rounds, ledges, or cornices, gradually decreasing in circumference, and appropriated to the punishment and purification of different classes of sinners. The mountain is crowned by the Terrestrial Paradise. Dante was probably indebted for this idea to an Oriental tradition. Mohammedans believe that the Island of Serendib (Ceylon) was the place where Adam spent the remainder of his life, after his fall from Paradise in the Seventh Heaven. Hence the mountain, supposed to contain his grotto and sepulchre, was named by the Portuguese Pico d'Adam (Adam's Peak).

NOTICE.

*** The names of many additional Subscribers have been received; but as others continue from time to time to arrive, their publication is deferred: a *complete* List will appear in the *Third Part.* A copious Index to the whole *Trilogy* will also be published with PARADISO.

THE TRILOGY, &c.

PURGATORIO.

CANTO I.

THE ARGUMENT.

Proposition of the subject, and invocation of the Muses. Dante's delight in breathing the pure fresh air, on the shore of the Mountain of Purgatory, where he sees the four stars of the Southern pole: he meets the shade of Cato of Utica, the appointed guardian of the place; in answer to whose demand, Virgil relates the occasion of their visit. Before setting out on their journey Virgil, at Cato's instance, washes Dante's face with dew and girds him with a reed.

To speed o'er calmer waters rapidly,
My Fancy's bark now spreads her sail on high,
Leaving behind her that unpitying sea.
And of that second realm a song I'll try,
Where human spirits lose each guilty stain,
Thus growing worthy to ascend the sky.
Here wake to life dead Poesy again,
O sacred Muses, for I am your own;
And let Caliopè[1] exalt her strain,

[1] The Muse of Eloquence and Heroic Poetry. From καλος—οψ, *beautiful speech or song.*

And guide my verse to somewhat of the tone,
  Whence the sad Picæ [1] felt that stroke severe
  By which their hope of pardon was o'erthrown.
The eastern sapphire's colour soft and clear,
  Which the still tranquil aspect had imbued
  Of the pure air, even to the lunar sphere,
Had to mine eyes their former joy renew'd,
  Soon as I issued from the mortal shades
  Which had both heart and eyes to grief subdued.
The beauteous planet which to love persuades,[2]
  Made all the orient laugh;[3] while close behind
  The Fishes' light, veil'd by her splendour, fades.
I turn'd me to the right, and fix'd my mind
  On the other pole, and those four stars I saw,[4]

[1] The daughters of Pierus, a wealthy man of Thessaly. They challenged the Muses to a trial of skill, and being vanquished were changed into *picæ* (magpies).—OVID. *Metam.* v. 299.

[2] Venus, a morning star, is rising before the Sun, which is in Aries, and is preceded by Pisces, the light of which is outshone by the Star of Beauty.

[3] "And firy Phebus riseth up so bright,
  That all the orient laugheth at the sight."—
CHAUCER: *Knightes Tale.*

[4] It was in A.D. 1484 that the Portuguese, who had been sent out by John II., advanced above 115 miles beyond the equator, and for the first time beheld a new heaven, and observed the stars of another hemisphere.—ROBERTSON'S *Hist. America*, B. i. Amerigo Vespuccio, in his third voyage, in 1501, first applied these lines of Dante to that magnificent constellation, the Southern Cross, which consists of four stars, and is to the Southern what our Pole-star is to the Northern hemisphere. They are here supposed to symbolize the Cardinal Virtues, Prudence, Justice, Temperance, and Fortitude. (See Canto xxxi. 105.) There is a singular superstition among sailors respecting it; namely, that it is a brooch, given to the Virgin Mary by her Son, and lost from her bosom in the daylight, when she went up to heaven, but

Ne'er seen save by the earliest of mankind.[1]
Joy from their beams the heavens appear'd to draw.
Oh, North! a widow'd region, since the sight
Of these thou art denied by Nature's law.
When I had ceased contemplating their light,
And turn'd a little towards the other pole, [30
From which the Northern Wain[2] had vanish'd quite,
Near me I now perceived an old man sole;
And worthy of that reverence which a son
Owes to his father, seem'd his aspect whole.
Long was his beard, where white hairs mingling shone,
Like to the hoary locks which from his head
In double tresses fell his breast upon.
The rays of those four hallow'd stars o'erspread
His face which they with light so beautified,
It seem'd the Sun whose beams were on me shed.[3]

always to be found in the dark. Meanwhile, it is a sign to the phantom known as "The Flying Dutchman," as he tries to weather the Cape, that he will be forgiven. Bartholomew Diaz, who discovered the Cape, but could *not* weather it, called it *Cabo Tormentoso*, the Stormy Cape; but the king his master, who now entertained no doubt that he had found the long-desired route to India, gave it a name of more pleasing significance and better omen, by calling it the *Cape of Good Hope*.

[1] Our first parents.

[2] The constellation *Ursa Major*.

[3] These four stars, which symbolize the Moral Virtues, had so illuminated his face, that it seemed to shine like a sun. This was Cato the *Younger*, who, as the personification of Retributive Justice, has the guardianship of this outer district of Purgatory. Thus Virgil:—

"And the pious apart, and Cato dispensing them justice."—
Æneid. viii. 670.

Rosetti says that in this description there is an allusion to the *Abrazas*, an amulet symbolical of the Sun, and also of the Divinity.

"Who are ye who against the darksome tide,
Fled from the eternal prison, this way rally?"
Moving his comely tresses, thus he cried.
"What guide, what light enabled you to sally
Forth from the shadow of that night profound
Which always darkens the infernal valley?
Are then the laws of that abyss disown'd?
Or has heaven changed its counsels old for new,
That thus the damn'd are in my precincts found?"
Immediately my leader towards me drew,
And seizing me, by gesture, word and sign,
Made me with knees and looks give reverence due.
"I come," he answer'd, "by no strength of mine.
A dame, from heaven descending, pray'd that I
For this man's aid my converse would assign.[1]
But since thou wouldst, for so thy words imply,
Our true condition yet more fully learn;

It seems rather strange that this department of Purgatory should be placed under the jurisdiction of a suicide; and we might well take an objection, *in limine*, to such an arrangement, if it would be of any use; especially after Dante has shut up in Hell Socrates, Plato, and the rest of the unbaptized, including Virgil himself. It has justly been said, that Cato's final act "was not firmness, but cowardice. He did not dare to receive a favour from Cæsar." The Greeks, in their view of this crime, differed from the Romans, and approached much nearer to Christianity. Thus EURIPIDES:—

"But I have considered: although I am surrounded with calamities,
I will not, by quitting life, incur the brand of cowardice.
For whosoever does not patiently endure misfortunes,
Would not be able to sustain the assault of an enemy's weapon.
I will rise above mortality, and will accompany thee to thy city;
And I thank thee for thy ten thousand kindnesses."—

Hercules, 1347—52.

[1] Beatrice. See *Inferno*, ii. 53.

To thee such knowledge I cannot deny.
This man hath not yet reach'd life's latest bourn,
But through his folly he so near it went,
That there was left him little time to turn.
As I have said, I unto him was sent,
For his deliverance, and no other way
There was, than that through which our steps we've bent.
I've show'd him all whom Hell has made her prey,
And now I mean to show him those who dwell,
For their purgation, under thy own sway.
How I have led him it were long to tell.
The grace to bring him I from heaven receive,
To see thee and to hear thee speak as well.
Now to his coming thy pleased welcome give.
Freedom he journeying seeks,[1] and that how dear
He knows who for her sake disdain'd to live.
Thou know'st, who for her didst not think severe
Thy death in Utica, where thou hast doff'd
The vest which will at doomsday shine so clear.
We at the eternal edicts have not scoff'd;
For this man lives, and Minos binds not me,[2]
But I am of the circle where aloft
Her chaste eyes raised, thy Marcia[3] prays to thee—
Oh, hallow'd breast![4]—that her as thine thou show:
Then, by her love, to us propitious be.

[1] Freedom from the bondage of sin and error for himself; and also to promote the religious and political freedom of his country.

[2] See *Inferno*, v. 4, &c. Virgil belonged to a more privileged class, described *Inferno*, iv. See note on line 35 of that Canto.

[3] Cato's wife is here intended.

[4] Yet Cato, with all his Roman virtues, gave up his wife Marcia to his friend Hortensius, on whose death he took her back again. On which instance of sublime friendship it was remarked

Permit us now through thy seven realms to go :[1]
To her will I report thy deeds benign,
If thou wouldst deign be mention'd there below."
"So pleasing to mine eyes was Marcia mine
While I on earth remain'd," he then replied,
"That nothing she desired could I decline.
Now that she dwells beyond the evil tide,
She cannot move me ;[2] so that law ordains
Which was establish'd when from thence I hied.[3]
But if a heavenly dame prompts and constrains
Thee, as thou say'st, no flattery canst thou need.

sarcastically by the Romans, that the lady entered the house of Hortensius poor, and returned to Cato laden with treasures.—PLUTARCH.

[1] The seven rounds of Purgatory.

[2] His awful brows will Cato not unbend
For Marcia's sake, his noble spouse, when he,
How dear to him she was, can yet pretend?
Such is the stately Stoic's gallantry,
Who to Hortensius his chaste wife could lend!
O virtue! friendship! generosity!
We sigh for Marcia, made another's bride;
And that by his own dagger Cato died!

"When Cato lent his wife to Hortensius, and Socrates his to a merry Greek, they could not, among wise persons, obtain so much as the credit of being worthy friends: neither could their great names legitimate unworthy actions under the most plausible titles."—DR. JEREMY TAYLOR'S *Discourse on Friendship.*

It should be remembered, however, that what Cato did in this instance was permitted at Rome. Plutarch, in his comparison of Numa and Lycurgus, tells us this expressly. Cato, though found wanting, according to the stricter morals of the Christian religion, was not the man to violate the laws of his country.—See MONTESQUIEU'S *Spirit of Laws;* B. XXVI. c. 18.

[3] That entire acquiescence in the will and appointment of Heaven which is the obvious duty of every rational creature.

Thy suit by her my prompt compliance gains.
Go then, and gird thou with a simple reed[1]
This man, and see thou lave his face with care,
That from all filthiness it may be freed:
For 'tis not fit that he with eyes appear
By any cloud obscured before the first
Of those in Paradise who minister.[2]
Around this islet, where the billows burst,
Far down below us, when they strike the shore,
A growth of reeds by the soft mire is nursed.
No other plant that e'er a green leaf bore,
Nor such as harden here would live unshent,
Since they the dash of waves bow not before.[3]
Not by this path be then your footsteps bent,
The sun will show you, now he mounts the skies,
To take the mountain's easiest ascent."
This said, he disappear'd, and up I rise,
Nor spoke one word, but toward my leader now
Approach'd quite close, and on him turn'd mine eyes.
He said, "My son, my footsteps follow thou,
And backward let us turn; for here, we see,
This plain doth toward its lower limit bow."
The morn compell'd the early dawn to flee
Vanquish'd before it; and far off I gain
Sight of the tremulous glitter of the sea.
We travell'd through the solitary plain,
Like one returning, from his way gone wide;

[1] The symbol of humility.

[2] The first angelic minister that the poets were about to meet. Canto ii.

[3] Humility is of the first necessity in a course of repentance and amendment. "Be clothed with humility, for God resisteth the proud, and giveth grace to the humble."—1 *Pet.* v. 5.

To whom, till that he reach, his walk seems vain.
When we were come where we the dew espied
With the sun striving, yet in partial shade,
So that it was but little rarified,[1]
His outspread hands my master softly laid
On the green herbage, which he seem'd to skim.
And I who had of his intent been made
Aware, held out my tearful cheeks to him.
Here he to me completely did restore
That colour which Hell's gloom had made so dim.[2]
Then we arrived upon the desert shore,
Which ne'er saw seaman on its waves forlorn
Return, who dared that region to explore.[3]
He girt me here with what was to be worn.
O marvel strange! that wheresoe'er he chose
That humble plant, as if the same reborn,
Another where 'twas pluck'd that instant rose.[4]

[1] The Sun being on the horizon, the effect of his beams as yet in drying up the dew could be but partial.

[2] That natural colour which the smoke and grime of the Infernal pit had overlaid and obscured. Figuratively, the effect of repentance on the soul.

[3] If Ulysses had visited this coast, he did not return from it.—*Inferno*, xxvi. 127—142. Dante's was the first attempt to describe the situation and construction of Purgatory. Thus he enhances the difficulty of his undertaking.

[4] "The first being plucked another is not wanting."—*Æneid.* vi. 143.

CANTO II.

THE ARGUMENT.

A glorious light is seen in the distance moving over the sea, which on its near approach proves to be an Angel, steering the Ship of Souls, within which the shades are chanting *In Exitu Israel.* They disembark, and among them Dante recognises an old acquaintance, Casella, celebrated as a musician, who at his request sings a favorite lay, to which the shades listen enraptured; but Cato reappearing interrupts the song, reproves their delay, and drives them towards the Mount of Purgatory.

Now had the Sun to that horizon climb'd
With whose meridian circle cover'd quite
Fair Salem is, by that point most sublimed.[1]
And circling opposite to him the Night
Forth with the Balances from Ganges breaks,
And lets them drop when she has reach'd her height.[2]
Meanwhile in beautiful Aurora's cheeks
The white and vermeil, where I was that day,
Through ripening age an orange hue partakes.

[1] Jerusalem being the supposed centre of the dry land, and Dante being now at its antipodes, the *apex* of the dome formed by that hemisphere of the heaven opposite to him, would be immediately above the Holy City.

[2] The Sun, while rising on the Poets, is setting at Jerusalem, where consequently Night is coming forth from the East; and as the Sun is in Aries, the constellation Libra must *on that meridian* be rising, and, of course, will at midnight have passed it, and be declining towards the West.

Still by the ocean-shore we made our stay,
  Like those who on some tedious journey pore,
  Whose thoughts fly swiftly though their limbs delay.
When, lo! as when the night is nearly o'er,
  Through the dense vapour Mars with reddening beam
  Sinks in the west above the ocean floor;
So shone (may I again behold its gleam)
  A light that o'er the sea so swiftly flew,
  No motion else to equal that would seem:
From which when I again mine eyes withdrew,
  To ask my guide, and look'd again, 'twas grown
  More luminous and larger to my view.
On either side of it then was there shown
  An unknown shape of brightness to my ken;
  And from beneath it by degrees was thrown
Another. Yet my leader spake not, when
  The first-seen brightness open'd wings; and he
  The angelic Pilot recognising then,[1]
Cried out, "Fall down, fall down, and bend thy knee:[2]
  Behold God's angel; raise thy folded hands;
  Now such divine officials thou shalt see.
Lo, how he scorns what human skill demands:

[1] —— "In the East
Darkness ere Day's mid course, and morning light
More orient in yon western cloud that draws
O'er the blue firmament a radiant white,
And slow descends, with something heavenly fraught.
—— I descry,
From yonder blazing cloud that veils the hill,
One of the heavenly host."—*Paradise Lost*, xi. 203—230.

[2] "A voluntary humility and worshipping of Angels," against which St. Paul had given a distinct warning, *Col.* ii. 18, had, long before Dante's time, become the sin and folly of the great mass of professing Christians, both clergy and laity.

An oar he needs not, spreads no sail in air—
Save his own wings—between such distant strands.
See how toward heaven upraised he spreads them there,
Fanning the air with his eternal plumes,
Which ne'er fall off nor change like human hair."
Then, as yet near and nearer toward us looms
The feather'd form divine, it brighten'd more,
Dazzling whoe'er to look thereon presumes.
But I bent downward and he came to shore,
In vessel swift and trim, which made a swoop,
Nor gulp'd the wave she lightly bounded o'er,
With her celestial pilot on the poop.
His looks a blest one legibly proclaim.
Within, more than a hundred spirits droop,
Chanting, "*When Israel out of Egypt came.*"
To sing it with one voice they all combine,
And all that's written of that Psalm the same.[1]
Then of the Cross he made the holy sign;[2]

[1] *Psalm* cxiv. The allegorical sense is obvious. They had sailed from the *Tiber*, and crossed the sea under the conduct of an angel, in their escape from "the great city which spiritually is called Egypt."—*Rev.* xi. 8. The bard (*vates* as well as *poeta*) prefigures here the escape of Christendom from Roman bondage. Further, in his letter to Can Grande, on the meaning of this passage, he says: "If we look into the moral sense, it signifies to us the conversion of the soul from the grief and misery of sin to a state of grace; if the anagogical, it signifies the escape of a holy soul from the servitude of this corruption to the liberty of eternal glory."

[2] The origin of this custom here claims our attention. Barnabas, in speaking of the Old Testament *types*, in which, as it is well known, he was a little fanciful, tells us that Moses, when fighting against Amelek (*Exod.* vii. 12), stretched out his hands, "that he might make a type of the cross (*τυπον σταυρου*);" which some have rendered "a sign of the cross." In *Ezekiel* ix. the

And all at once they leap'd forth on the strand:
Swift as he came then went the form divine.
The crowd that stay'd there, strangers in that land
Appear'd, intently gazing round; like one
Who novel objects tries to understand.
In all directions now the risen sun
Shot forth the day, and with his arrows bright
From the mid heavens forced Capricorn to run;[1]
When the new comers toward us raised their sight,
And ask'd that we would tell them, if we knew,
The way for them to reach the mountain's height.
And Virgil answer'd, "You suppose us two,
Perchance, acquainted with this wild resort:
But we are strangers here, as well as you.
The time we came before you was but short,
By another way, so rough and full of bale,

man clothed in linen, with a writer's inkhorn by his side, is commanded to go through Jerusalem, and set a mark (*Tau*) on the foreheads of those who mourned the sins of their country; and all who had not this mark were devoted to destruction. *Tau* is the name of the Hebrew letter answering to our T. It is also the name of an object, as all the Hebrew letters are, and signifies a *Cross*, to the figure of which the old Hebrew or Samaritan Tau bears a rude resemblance. In the Apocryphal *Acts of Paul and Thecla*, forged about the beginning of the second century, and subsequently interpolated, a miraculous deliverance is said to have been wrought by "making the sign of the cross." But the earliest unambiguous and unquestionable allusion to the practice is that by Tertullian, in his book *De coronâ militis* (A.D. 207—210), who says, "We often sign ourselves with the sign of the cross." For this custom he pleads tradition, but admits that it is without any warrant from Holy Scripture.

[1] "And now went forth the Morn, array'd in gold
Empyreal, from before her vanish'd night,
Shot through with orient beams."—*Par. Lost*, vi. 12—14.

That now for us to mount will seem but sport."
The souls, who by my breathing did not fail
To be aware that I was yet alive,
Through their astonishment thereat grew pale.
And as a messenger who doth arrive
With olive-branch draws men the news to hear,
And none through fear of trampling fails to strive,
Even so stood all those fortunate spirits there
With eager scrutiny my face to view,
Forgetting to press on to be made fair.[1]
I saw one in advance who towards me drew,
With such entire affection to embrace,
That I towards him was moved the like to do.
O shadows vain! mere semblances we chase!
Thrice round him I my ready arms elance,
Which thrice returning, on my breast I place.[2]
Wonder, I think, would paint my countenance,
For then the shadow smiled and shrunk away;
And following after, onward I advance.
Then with soft voice he bade me still delay;
Whence who he was I knew, and pray'd that now
To talk with me a little while he'd stay.
"Now freed," he said, "that love I still avow
Which in a mortal frame I had for thee.
I therefore stay; but here why wanderest thou?"
"Casella mine,"[3] I said, "I am to be

[1] That is, to be purified.

[2] Virgil, describing his meeting in Hades the Shade of his departed wife Creusa, says:—

"Three times around her neck to throw mine arms I endeavoured,
Three times in vain my hands laid hold of the phantom,
Empty as the light winds, and like a dream in fleetness."—
Æneid. ii. 792.

[3] A distinguished Florentine musician, who had set many of

Led back from whence I make this voyage wide:
But why wert thou detain'd so tediously?"[1]
"No one hath done me wrong;" he then replied.
"If He who chooses when and whom to take,
To me this voyage ofttimes hath denied,
'Twas for His righteous will and pleasure's sake.[2]
But He for three months past has wafted o'er
All who the voyage wish'd with him to make.
Whence I, who had arrived upon that shore
Where her salt wave the sea to Tiber brings,
Kindly received, was left behind no more.
He for that port again has spread his wings:
For always gather there at Heaven's behest,
Those whom no crime to Hell's dread river flings."[3]
Then I; "If thee no recent law divest

Dante's canzoni to music, and "in whose company," says Landino, "Dante often refreshed his spirits, when wearied by severer studies." Milton, in his 8th sonnet, "To HENRY LAWES," has the following:—

"Dante shall give Fame leave to set thee higher
Than his Casella, whom he wooed to sing,
Met in the milder shades of Purgatory."

[1] Casella is supposed to have died some years previously. That he had not sooner arrived on the shores of Purgatory, he explains by stating that the conducting angel's refusal was in accordance with the will of heaven; but that now he was "taking the benefit of the act" by which Pope Boniface had established the Jubilee.

[2] The Divine Being, or the Conducting Angel. As in *Genesis* xviii., the language is applicable to either.

[3] Dante, who consigns the author of the Jubilee to the bottomless pit (*Inferno*, xix. 53, 80), seems here to have had in view *Rev.* xviii. 4, "And I heard a voice from heaven saying, Come out of her, my people, that ye be not partakers of her sins, and that ye receive not of her plagues."

Of use or memory of the amorous lay,
Which once could lull my passions all to rest,
Be pleased therewith a little while, I pray,
To soothe my mind clogg'd with its earthly part,
Arriving here much wearied with the way."
"*Love, who holds converse with me in my heart;*"[1]
With such soft accents he commenced the song,
Whose tones within their sweetness yet impart.
Myself, and my instructer, and the throng
Who with him were, appear'd as well content,
As though to none could other cares belong.
In fix'd attention to his notes we bent,
Listening; when, lo, that strict old man we hear
Exclaiming, "What is this? What now is meant? 120
Ye laggard souls, why stand ye idling here?
Run to the mountain;[2] cast the scales aside
Which to your eyes will not let God appear." [3]
As in a place with tares or corn supplied,

[1] The first line of a Canzonet in praise of Beatrice in Dante's *Convito*. It consists of ninety lines. Hence it is no wonder that the soul of Cato, which never had much music in it, should have been scandalised at the conduct of the Shades, in delaying their journey upwards for *a song!* From its repeated mention by Dante (*De Vulg. Eloq.* ii. 6), it must have been a great favorite with him, especially when sung by Casella to his own music, as doubtless Dante had heard it. From its introduction here, however, we cannot doubt that in its real design it soared above the fleeting interest of an earthly attachment.

[2] See *Matt.* xx. 6; *Gen.* xix. 17.

[3] "See: for every cloud that is spread over thy vision,
Which weakens thy mortal sight and reeking darkens around thee,
I will remove."—*Æneid.* ii. 604.

"And there fell from his eyes as it had been scales, and he received sight."—*Acts* ix. 18.

The pigeons flock, their food collecting there,
Quiet, not showing their accustom'd pride;
If aught appears, the timid flock to scare,
At once they fly from where they feeding stood,
Because assaulted by a greater care.
So I beheld this newly-landed crowd;
Quitting the song they toward the hill-side paced,
Like one who flies, and yet knows not the road:
Nor was our own departure less in haste.

CANTO III.

THE ARGUMENT.

Dante, starting at his own shadow, is reassured by Virgil, who explains the reason why he himself projects no shadow on the ground. Finding no path to ascend the steep, they inquire of a party of Souls whom they meet, who are amazed at Dante's appearance. They direct the poets where to find a practicable path. With one of them Dante converses: this is Manfredi, king of Naples, who relates the particulars of his death in battle.

When thus the Shades with unexpected flight,
Their devious way pursuing through the plain,
Turn'd to the mountain, thither urged aright;[1]
I to my faithful feere myself restrain:
For without him how could I speed my course?
How could I hope the mountain-top to gain?
To me he seem'd to feel some self-remorse.[2]
O faithful conscience, delicately clear,
Of how small fault feel'st thou the biting force!

[1] By Cato, in the preceding canto. Right reason should prompt men to repent, and make satisfaction for the wrongs which they have committed.

[2] Virgil smarts under Cato's reproach for delay, having so often blamed it in Dante.

Soon as his feet left off, in his career,
That haste which strips each act of decency,[1]
My mind which was at first restrain'd by fear,
Its purpose now enlarged as eagerly:
And I against the mountain turn'd my gaze,
Where heaven-ward it rose highest from the sea.
The sun all red which did behind me blaze,
Before was broken, and my form portray'd,
Just as it intercepted there his rays.
Starting I turn'd me on one side, afraid
That I had been forsaken, when I spied
The ground before with but my single shade.[2]
"Why still distrustful," my consoler cried;
As, turn'd quite round, his looks on me he bent;
"Think'st thou I am not with thee—still thy guide?

[1] "For joy, indeed, O dearest, I'm compell'd,
Forgetting decency, to speed me hither."—
SOPHOCLES, *Electra*, 877.

Among other gestures to be avoided, Cicero reckons "too much haste in walking, so as to produce quick breathing, a flushed countenance, and difficulty of speaking."—*De officiis*, i. 36. And Horace says of Tigellius, "He would often run as if pursued by an enemy."—*Sat.* i. 3.

[2] Now, for the first time since Dante entered into "the valley of the dolorous abyss," the Sun shines on his path. He is therefore startled at seeing no shadow but his own projected on the ground, until reminded that the incorporeal presence of his guide is necessarily shadowless.

The negroes imported into the West Indies brought from Africa the belief, that a living man could be deprived of his shadow by magical influence, but that such privation would be *fatal*. At the trial of a notorious Obeah-man, one of the witnesses was asked, "Do you know the prisoner to be an Obeah-man?" "Ees, massa, shadow-catcher, true." "What do you mean by a *Shadow-catcher?*" "Him ha coffin" (a little coffin was here produced), "him set for catch dem shadow." "What shadow do you mean?" "When

Now it is evening where in earth is pent
The body wherein I a shadow made;
Naples contains it, from Brundusium sent.[1]
Therefore if I before me cast no shade,
No marvel, since we in yon heavens behold
How in their interchange no beam is stay'd.[2]
To suffer torments both of heat and cold,
Like bodies that Celestial Energy
Bestows,[3] which will its prowess not unfold.
How vain to hope the Infinite can be
Explain'd by reasoning of the Sons of Earth,
Since He one substance holds in Persons Three!
As to the *wherefore*, ye of human birth,
Content yourselves, for there no need had been
Had you seen all, that Mary should bring forth.[4]
Such longing without fruit yourselves have seen
In men who might have slaked their eager thirst,
Now felt eternally with anguish keen.[5]

him set Obeah for somebody, him catch dem shadow, and dem go dead." And dead they soon were, when he pretended to have caught their shadows.

[1] Virgil is said to have died at Brundusium and been buried at Naples, where his presumed sepulchre is shown.

[2] In allusion to the diaphonous and concentric spheres, in which, according to the Ptolemaic theory, the planets and fixed stars are set.

[3] "Not for that we would be unclothed but clothed upon."—2 *Cor.* v. 4. The notion, that the soul in its disembodied state is clothed with some kind of material or etherial substance, was not peculiar to the scholastic philosophy of the Middle Ages, but has been more or less common in all ages, and may be traced in the writings of Platonic Philosophers, Jewish Rabbis, and Christian Fathers.

[4] Had mankind been omniscient they would not have sinned, nor consequently have needed redemption.

[5] *Inferno*, iv, 42.

'T was thus with Aristotle, Plato erst,
And many others——."[1] Here he stoop'd him low,
With troubled aspect, and no more conversed.
Now to the mountain's foot we came, and lo,
The rock we found so steep and roughly faced,
Our feet in vain had there essay'd to go.
'Twixt Lerici and Turbia[2] the most waste
Untrodden path, to that is but a stair,
Easy and open, for convenience placed.
"Now, on which side the mountain slopes, and where
Who knows," my master said, his footsteps staying,
"That he who hath not wings to mount may dare?"
And while he held his visage low, essaying
With mind attentive to find out the road,
And I look'd up around, the rock surveying;
Upon our left hand there appear'd a crowd
Of souls, who toward us now their footsteps plied,
Yet seem'd not moving, they so slowly strode.[3]
"Lift up thine eyes," I to my master cried,
"See those from whom, if thou thyself hast none,
Fit counsel we may gain." Then he replied,

[1] Virgil pauses; overcome with grief to think that he himself was one of those eternally doomed to hopeless desire.

[2] The state of the old roads from Lerici at the entrance and Turbia at the extremity of the Genoese republic, is here alluded to. The road along the coast is called the *Cornichè* (*Cornice*), from the nature of the narrow path which existed before the present magnificent road was made. The *Cornichè* was then a mere ledge on the side of the rock, a relic of the Roman *Aurelian way*, overhanging the sea in many parts, hardly wider than was needful for a single horse or mule, and of which the terrors were equal to the beauties.

[3] Theirs had been a reluctant and late repentance.

While me with cheerful air he look'd upon,
"Let us move towards them, since their steps are slow,
And thou, continue in thy hope, my son."
When we had made a thousand steps or so,
And yet as distant was that company
As a good marksman with his hand could throw;
They all together drew, and steadily
Stood by the crags of the high rock erect,
As one who walks in doubt might pause to see.[1]
"O ye who ended well! O souls elect!"
Virgil commenced, "now by your heavenly hopes—
That peace which, I believe, you all expect—
Inform us in what part the mountain slopes,
So that its top we may at last behold;
For with delay, most grieved the wisest copes."
Like sheep when they are issuing from the fold,
One, two, and three, and all the rest stand still,
And towards the ground their timid faces hold,
And what the foremost does the others will;
Crowding behind her, if some hindrance balk,
Simple and calm, nor of the cause have skill;[2]
So saw I towards us then advancing stalk
The vanguard of that favour'd company,
Modest in face, and decent in their walk.

[1] Amazed at seeing the two poets approach in an opposite and unusual direction.

[2] Dante employs the same comparison in his *Convito*:—"These may be called flocks of sheep and not men; for if one sheep should throw himself down a precipice of a thousand feet, all the rest would follow; and if one for any cause in passing a road should leap, all the rest would do the same, though they saw nothing to leap over."

Soon as the foremost could the sun-light see
Cut off on my right hand, so that my frame
A shadow threw, far as the steep from me,
They paused and drew back somewhat: those who came
After—even all who had been drawing near—
Although they knew not wherefore, did the same.
"Without your asking, I this witness bear,
This is a human body that you see;
Hence is the sun-shine cleft before it there.
Be not astonish'd, but believe that he,
Not without virtue sent from heaven is seeking
Over this mountain-wall to journey free!"
So said my guide: and that grave party speaking
Said, "Turn, then straight before you enter there;"
With hands reversed a signal towards it making.
And one of them began to say, "Whoe'er
Thou art, thus journeying, turn thine eyes on me;
Reflect if me thou e'er hast seen elsewhere."
I towards him turn'd and look'd attentively.
Fair was he, handsome, and of noble mien;
But on one eye-brow a huge gash had he.
I humbly own'd that him I ne'er had seen.
He said, "Now see;" then pointed to his breast,
Where he, just at its top, had wounded been.
"Manfred am I;"[1] this he with smiles express'd;
"Grandson of Constance, empress:[2] when thy tread
The earth again shall press; thee I request,

[1] King of Naples and Sicily, the natural son of Frederick II. Sismondi says he was "the greatest man who has filled the throne of the Two Sicilies." He was lively and agreeable in manners, delighting in poetry, music, and dancing. But he was luxurious, ambitious, irreligious, and in his philosophy an Epicurean.—VILLANI, vi. 47.

[2] Constance, daughter of Roger I. of Sicily. She had spent

To my fair daughter go,[1] from whom is bred
The pride of Aragon and Sicily;
And the truth tell her, if aught else be said.
When shatter'd was my body hopelessly,[2]
I turn'd while suffering from two mortal wounds,
Weeping to Him who pardons willingly.
My sins were horrible beyond all bounds,
But Goodness Infinite an arm doth own
So great, whoe'er turn to it it surrounds.
Cosenza's pastor, who to hunt me down
Had then by Clement[3] been despatch'd amain,
Had he well read that word which is God's own,

her youth in a convent, and was a professed nun. But for the purpose of uniting the crowns of Lombardy and the Two Sicilies, she was taken by force out of the convent, and married, at the age of thirty-one (a papal dispensation having been obtained), to Henry, son of Frederick Barbarossa, afterwards the emperor Henry VI., and by him was the mother of the emperor Frederick II.

[1] Constance, daughter of Manfred, was the wife of Peter III. of Aragon, by whom she was the mother of Frederick II, King of Sicily (1295—1337), and James II., King of Aragon (1291—1327).

[2] He fell in the battle with Charles of Anjou, in the plain of Gradella on the banks of the Calora, near the walls of Benevento, A.D. 1266 (See *Inferno*, XXVIII. 15, and note). Charles did not allow his corpse to be buried in consecrated ground, but he was interred near the bridge of Benevento; and on his grave every soldier of his army cast a stone, by which a high tumulus was formed. It is said that afterwards, by command of the Pope, the Bishop of Cosenza disinterred his body and sent it out of the kingdom, because it was the land of the Church, and he had died under excommunication; and that it was buried by the river Verde, on the borders of the Campagna, that being the boundary most accessible from Benevento.—See VILLANI, *Hist.* vii. 9.

[3] Pope Clement IV.

My buried bones had even yet been found
In Benevento's bridge's head entrench'd,
Under the shelter of the ponderous mound.
Now the wind drives them and the rain has drench'd,
Out of the realm, by Verdè [1] uttermost,
Where he transported them with torches quench'd.[2]
Yet by their curse we are not quite so lost
But that Eternal Mercy from on high
Can save, while hope the least green bloom can boast.
'Tis true, if one in contumacy die
Of Holy Church, though he at last repent,
Without this rocky bound his feet must ply
For thirty times the period he has spent
In his presumption, should not such decree
Through pious prayers be shorten'd in extent.
See now if thou my gladness can renew,
In that to my good Constance thou explain
How thou hast seen me and this barrier too:
For here much help we through survivors gain."

[1] The ancient Liris, now Garigliano, a river that falls into the Gulf of Gaeta.

[2] The extinguished lights form part of the ceremony of excommunication.

CANTO IV.

THE ARGUMENT.

The poets, ascending by a rough path cut through the rock, with difficulty reach a high cliff of the mountain, where Dante sits with Virgil and rests himself, surveying the road over which they had passed; and as he faces the East, wonders to see the Sun shining on his left, which Virgil informs him is in consequence of their being South of the Equator. They hear voices, and see the shades of the indolent, among whom he recognises and converses with Belacqua.

WHENE'ER through feelings of delight or dole,
Which any of our faculties arrest,
One object wholly occupies the soul,
None else, it seems, can share its interest.
And this disproves that error which conceives
That soul on soul is kindled in our breast.[1]
Thus when by sight or hearing one receives
Aught that attracts attention powerfully,
Time passes faster than the man perceives:

[1] Plato and others maintain that man has three souls; the vegetative, the sensitive, and the rational or intellectual. The opinion that two minds co-exist in man, one rational and the other sensitive, was formally condemned by the eighth General Council, held at Constantinople, in 869. Dante had probably in view a passage in the *Summa Theologia*, Part i., of St. Thomas Aquinas, in which he combats the notion of a triple soul.

For that which listens is one faculty,
  Another that which all doth vivify;
  And this appears bound up while that is free.
Experimental proof of this had I,
  For while I hear that spirit and admire,
  For fifty full degrees the sun on high[1]
Had climb'd unnoticed, when that band entire
  Of Spirits join'd their voices in one tone,
  And cried to us, "Here is what you require."
A wider gap is by the country clown
  Oft stopp'd, when just of thorns a forkload he
  Applies, what time the ripening grapes embrown,
Than was that pathway upward[2] by which we
  Alone, my leader and I near him, went,
  When that battalion left our company.
With feet men reach San Leo,[3] the descent
  To Noli[4] walk, or climb Bismantua's height:[5]
  But here to fly were fittest, such the ascent;
With rapid wings, I mean, and feather'd flight
  Of strong desire, by such good guidance led
  As that which gave me hope and brought me light.
Now upwards through the broken rock we sped,
  And on us press'd the wall on either side,
  While feet and hands craved that steep stony bed.
When we had reach'd the plains which opening wide
  The topmost edge of that high bank transcend,
  "Master, what path shall we now take?" I cried.

[1] That is, 3 hours 20 minutes after sunrise, 15 degrees being equal to an hour.

[2] See *Matt.* vii. 14.

[3] In Romagna, situated on a steep and isolated rock.

[4] A town on the sea-shore, west of Genoa, between Savona and Finale.

[5] A steep mountain in the territory of Reggio.

And he to me; "Let not thy steps descend,
But up the mountain after me come on,
Till haply some sage escort this way wend."
So high the top, 'twas from our sight withdrawn,
And the proud sides a steeper slope display
Than line to centre through mid quadrant drawn.[1]
Then I felt wearied, and began to say,
"O my sweet father, turn thyself; see how
I'm left alone, unless for me thou stay."
"My son," said he, "to this next point come thou;"
And show'd a ledge, above me somewhat yet,
Which from that side surrounds the mountain's brow.
His words so spurr'd me that o'er every let
Myself I forced, and near him still crept on,
Till on the circling ledge my feet I set.
Here to repose ourselves we both sat down,
Turn'd towards the East from whence we had ascended;
For oft with joy a backward glance is thrown.
To the low shores mine eyes I first extended,
Then raised them to the Sun, in wondering mood,
That from the left his beams on us descended.[2]

[1] The ascent was elevated more than 45 degrees above the plane of the horizon.

[2] Herodotus relates that Necho, King of Egypt, despatched some vessels, under the conduct of Phenicians, to circumnavigate Africa. Taking their course from the Red Sea, they entered the Southern Ocean, and having consumed two years, in the third they doubled the columns of Hercules and returned to Egypt. The circumstance which the Father of History deemed incredible, will to us afford satisfactory evidence of their veracity: "for they affirmed that having sailed round Lybia, they had the Sun on their right hand."—HEROD. iv. 42. Lucan alludes to the same phenomenon:

The poet saw how steadily I view'd
With vast astonishment the car of light,
Which 'twixt us and the North its course pursued.
And thus he said: "If Jove's twin offspring bright,
Castor and Pollux, with yon mirror were,
Whose guiding rays both hemispheres delight,
Thou then wouldst see the ruddy Zodiac there,
Unless it quit the ancient pathway plann'd,[1]
Revolving nearer still to either Bear.[2]
How that may be, if thou wouldst understand,
With inward thought imagine Sion's hill[3]
With this high mountain on the earth so stand
That both shall have the same horizon still,
And different hemispheres: thou then wilt see,
How that bright path, which Phäëton so ill[4]
Knew how to keep, must here on one side be,
When there it on the other doth appear,—
If thou attend thereto discerningly."[5]

"You Arabians have come into a region unknown to you,
Wondering that the shadows of the groves fall not to the left hand."—*Pharsal.* iii. 247—8.

Between the tropic of Cancer and the Arctic circle, the Sun at noon is invariably seen to the right of him who faces the East. But in the southern hemisphere, where the poets now were, this is reversed.

[1] The Ecliptic.

[2] "If the Sun were in Gemini, as he is in summer, you would have seen him still nearer to the North Pole than he is at present, being now in Aries."

[3] Like the captive Israelites when they sat by the rivers of Babylon, the poet is never forgetful of Sion!

[4] See *Inferno*, xvii. 106, 108, and notes.

[5] "If you consider that this mountain and that of Sion are at each other's antipodes, you will perceive that the Sun must be seen in opposite directions by those who view him from these opposite positions."

I said, "My master, truly, aught so clear
Yet saw I never, as I now behold,
What my own genius found beyond her sphere;
That the mid circle, which above is roll'd,
And called the Equator by a certain art,
Remains between the Sun and winter's cold,
And for the reason which thy words impart,
Lies northward from where we are now, although
Seen by the Hebrews toward the warmer part.[1]
But if it please thee, gladly I would know,
Since higher soars the mount than can be kenn'd
By these mine eyes, how far have we to go?"
And he to me; "The hill which we ascend,
Below and at the first is grievous ever;
Mounting, to be less ill we find it tend;
And then it will seem sweet; so that whenever
Ascending shall as easy seem to thee
As to a ship its gliding down a river,
Then of this road thou at the end wilt be. [2]
There mayst thou from thy toils expect to rest:
I say no more, but this is verity."
And when to me these words he had address'd,
A voice was utter'd near us; "Yet, perchance,
Thou for some seat wilt be ere then distress'd."
And at the sound, we each one turn'd askance,
And a great rock we on our left hand view'd,
Which neither had perceived at the first glance.

[1] Although the Sun appeared in the North to Dante at the antipodes, to those in the latitude of Jerusalem he would still be seen in the South.

[2] The difficulties of repentance and a religious life are chiefly at the commencement; they decrease as we advance; and when they cease altogether we are at the end of our journey.

Thither ourselves we drew, and there some stood
Behind the crag and loitering in its shade,[1]
Just as a man might stand in idle mood.
And one who seem'd quite weary I survey'd,
Who sitting clasp'd his knees and sluggishly
His face hung down, and low between them laid.
And I exclaim'd, "O my sweet master, see
The man who shows himself more indolent
Than if Sloth his own sister were." Then he
Turn'd himself toward us, and with looks intent,
Raising his face at length above his thigh,
Exclaim'd, "Now mount, for thou art competent."
Then who he was I knew; and although I
Still felt fatigue, as my quick breath betray'd,
I hasten'd to approach him; when close by
I stood, he scarcely lifted up his head,
While saying, "Hast thou then mark'd well the Sun,
How on thy left he doth his chariot lead?"
His motions indolent and speech soon done,
Betray'd my lips to somewhat of a smile.
Then I commenced; "Belacqua,[2] now I shun
All dole for thee;[3] but let me know meanwhile
Why sitt'st thou here upright? Wait'st thou a guide?
Or dost thou merely practise thy old style?"

[1] "As the shadow of a great rock in a weary land."—*Isaiah* xxxii. 2.

[2] Said to have been an excellent musician of Dante's acquaintance, but of indolent habits. Piqued at the disparaging remark on his indolence, he answers the poet at first rather sarcastically, retorting on him the ignorance he had displayed as to the unusual appearance of the Sun.

[3] "I cease to grieve on account of your death, because I find you are not lost."

"Brother, what boots it me to climb?" he cried;
"He would not let me to the sufferers go—
God's angel, who doth at the door preside:
First, round its outside, heaven with motion slow
Must bear me, long as life to me was given,
Who till the last postponed repentant woe;[1]
If prayer its aid afford not earlier, even
Sent from a heart that lives in gracious plight:
What other can avail, unheard in heaven?"
The bard before me, mounting up the height,
Cried, "Come, for see the Sun is passing o'er
The line meridian; and already Night
Hath cover'd with her foot Maroeco's shore."[2]

[1] "That vale you saw so dreadful for cutting cold and consuming flames, is the place in which the souls of those are tried and punished, who, delaying to confess and amend their wicked ways, at length betake themselves to repentance at the point of death, and so depart this life. Yet because they even at their death confessed and repented, they all shall at the day of judgment be received into the kingdom of heaven; but many are relieved before the day of judgment, by the prayers, alms, and fasts of the living, and especially the celebration of masses."—*Drithelm's Vision:* BEDE, *Ecc. Hist. Ang.* v. 13.

[2] It was now noon in Purgatory, midnight at Jerusalem, and from three to four hours after sunset on the coast of Marocco. This coast is therefore said to be "covered with the foot of night," or far within the hemisphere of darkness.

CANTO V.

THE ARGUMENT.

Other shades of the indolent arrive, singing the *Miserere*. They are those whose repentance, though delayed until they were at the point of death, was nevertheless accepted. Among these Giacopo del Cassero, Buonconte di Montefeltro, and Pia, a lady of Siena, relate the manner of their death.

Now from those shades I had already gone,
Following my leader's footsteps, when behind,
Pointing his upraised finger at me, one
Exclaim'd, "See how no ray of light hath shined
On the left of the lower one,[1] a token
That though here led, he hath not life resign'd."
Mine eyes turn'd to the place where this was spoken,
And in astonishment I saw them gaze
On me, and on the light by me thus broken.
My master said, "What gives thee such amaze,
That thus thy walking has become so slow?
Why need'st thou care what murmurs here they raise?

[1] Dante, following Virgil up the hill, was, of course, the lowest. When they sat facing the East, in the direction they had come, the Sun was on their left, but now they had risen and were pursuing their journey, it shone on their right hand, and threw the shadow of Dante to their left.

Come follow me, and let their talking go.[1]
Stand firm as any tower,[2] which never shakes
Its lofty head, whatever wind may blow.
He in whose bosom thought on thought awakes
Is ever frustrated in his own aim:[3]
The force of one the other weaker makes."
What could I answer but, "I come," while shame
Tinged me a little as I spake less cheery,
For which so oft one may indulgence claim?
Meanwhile there came across that region dreary
A band before us distant some small way,
And verse by verse they sung the *Miserere*.[4]
When they perceived that I allow'd no ray
Of light a passage through my mortal frame,
They changed into a long hoarse "*Oh!*" their lay.
And two as messengers deputed came
Running to meet us, asking that we would
Some tidings of ourselves to them proclaim.
"Return, and make it fully understood
By those who sent you," said my guide, "that he
Whom here you see is real flesh and blood.
If, as I deem, his shade they pause to see,
Enough I've answer'd; let them honour him,

[1] A good caution against over anxiety about what people say of us.

[2] "Stood like a tower."—*Paradise Lost*, i. 591.

[3] "And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;
And enterprises of great pith and moment
With this regard their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action."—SHAKSPEARE, *Hamlet*, iii. 1.

[4] The Penitential Psalm: in the Hebrew Bible and the English version, the fifty-first; in the Latin Vulgate, the fiftieth.

For dear to them he has the power to be."[1]
Ne'er saw I, at the close of evening dim,
The kindled vapours cleave the air serene;[2]
Nor yet the sun upon the horizon's rim,
The clouds in August; swift as these were seen
Return above; and thence, the rest among,
Came back to us, like troops with slackened rein.
"The crowd is very great who hither throng;
To crave thy succour," said the bard, "come they:
So now advance, and listening move along."
"O soul, who to be happy mov'st this way
With limbs which born with thee thy form still grace,"
They coming cried, "awhile thy footsteps stay.
Look if among us thou know'st any face,
That thou of him on earth mayst tidings tell.
Ah, wherefore go? Ah, why not slack thy pace?
We all, who in our death by violence fell,
At our last hour were sinners found to be;
Then light celestial made us sensible,
So that in penitence and pardon we
Came forth from life of God accepted, who
Fills with desire our hearts his face to see,"[3]

[1] By informing their kindred and friends of their condition, so as to secure those devotional acts on their behalf, by which, it was supposed, their purgatorial pains might be diminished in amount or duration.

[2] Shooting stars, or the Aurora Borealis.

[3] That repentance, when postponed to the last hour of life, may then be possible and effectual, we admit; but the circumstances which make such a case conceivable are so rare, and the work itself must then be so difficult, that we regard it as little short of a miracle. Swift mentions two malefactors who after execution came to life, but proved more wicked than ever, till hung for good and all: yet on *both* occasions went to the gallows with all the outward and visible signs of penitence usual on such occasions. The only in-

I said, "Though I each face intently view,
None I recall: but speak; if there is aught,
Blest souls, which I on your behalf can do,
I'll do it; by that peace beyond all thought,
Which I, behind the footsteps of a guide
So excellent, from world to world have sought."
And one began:[1] "In thee we all confide
For kindnesses, without an oath express'd,
If power to achieve thy wish be not denied.
Hence I, who speak alone before the rest,
Pray thee, if ever thou that country see
Betwixt Romagne and that by Charles possess'd,[2]
That thou beseech them of thy courtesy,
In Fano to adore the Throne of Glory,
That my great sins may soon be purged from me.
Thence was I, but the gashes deep and gory,
Whence rush'd the blood which was my seat obscure,[3]
To me were given where dwell the Antenori,[4]

stance in which we know infallibly that such late contrition was accepted as genuine by Him who cannot be deceived, is that recorded by *St. Luke*, xxiii. 39—43. Yet even in this rare instance no future purgatory beyond this life was deemed necessary; for even to the penitent thief our Saviour on the Cross promised, "Verily I say unto thee, to-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise."

[1] Jacopo del Cassero, a citizen of Fano in Ancona. He had been chief magistrate of Bologna, and was on his way, by Venice and Padua, from Fano to Milan, to assume the same office there, when he was assassinated by the emissaries of Azzo III. of Este, whom he had mortally offended.

[2] Charles II. son of Charles of Anjou, was king of Naples at this time. The country between Romagna and Naples is called the March of Ancona.

[3] It is the disembodied *soul* that here says, that its hidden seat was the blood: in allusion probably to *Deut.* xii. 23, "The blood is the life."

[4] Padua was fabled to have been founded by Antenor. Its in-

There where I thought myself the most secure;
Through him of Estè, who against me let
His rage loose more than justice would endure.
But if towards Mira[1] I my face had set
When me at Oriaco they o'ertook,
I might with breathing men have mingled yet.
I fled to the morass, and as it shook,
I in the reeds and mud entangled there
Fell, and pour'd out my life-blood like a brook."
Then said another, "Ah! so may thy care
Succeed, which draws thee to the lofty mount,
As thy compassion help to mine shall bear.
Buonconte, son of Montefeltro's Count,[2]
Was I; Joanna and the rest have shown[3]
For me no care, whence here with lowly front
I walk." Then I; "What force or chance has thrown
Thee from the battle-field of Campaldine,
So that thy burial-place was never known?"
He answer'd, "At the foot of Casentine
There flows transverse a stream call'd Archiane,[4]
Which over Ermo[5] springs from Apennine.

habitants are here called Antenori, not only on this account, but sarcastically, as if qualified by their treachery for introduction to Antenora.—See *Inferno*, xxxii. 89, and note.

[1] Mira is in the direct road from Oriaco to Padua.

[2] Of the father, see *Inferno*, xxvii. 55, 86, and notes. The son, here introduced, fell at the battle of Campaldino, 1289, fought near Bibbiena in the Casentino, the valley of the Arno above Arezzo.—See *Inferno*, xxii. 5, note. He fought on the side of the Aretines against the Guelfs of Florence. His body was never found.

[3] His wife and her family.

[4] See *Inferno*, xxx. 65, and note. The Archiano is a mountain stream which falls into the Arno at Bibbiena.

[5] Ermo is the Hermitage belonging to the earliest convent of

There where its name at length becometh vain,[1]
I came; ay, me! sore wounded in the throat,
Flying on foot, my blood bedrench'd the plain.
Here vision fail'd, and my last utter'd note
Sounded the name of Mary:[2] there I fell,

the Camaldolites, an order which unites the Cœnobite and eremitic life, and was founded by St. Romauld in the early part of the eleventh century. The ground was given to its founder by a nobleman called Maldoli, whence the name of the order. It is a large and pleasant valley near Arezzo in Tuscany, on the frontiers of Romagna. Here the Saint built a monastery in 1009. The Hermitage (Ermo) is two short miles distant from the monastery. It is a mountain quite overshadowed with dark fir-trees, with cells, chapels, fountains, and a church well built and richly adorned. The whole is surrounded by a wall, within which the hermits are prisoners for life; but they may wander in the woods and alleys at their discretion, and every necessary of life is sent them from the monastery in the valley—"that they may have no worldly dissipation of mind, or hindrance to heavenly contemplation." The monks follow the rule of St. Benedict, with certain additions made by their founder, St. Romauld. "Having in a vision seen his monks mounting to heaven on a ladder, all in white, he changed their habit from black to white, as an emblem of their purity and heavenly-mindedness."—A. BUTLER'S *Lives of Saints.* —St. Romauld.

[1] That is, between Bibbiena and Poppi, where it falls into the Arno.

[2] Buonconti's language is moderate, when compared with the Mary-worship of later ages. In the sacred Scriptures there is nothing to sanction, but much to condemn the practice. It is to "the name of Jesus that every knee must bow;" and "there is no other name given among men whereby we must be saved." The proto-martyr Stephen died with the name of Jesus—not of Mary—on his lips. Our Saviour himself discouraged the first advances towards that *undue* reverence for *his mother*, which has culminated in making her an object of religious adoration.—See *Luke* xi. 27, 28.

The writings of the Apostolic Fathers prove that the invocation

And tenantless my body lay remote.
The truth I speak thou to the living tell:

of Mary had not commenced in their time. What then can be more contrary to the spirit of the New Testament, or the example of the Primitive Church, than the doctrine which not only inculcates this practice, but makes her "the only refuge of the soul," "the entire ground of our hope," and the "author of salvation;" and which ascribes to her every honour which is due to God and Christ?

We learn from the Old Testament, that in imitation of the heathen, the idolatrous Israelites, before the Captivity, "burned incense to the Queen of Heaven, and poured out drink offerings unto her, and did make her cakes to worship her."—*Jer.* xliv. 17—27. And so, following the corrupt inclination and tendency of our fallen nature, and in conformity with heathen customs and examples, apostate Christians had recourse to a similar *apotheosis*, and placed *their* Queen of Heaven on the throne of the Divinity—a meek, unconscious, and innocent usurper! ("*Ave, Regina cœlorum, Ave Domina Angelorum;*" "*Regina cœli, lætare, alleluia.*"—*Breviarium Romanum*, p. 103. Paris, 1838.) In the Apocryphal books of the New Testament, the forgeries and favorites of the Gnostics and other early heretical sects, we find the earliest authorities for this practice. In the *Gospel of the Birth of Mary*, which may be found in the works of Jerome, who flourished in the fourth century, although it may have been written in the third or late in the second century, we have the Annunciation of *Her* birth by an Angel, her every-day converse with angels, and her perpetual virginity. In the *Protevangelion of James*, of about the same period, she is fed by an angel. And in the *Gospel of the Infancy* there is a tale of witchcraft, far inferior to those in Apuleius, which relates that a young man who had been changed into a mule, was by "the lady St. Mary" changed again into a young man, and that he and his sisters "worshipped the lady St. Mary." It was from this corrupt and spurious gospel that the Collyridians, a sect of heretics in the fourth century, mentioned by Epiphanius, *Hær.* 79, derived their worship of the Virgin Mary, and their doctrine of *her* "immaculate conception."—A. Butler, *Lives*, Aug. 15, vol. iii. p. 373, Du Pin. *Hist. Ch.* ii. 128.

God's angel took me; and "O thou from heaven,
Why dost thou rob me?" shouted he of Hell,[1]
"Thou bear'st with thee away, from me thus riven,
This man's immortal part for one poor tear!
But his remains to my control are given."[2]

In consequence of the Nestorian controversy, says MOSHEIM, the image of the Virgin Mary, holding the child Jesus in her arms, was in the fifth century introduced into churches (i. 130). The heresy of Nestorius appears to have mainly consisted in his objecting to her being called the "Mother of God;" a name which to the thoughtful can scarcely present any idea; which to the ignorant and unwary may suggest the most absurd and monstrous notions; but which, *in imitation of the heathen*, who acknowledged CYBELE as *Mater Deorum*, had lately been bestowed on the Virgin Mary. Towards the end of the tenth century a weekly celebration of mass in honour of her was established. Finally, the Council of Trent, in its XXV. session, enjoins the invocation of the Virgin Mary, and the setting up of her image in churches to be honoured and adored. And the *Catechism* published by authority of that council enjoins "prayers to, and an invocation of, the most holy mother of God, by which we might devoutly and suppliantly fly to her, that by her intercession she may conciliate God to us sinners, and obtain for us those blessings which we stand in need of in this life and the life to come."—Part iv. ch. v. Quest. 8.

[1] "And when the end of life had arrived, the servant of God saw a devil and an angel waiting for the soul, and each hastening to carry it off with him."—*Vision of Alberic*, 18.

In *Inferno*, XXVII. 112, there is a dispute between St. Francis and the fiend about the soul of Guido da Montefeltro, father of Buonconte, which ends differently from the present. There the father is carried off to hell, though absolved by the Pope himself: here the son is brought off by an angel, although excommunicated by his Holiness! Could either process have been more severely satirized by Frà Dolcino, by our own Wiclif, or by Martin Luther?

[2] Job was temporarily given into the adversary's power—to afflict, but not to destroy. A reservation was made as to his life

Thou knowest well how gather in mid air
The humid clouds, which mounting upward have
Their mists by cold condensed to water there.
He, joining that ill-will which ill doth crave,
With intellect, the smoke and wind roused high;
By virtue of the power his nature gave.[1]
The valley, soon as daylight had gone by,[2]
From Pratomagno[3] to the mountain-range,

(*animam ejus*), which therefore was not included in the permission given.—*Job* ii.

[1] Satan, "the prince of the power of the air," on receiving permission, raises the tempest, for the purpose of destroying Job's house, property, and family.—*Job* i.

[2] Dante had in view the storm raised by Æolus at the instance of Juno, by which the fleet of Æneas was dispersed and almost overwhelmed.

"Thus he spake; and hurling his spear against the mountain,
He struck its hollow side, and the winds, like an army in motion,
Rush through the opening thus made, and sweep the earth with a whirlwind;
Then on the seas they descend, and the East wind and the West wind together,
And the South wind, so often tempestuous, roused from its deepest abysses
The ocean to angry strife, and roll'd toward the shore its vast billows;
Then follow'd the cries of the sailors, and the creaking sound of the cables;
And the sky is cover'd with clouds, and from the eyes of the Trojans
The daylight is suddenly snatch'd. Black night sat brooding o'er the ocean,
The poles were shaken with thunder, the air gleam'd with frequent lightnings,
And instant death to men by all things around was threatened."
Æneid. i. 81—91.

[3] Pratomagno (the Great meadow), now called Prato vecchio

He cover'd then with clouds, and bow'd the sky,
Making the pregnant air to water change.
The fierce rain fell, and to the fosses came
From off the land the surplus water strange:
And, as is wont with streams of grandest name,
Unto the royal river with such speed
Rush'd that nought stay'd its course. My stiffen'd frame
The impetuous Archiane, sweeping on, indeed,
Found near his mouth and bore it from the ground
Into the Arno; from my bosom freed
The cross made of my arms in pain profound;
Hurling me by his sides and on his bed;
Then with his spoils he cover'd me and bound."
"When to the world returning thou art led,
And hast reposed from this long voyaging,"
Following the second the third spirit said,
"Me, who am Pia,[1] to remembrance bring.
Siena gave, Maremma took my life:
He knows it, who with his own jewell'd ring,
Erst on my finger placed, made me his wife."

(the Old meadow), divides the two valleys of Casentino and the Arno from each other. The "mountain-range" referred to is that of the Apennines.

[1] A beautiful Sienese lady, of the noble family of Tolommei, whom her husband, Nello della Pietra, having in a fit of jealousy conveyed her to the Maremma, caused to be secretly assassinated.

CANTO VI.

THE ARGUMENT.

Dante converses with others of the negligent, Benincasa of Arezzo, Frederick Novello, Count Orso, and Pierre della Brosse, who entreat his good offices. He propounds to Virgil a doubt respecting prayer, who refers him to Beatrice. He meets with Sordello, the Mantuan Troubadour, and pronounces a fierce and eloquent invective on the disunion and disorders of Italy, censures the Emperor Albert, and utters a sarcasm on Florence and its government.

WHEN at a game of dice the play is ended,
The loser grieving stays, repeats each throw,
And sadly learns how fortune may be mended:
But with the winner all the attendants go;
One runs before, one twitches him behind,
One at his side would be remember'd so.
He stops not, but in turn to each inclined,
Where'er his hand is reach'd no more they press,
Pleased thus against their throng defence to find.[1]

[1] Cervantes, describing a quarrel between two frequenters of a gambling "hell," makes one of them say;—"Your worship must know, that this gentleman has been at play in yonder gaming-house and has won a thousand reals, God knows how fairly: now I being present when the bet was doubtful, decided more than once in his favour, against the dictates of my conscience: he took up his winning, and when I expected that he would, at least, have given me a crown for good will, *as it is the use and custom of players to make such presents to men of honour like me*, who attend in those places, ready at all hazards, to support unreasonable

Thus I in that thick crowd was urged no less,
And turning towards them on each side my face,
I freed myself by dint of promises.
There was the Aretine, whose death took place
From Ghin' di Tacco's cruel arms;[1] and he
Drown'd lately while he held his foes in chase.[2]
There too with outstretch'd hands pray'd urgently
Frederick Novello,[3] and the Pisan[4] who
Made patent good Marzucco's constancy.

demands, and prevent disturbances, he pocketed the cash and went away. I followed him, out of humour: yet in the most courteous manner begged he would give me, at least, eight reals, as he knew me to be a gentleman without business or fortune; but the rascal would not give me more than four reals; so that, my lord governor, your excellency may see how little shame or conscience he has." We wish all magistrates would adopt the wise resolution of the sage Sancho: "If my power is not small, I will suppress these gaming-houses, which I begin to perceive are very prejudicial to the public."—*Don Quixote*, Part ii. ch. 49.

[1] Benincasa of Arezzo, famed as a jurist, having as chief magistrate of Siena condemned to death Turrino da Turrita for his robberies, was assassinated by the brigand's brother, Ghino di Tacco, himself a formidable brigand; who having taken prisoner the Abbot of Clugni, when suffering from indigestion, by a confinement of several days, with spare diet, completely cured him of this complaint, and then restored him to liberty: for which service he was invited to Rome and knighted by Boniface VIII.—*Decameron*, x. 2.

[2] Cione de' Tarlati of Arrezzo, who, in pursuit of his enemies, of the Bostoli family, was carried by his horse into the Arno and drowned.

[3] Son of Count Guido of Battifolle, slain by one of the Bostoli.

[4] Farinati de' Scornigiani of Pisa. After his execution by order of Count Ugolino, his father Marzucco, by his patience and perseverance, obtained leave to inter the body, and at the funeral exhorted his kinsmen to lay aside all feelings of enmity and revenge.

I saw Count Orso;[1] and the soul that through
Envy and malice, as he told us, there
Was disembodied, for no fault his due;
Pierre della Brosse,[2] I mean: let her beware,
The lady of Brabant, ere life recede,
Lest with worse flock than this her lot she share.
When from that throng of spirits I was freed,
Who merely pray'd that other men might pray,[3]
That they might reach their holy state with speed;
"O thou my light," I then began to say,
"It seems that in one text thou hast denied
That heaven's decree to prayer can e'er give way:[4]
And yet this people even for this have cried.
Will all their expectation then be vain?
Or have I not thy meaning well descried?"
And he to me; "My writing there is plain;
Nor need these have their cherish'd hopes effaced;
If with sound mind the sense thou entertain.
The top of Justice is not self-abased,[5]

[1] Son of Napoleone da Certaia, slain by his uncle, Alberto da Mangona.

[2] The favorite secretary or chamberlain of Philip III. of France. He was hanged in 1278, at the instigation, as was believed, of Philip's Queen, Mary of Brabant, mother of Philip the Fair.

[3] The *Ora pro nobis* (Pray for us), addressed by the Church of Rome to all the Saints in the calendar, and all the Angels in heaven. Dante seems to have had serious doubts of the efficacy of such prayers.

[4] When the ghost of Palinurus invokes the aid of Æneas *to see his corpse interred*, the Sybil says to him;—

"Cease to hope that the decrees of the Gods can be altered by your praying."—*Æneid.* vi. 376.

[5] "——— How would you be
If He, which is the top of judgment, should
But judge you as you are?"—SHAKSPEARE, *M. for M.*, ii. 2.

When ardent love at once fulfils whate'er
Of payment may be due from one here placed.[1]
Besides, when I this point concluded, there
No praying could make up for a defect,
Because disjoin'd from God was every prayer.[2]
Yet after all, no certainty expect,
So deep the doubt, unless confirm'd by her
Who shines between the truth and intellect.
I know not if thou understand'st me here:
I speak of Beatrice;[3] above yon height,
Smiling and glad, she will to thee appear."
Then I: "Good guide, pray, let us expedite

[1] It was only the *foolish* virgins that said, "Give us of your oil, for our lamps are gone out." But the wise answered, "Not so, lest there be not enough for us and you." We are of St. Hilary's opinion, who says, "None can be aided by the good works and merits of others, because each must buy oil for his own lamp."—*Can.* 27, p. 591. Parisiis, 1652. To the notion of people's *buying*, the Church of Rome does not object, provided that she can secure the monopoly: and the case must be very *extreme* indeed for which she cannot supply an *unction*. That men can satisfy Divine justice, not only for their own sins, but also for the sins of others, is a doctrine so anti-scriptural in its character, and so injurious and fatal in its tendency, that it is most surprising it should ever have been entertained by professed Christians. But the traffic has been found by the Church too lucrative to be readily abandoned at the behest of Reason or Scripture; she therefore still professes to employ the redundant and disposable merits of the Saints, arising from their "supererogatory works," through the "suffrages of the faithful" on earth,

"To plead our cause in that high place,
Where purchased masses proffer grace!"

[2] "Not having been offered to the true God." The defence of Purgatory Dante very fitly leaves to Virgil, its best expounder.

[3] Celestial Wisdom is here personified by Beatrice. Virgil refers Dante to her for a solution of his doubts.

Our journey, not now toilsome as before;
Already throws the hill its shade in sight."[1]
"We with the day will travel as much more
As we are able; but," he answer'd me,
"The truth surpasses what thy thoughts explore.
Ere at the top, thou his return wilt see
Who now is hidden by the mountain gray,
So that not broken are his beams by thee.[2]
But see a soul who there alone doth stay,
Gazing toward us, in solitude and dole:
He will to us point out the shortest way."
To him we then approach'd. O Lombard soul!
How didst thou stand with high and scornful breast;
Thine eyes how slowly, gravely, didst thou roll!
To us nor speech nor language he address'd,
But passage gave, while us he merely eyed,
As doth a couching lion when at rest.
And drawing nearer to him still, my guide
Pray'd he would show us the best upward road;
And he to that inquiry nought replied,
But of our country ask'd, and of our mode
Of life. My guide began—though stopp'd in haste—
"Mantua"——; and starting then from where he stood,
The shade, before so sullen, towards him paced;
And cried, "O Mantuan, you behold in me
Sordello, of your land."[3] Then they embraced.

[1] It was now afternoon.

[2] "Our ascent will be longer than thou supposest. Instead of arriving this evening at our journey's end, we shall see the Sun, which is now declining behind the mountain, rise again to-morrow, and then shall not have reached the top."

[3] A Knight and Troubadour of Mantua, celebrated for his exploits, and the harmony and sensibility of his verses. Although a Lombard, he wrote in the Provençal tongue. He was born at

Oh! inn of grief![1] Oh servile Italy!
Ship without pilot in a mighty storm;
Not queen of realms, but brothel known to be![2]
How ready was that gentle, shadowy form,
Caught by his country's name, the sole sweet sound,
To give its citizen a welcome warm!
Yet now thy living sons at war are found;
Each gnawing each, by mutual rage possess'd,[3]
Even those whom the same wall and moat surround.
Search round thy sea-coasts, look in thy own breast,
O wretched parent of the homicidal,
If any part in thee with peace is bless'd.
What boots it, though Justinian did thy bridle
Refasten, if the saddle empty be?[4]
Less shame if there were none than have it idle.

Goï near Mantua, and was for some time attached to the household of Count St. Bonifazio, chief of the Guelfs in the March of Treviso. He afterwards entered the service of Raymond Berenger, the last Count of Provence of the house of Barcelona. The reputation of Sordello is very much owing to the admiration here expressed for him by Dante: but it must be owned that Dante's admiration is a satisfactory guarantee of merit, and a sufficient passport to renown.

[1] Petrarch, in sonnet 91, commencing "*Dell' empia Babilonia,*" calls the Papal Court at Avignon "Albergo di dolor."

[2] "Not a ruler of provinces, as formerly; but a house of ill-fame—"*bordello.*" See *Inferno*, xix. 107. Petrarch is equally severe, in sonnets 105, 106, and 107; Basil edition.

[3] See *Paradise Lost*, ii. 496.

[4] "What avails a reform of the laws, if there be not a good and firm executive government to administer them?"

When Justinian ascended the throne, the reformation of the Roman jurisprudence was an arduous but indispensible task. In the course of ten centuries, the variety of laws, and opinions on them, had filled many thousand volumes. Justinian caused them to be digested in the *Code*, the *Pandects*, and the *Institutes*. The

Ah, people, who should live obediently[1]
And let thy Cæsar in his seat command,
If thou hadst known what God enjoins on thee.[2]

"*Code* of Justinian" was the result of a revision, by the most able jurists, of the ordinances of his predecessors, and was contained in twelve books. The "*Pandects*," in fifty books, by a still greater number of eminent professors, gave the spirit of jurisprudence from the principal decisions and controversies of the Roman civilians. The "*Institutes* of Justinian" formed a short elementary treatise, designed for the instruction of students in the principles of Civil Law. It was compiled from the various Institutes of Roman Law, and is still precious to the historian and the magistrate. It is divided into four books, which treat of *Persons*, *Things*, *Actions*, and *Private Wrongs*; the last concluding with the principles of Criminal Law. By Imperial authority, the CODE, the PANDECTS, and the INSTITUTES, were declared to be the legitimate system of civil jurisprudence: they alone were admitted in the tribunals, and taught in the Academies of Rome, Constantinople, and Berytus. And through them the public reason of the Romans has been transfused into the public institutions of Europe, and the laws of Justinian still command the respect or the obedience of independent nations.—GIBBON, *Dec. and Fall*, xliv.

The original MS. of the Pandects was found in Amalfi, after that city had been taken, in 1137. Its discovery restored the lustre and authority of Roman law in Italy, and lessened the credit of every other system. It became the great object of study. At Bologna and elsewhere colleges were erected expressly for its cultivation. It attained to such repute and authority that it superseded by degrees all other laws in the greatest part of Europe, and was substituted for the Lombard, Salic, and Burgundian codes, which had previously been in the highest estimation.

[1] An invective against the clergy, who had subverted the Imperial Government. The Bianchi party of the Guelfs, to which Dante belonged, had made an alliance with the Ghibelines, from whom they differed but little.

[2] "Render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's."—*Matt.* xxii. 21.

See how this beast grows fell: no reprimand
From the correcting spurs compell'd to know,
Since thou the reins hast taken in thine hand;
O German Albert,[1] who abandon'st now
Her who is wild, indomitable all,
And oughtest to bestride her saddle-bow.
Just judgment from the stars will surely fall
Upon thy blood,[2] both strange and plainly shown,
And such as thy successor[3] shall appal.
For by thy sire's[4] permission and thine own,
Indulging yonder your ambitious views,
The empire's garden is a desert grown.
Come see the Capulets and Montagues,[5]
Monaldi, Filippeschi,[6] careless man!
While sorrow one, and one distrust pursues.
Come, cruel, come, and see the oppressive ban
Of thy grandees, and stay their villany:
And Santafiore in her safety scan.[7]

[1] Albert I., Duke of Austria, eldest son of Rudolph of Hapsburg, succeeded Adolphus as emperor in 1298. He never entered Italy, and was murdered, in 1308, by his nephew.

[2] A *quasi*-prediction of Albert's death, as it actually happened.

[3] Henry VII., whose election had given Dante such hope, so soon to be disappointed.

[4] Albert and his father Rudolph had been too much occupied with the consolidation of their power in Germany, ever to visit Italy to remedy its disorders.

[5] The Cappelletti and Montecchi, two powerful families in Verona, whose names have been Anglicised, and their feud immortalized, by our great poet, in *Romeo and Juliet*.

[6] Two hostile families in Orvieto. The Monaldi sad, because oppressed; the Filippeschi suspicious, through fear of their vengeance.

[7] A place in the Maremma of Siena which was a fief of the empire, and is here ironically indicated for its *want* of security through the supineness of the emperor.

Come, see thy Rome, a mourning widow she,
Alone, by night and day doth she exclaim,
"My Cæsar, why dost thou not come to me?"[1]
Come, see thy people, how they love thy name.
And if nought else thy pity towards us move,
For thy own credit come impell'd by shame.
And, might I ask thee, O thou sovereign Jove,
Who here on earth for us wast crucified,
Elsewhere do thy just eyes averted rove?[2]
Or dost thou thus for some good end provide
In the abyss of thy wise counsels will'd,
And which from our perception thou dost hide?[3]
Because the lands of Italy are fill'd
With tyrants, and each petty villain grows
To a Marcellus,[4] if in faction skill'd.

[1] This affecting description of the widowed city, "the Niobe of nations," is realised at the present moment, in the desire of the Roman people to get rid of the Pope's temporal sovereignty, and be under the civil government of Victor Emanuel, as the capital of Italy.

[2] "Wherefore hidest thou thy face, and forgettest our affliction and our oppression?"—*Psalm* xliv. 24.

[3] "O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! how unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out!"—*Rom.* xi. 33.

[4] There were two celebrated Romans of this name. The first was Marcus Claudius Marcellus, who gained the *spolia opima* for having with his own hand in battle killed Viridomarus, a king of the Gauls. He gained some advantages against the Carthaginians, and first taught the Romans that Hannibal was not invincible. He commanded the Roman fleet at the siege of Syracuse, which he took. The second Marcellus was one of his descendants, and was an orator only inferior to Cicero. He was the fiercest of Cæsar's opponents, and fought against him at Pharsalia. Cicero's oration *Pro M. Marcello* is an acknowledgment of Cæsar's clemency, in granting him pardon, at the instance of the Senate.

My Florence, well content mayst thou repose
For this digression, which affects not thee;
Thanks to the people who thy state compose.[1]
Many, who bend the bow advisedly,
Shoot slow, though justice they have still at heart:
'Tis on thy people's lips continually.
Many will from the public burden start,
But thine with eagerness beneath it bow,
And cry uncall'd, "I undertake my part."
And since thou hast good cause, be merry thou,
So rich, so peaceful, with such wisdom stay'd:[2]
If truth I speak, the facts make patent now.
Athens and Lacedæmon both, who made
The ancient laws, for civil wisdom famed,
In living well but little skill display'd,
Compared with thine, who hast inventions framed
So fine that to the middle of November
That reaches not whose birth October claim'd.
How often hast thou, since thou canst remember,
Old customs, laws, coins, offices resign'd
For new ones;—changing too each civic member?
And if thou ponder with enlighten'd mind,
Thou like one sick wilt seem, who cannot gain
Repose, upon her bed of down reclined,
But seeks by turning respite from her pain.[3]

[1] This is an ironical sarcasm against Florence and the Neri who ruled it.

[2] See *Rev.* iii. 17.

[3] This figure has often been employed, but never was more beautifully expressed.

CANTO VII.

THE ARGUMENT.

Sordello's delight at meeting Virgil. He conducts the poets to a beautiful valley, where they spend the night. Here in a green and flowery meadow they see the shades of many royal and illustrious personages, whose late repentance had occasioned their being placed here. Ottocar, Winceslaus, Philip the Bold, Henry of Navarre, Henry III. of England, and others, are pointed out by Sordello.

After these courteous greetings, cheerfully
Repeated thrice and four times, had an end,
Sordello drawing back said, "Who are ye?"
"Before the souls deem'd worthy to ascend
To God unto this mountain had been driven,[1]
My bones Octavius to their grave did send.[2]
Virgil I am, and that which lost me heaven
Was no offence except the want of faith."[3]

[1] Purgatory, being designed solely for Christians, could not exist before the Christian era. To the pious of the Old Testament, a place in Hell was assigned, called *Limbus Patrum*, now emptied. See *Inferno*, iv. 54, and note.

[2] See Canto iii. 27, and note. In a vaulted tomb above the entrance to the grotto of Pausilipo, near Naples, Virgil's remains are said to have been placed by Octavius (Augustus). Cluverius and Addison deny this to have been the tomb of the poet; in Dante's time, however, it was believed to be so. An Italian author states that he himself had seen, about A.D. 1256, the urn supposed to contain the poet's ashes.

[3] "Without faith it is impossible to please God, for he that

Such was the answer by my leader given.
Like one who on a sudden marvelleth
At some strange sight, so that in doubtful mood
He cries, "It is, it is not," in one breath:
So he appear'd; and then, with look subdued,
Return'd to him, with reverential pace,
Embracing him, as an inferior would;
And said, "O glory of the Latin race,
By whom our tongue displays its prowess rare,
Eternal treasure of my native place,[1]
What grace or merit makes thee hither fare?
If I to hear am worthy, now reply.
Com'st thou from hell? and from what cloister there?"
"Through all the circles of the grief-realm I
Am hither come," he answer'd, "not alone,
By heavenly Virtue led, and with her hie.
Not through my deeds, but what I had not done,
The sight of that high Sun of thy desire
I've lost, and which by me too late was known,[2]
A place below there is by torments dire
Not sadden'd, but where each in gloom laments;
No groans they utter, but in sighs respire.[3]

cometh to God must believe that he is, and that he is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him."—*Heb.* xi. 6. This faith, for aught we know, Virgil may have possessed.—See *Inferno*, i. 126, and note.

[1] See *Inferno*, i. 87, and note.

[2] The want of Christian instruction cannot be imputed as a crime to Virgil. There are many who still confound unavoidable ignorance of the Gospel with a wilful rejection of its light, as Dante here does; forgetting that "the times of this ignorance God winked at, but now commandeth all men everywhere to repent."—*Acts*, xvii. 30.

[3] See *Inferno*, iv. 35, and note.

There I abide with little innocents
Who, ere they were from human fault made free,[1]
Were bitten by the fangs which death presents.
There I with those who put not on the three
Most holy virtues[2] dwell, and without vice
The others knew[3] and follow'd thoroughly.[4]
But give us, if thou canst, some sign precise,
That soon its gate may be by us descried,—
Where Purgatory takes its actual rise."[5]
"No fix'd home is prescribed us," he replied;[6]
"Mount up or travel round about I may:
Far as I can I'll go, thy steps to guide.
But see already how declines the day;
And as we cannot make the ascent by night,
'Tis good to ponder where we best may stay.
Some souls are not far distant on the right;
To them I'll guide thee, if thou wilt, at once;
And thou shalt know them, not without delight."
"How may this be?" my master made response;
"The attempt to climb by night would others let?
Or lack of power compel one to renounce?"

[1] Before they had received Christian baptism.

[2] Faith, Hope, and Charity.—1 *Cor.* xiii. 13.

[3] Prudence, Justice, Temperance, and Fortitude.

[4] They were perfect in the practice of the Pagan virtues, but were deficient in those which Christianity specially requires. These, however, are not opposed to each other, but are all essential to the formation of the perfect Christian character.

[5] They had hitherto been only in the outskirts of Purgatory, not within its gate.

[6] Thus, in Virgil, the shade of Musæus describes the Blest Abodes:—

"None has a fix'd residence, we inhabit the woods umbrageous,
And dwell in the fresh meadows beside the rivers, reclining
On their green banks."—*Æneid.* vi. 673—5.

And good Sordello made his finger fret
The earth, and said, "See; thou this linear bound
Must not pass over when the sun is set.[1]
Not that aught else a hindrance would be found
To thy ascent, except the shades of night;
These with thy weakness would thy will confound.
From such impediments with ease we might
Downward return, and round the hill go straying,
While the horizon still withholds the light."
My guide, some wonder in his looks displaying,
Said, "Lead us as thou wilt, the time so spent
Will, doubtless, yield us much delight in staying."
A little distance on from thence we went;
When, lo! a hollow in the mountain made,
Such as the valleys here on earth present.
"Thither let us be moving," said that shade,
"Where in itself a lap the hill supplies,
And there await the morning's needful aid."
Between the steep and plain a pathway lies
Oblique, which led us to the bank's low side,
Where from beyond the midst the margin dies.
Fine gold and silver, crimson deeply dyed,
And ceruse, Indian wood,[2] bright and serene,
Fresh emerald shining in its ruptured pride,[3]
The herbs and flowers within that bosom seen,
Surpass'd them all in colours bright and fair,
Even as the mighty overcomes the mean.
Nor yet had Nature only painted there;
But sweetness in a thousand odours threw,

[1] See *Josh*, xii. 35.

[2] Some think *indigo* is here meant, which is the extract of a herb; others that ebony is intended.

[3] It is said that on a fresh fracture the emerald is of a richer green.

Which with strange mingled fragrance fill'd the air.
"*Salve regina,*"[1] they were singing who
Sat on the grass and flowers there, in my sight,
Whom, for the valley, none without could view.
"Before the setting sun quite hides his light,"
Began the Mantuan, who to us had turn'd,
"Ask not that mid yon shades I lead you quite;
For from this cliff may better be discern'd
Their acts and looks than, if amidst their throngs
Met in the plain below, they could be learn'd.
He who sits highest, and to whom belongs
The air of one whom duty urged in vain,
And whose lips move not with the others' songs,
The wounds which our fair Italy hath slain
Had power to heal, the emperor Rodolf, he.[2]
Slowly will she, through others, life regain.
That other who consoles him visibly,
Over the native land of Moldau sway'd,[3]
Whose waters Elbe rolls onward to the sea;
Named Ottocar,[4] his infant worth outweigh'd
His son's—Winceslaus[5]—even in manhood's pride,
On whom such luxury and dulness prey'd.
And that small nose,[6] who counsels by the side

[1] A Latin hymn to the Virgin Mary.

[2] See Canto vi. line 103, and note. He died A.D. 1291.

[3] Bohemia is the country designated, these two rivers running through it in different directions. The Moldau empties itself into the Elbe, about twenty miles north of Prague.

[4] King of Bohemia, killed in the battle of Marchfield, fought with Rudolf the emperor, August 26th, 1278.

[5] Winceslaus IV., son of Ottocar, succeeded him in 1284, after an interregnum of six years. He died in 1305, and is accused of luxury and effeminacy, *Paradiso*, xix. 124.

[6] Philip III (*le hardi*) of France, father of Philip IV. (*le bel*).

Of him with kindness on his looks impress'd,[1]
Disgraced the lily and in flying died.
Look at him there, see how he beats his breast;
At him, that other sighing so, just glance,
Whose palm affords his cheek a couch of rest;
Father of him who is the bane of France,[2]
And father-in-law: his filthy life abhorr'd
They know, and hence the pangs which them so lance.
He who so strong-limb'd seems,[3] and makes accord

He died at Perpignan, in his retreat from Arragon, in 1285. In his reign the Sicilian vespers, 1282, occurred, in which almost all the French in Sicily were massacred, and Peter III. of Arragon, and I. of Sicily, took possession of that island.

[1] Henry of Navarre, father of Jane, the consort of Philip IV.

[2] Of the two friends described, one was the father and the other father-in-law of Philip IV. whom Dante calls "mal di Francia." Thus G. Villani speaks of him. "In 1291, on the night of the Calends of May, Philip le Bel, King of France, by the advice of Biccio and Musciatto Franzesi, ordered all the Italians in his country and realm to be seized, under pretence of seizing money-lenders, but thus he caused all the good merchants also to be seized and ransomed; for which he was much blamed and held in great abhorrence, and from thenceforth the realm of France fell evermore into degradation and decline."—Lib. vii. cap. 146. He also endeavoured to repair his finances by the horrid massacre and extinction of the Knights Templar, and seizure of their possessions, in 1313, by the connivance of his creature and accomplice, Pope Clement V., then reigning at Avignon over the Christian world.—See *Inferno*, xix. 87; *Paradiso*, xix. 118.

[3] Peter III. of Arragon, surnamed "The Great," who reigned from 1276 to 1285, and left four sons, of whom Alphonso III. immediately succeeded him in the kingdom of Arragon, and James II. in 1291; and his third son Frederick, in the kingdom of Sicily. Peter III. was ranked among the Troubadours, at a time when the principal European sovereigns were in the habit of composing verses in the Provençal tongue.—SISMONDI, i. 99, 100.

In song with him who has that manly nose,[1]
All knightly virtues girt within his cord.[2]
And had that youth who met such early close,
Beside him placed, king after him remain'd,[3]
That virtue which no other heir now shows,
From vase to vase pour'd forth had been retain'd.
His kingdom James and Frederick now possess,[4]
But none that better heritage hath gain'd,[5] 120
Seldom, indeed, remounts men's worthiness
Into their branches; and thus willeth He,
Its fount, that we for it may Him address.
To Charles[6] the long-nosed may my words too be
Applied, even as to Peter; both I've sung;

[1] Charles, Count of Anjou and brother of St. Louis. By his victory over Conradin, he became, in 1266, King of Naples, as Charles I. G. Villani says, "There had been no sovereign of the house of France since Charlemagne, by whom Charles was surpassed, either in military renown and prowess, or the craftiness of his understanding"—vii, 90. Much of his conduct, however, was such as to deserve the severest censure, particularly his cruel slaughter of young Conradin.—See *Inferno*, xxviii. 17, note, and *Purgatorio*, xx. 67.

[2] "Stand therefore, having your loins girt about with truth," &c.—*Eph.* vi. 14.

[3] According to the old commentators, Alphonso III., eldest son of Peter III. of Arragon (see note to l. 112). He died in 1291, and was a young man of great virtue and promise. According to Venturi and Biagioli, Peter, the youngest son, who had no kingdom, is here intended.

[4] See note to l. 112, and *Paradiso*, xix. 130—8.

[5] "The sons do not inherit the courage and probity of their father." Chaucer has quoted the three lines of Dante, which follow. —*The Wif of Bathes Tale.*

[6] Charles II. who succeeded his father Charles I. in the kingdom of Naples in 1285, was no less inferior to him, than James and Frederick were to theirs. See Canto xx. 79, and note.

Which Provence and Apuglia sadly see:
As much less than the seed the plant so sprung,
As more than Beatrice and Margaret,
Her husband's praise yet fills Constanza's[1] tongue.
See there the king, of life so simply great,
Henry of England, sit in solitude,[2]
Who in his branches better fruit hath yet.[3]
Betwixt them, lower down, too, may be view'd,
Gazing above, Guglielmo, the Marchese,
Through whom both Alessandria and her feud
Still grieves Montferrat and the Canavese."[4]

[1] Margaret and Beatrice were daughters of Raymond Berenger, Count of Provence; the first married to St. Louis of France, the latter to Charles of Anjou. Constance was the daughter of Manfred, and widow of Peter III. of Arragon.—Canto iii. 115, note, 143. Dante, therefore, considered Peter III. the most illustrious of the three sovereigns referred to.

[2] Our Henry III., whom G. Villani calls "a plain man and of good faith." —v. 4.

[3] Our Edward I., of whom Villani says, "From the said Henry was born the good king Edward, who reigns in our times, and has done great things."—*Ib.*

[4] William, Marquis of Montferrat, was treacherously seized by his own subjects, at Alessandria in Lombardy, A.D. 1290, and died in prison. A protracted war ensued between the people of Alessandria, and those of Montferrat and the Canavese, now a part of Piedmont, in which these last received the greatest loss and injury.

CANTO VIII.

THE ARGUMENT.

Evening: a prayer offered by the Shades: *Te lucis ante.* Two angels descend with flaming swords to guard the valley; which the poets enter, and Sordello points out the shade of Nino de' Visconti and other illustrious personages. An assault by the serpent, who is put to flight by the angels. A conversation with Currado Malespina, who foretells the future exile of Dante.

THE hour was come that wakes desire anew
And melts the heart in voyagers, when they
That day to their sweet friends have said, Adieu!
And thrills the new-made pilgrim on his way
With love, if he from far the vesper-bell
Should hear, that seems to mourn the dying day.[1]
When in mine ear the sounds no longer dwell,[2]
One of the spirits, then first mark'd by me,
Rose beckoning, as he somewhat wish'd to tell.
And then his claspèd hands uplifted he,
Fixing his eyes upon the East, as though
To God he said, "I care for none but Thee."[3]

[1] This description of twilight has been much admired. Statius has the same thought; "*Jam moriente die.*"—*Sylv.* lib. iv. § 6, l. 3. Milton, Gray, and Byron, have shown how much it impressed them.

[2] When Sordello's words had ceased:—Canto vii.

[3] The practice of bowing toward the East originated in the idolatry of those who worshipped the rising Sun: hence we find it condemned, *Ezekiel*, ch. viii. 15—18. It is said, that the early Christians recognized in the rising Sun an emblem of Christ's

" *Te lucis ante;*[1]—so devoutly flow
These accents from his mouth with tone so sweet,
They made my ravish'd soul with transport glow.[2]
Sweetly and piously the rest repeat
The hymn entire, as following him they sing,
While with their eyes the orbs above they meet.
Thy keen glance, reader, to the truth here bring,
Now cover'd with so thin a veil, it would
Be, certes, to transpierce an easy thing.[3]

resurrection. As early as the second century, the rulers of the Church, to meet the prejudices of their new converts from heathenism, while they rejected the grosser error, connived at the retention of the ancient and almost universal custom of bowing to the East.—MOSHEIM, i. 57. Nor is the custom wholly discontinued at the present time.

[1] A Latin hymn sung at Complin (*Compieta*, *Completorium*—the completion of the day), even-song, or second vespers; the last of the Canonical hours;—the last service of the day. The following is nearly a literal version of the hymn.

"Thee, ere ends the light of day,
Universal God, we pray;
Of thy matchless clemency,
Thou our guide and guardian be.

"Let ill dreams from us take flight,
Chase all phantoms of the night,
Chain our adversary wild,
Keep our bodies undefiled.

"Father, our most gracious Lord,
And thy sole co-equal Word,
Spirit, Comforter, attend,
Reigning ages without end."

[2] "Where breathed the loves that stole me from myself."—HOR. *Carm.* lib. iv., ode 13, *In Lycen*, l. 19, 20.

[3] The literal sense is hardly suitable to the *disembodied.* The poet therefore expressly gives the reader notice that the literal sense is but a thin veil to cover the figurative or allegorical

And then that gentle band of souls I view'd,
Silent and looking upward as if they
In expectation pale and humble stood.
Two angels from above did I survey,
Just then with flaming swords descending there,
Whose glittering blades retrench'd no points display.[1]
Green as the new-born leaves their garments were,
Which from the action of their pinions green,
Flow'd free behind them as they fann'd the air.
Lighting not far above us one was seen,
While on the adverse bank descending stay'd
The other, with the crowd of shades between.
I clearly saw their heads in light array'd,
But in their visages mine eye was lost,
Confounded by the brightness there display'd.[2]
"Both come from Mary's bosom to this coast,"[3]
Sordello said, "as guardians of the valley
Against the Serpent, who doth hither post."

meaning. The pilgrim of love, that is, the Christian believer, looks up to heaven for protection, appealing to none but God for both inward and outward purity, and asking defence against those dangers which beset him in that night of ignorance and error, during which the serpent was abroad, the same serpent that tempted Eve. All the faithful in the valley join him in this prayer.

[1] Divine Justice is here tempered with mercy.

[2] "—— For now
My earthly by his heavenly overpower'd,
In that celestial colloquy sublime,
As with an object that excels the sense,
Dazzled and spent, sunk down, and sought repair."
Paradise Lost, viii. 453—7.

[3] "From the immediate presence of the Virgin Mary." The expression is Oriental, and alludes to the custom of reclining at table, common in Judea in our Saviour's time.—*John* xiii. 23—25; xxi. 20. *Luke* xvi. 22.

Then I, not knowing whence the foe might sally,
Turn'd round for succour towards my faithful guide,
And close to him all terror-frozen rally.
Then, "Let us now descend," Sordello cried,
"Yon vale, and talk with those great shades below.
To see you they will be much gratified."
Only three paces then had I to go,
And was below; and there I saw one pore
On me, as if my features he would know.
The air already was with gloom spread o'er,
Yet not so much but that our eyes accost
In mutual vision, undiscern'd before:[1]
The space between we towards each other cross'd.
Judge Nino noble![2] how much gratified
Was I to see thee, not among the lost!
No greeting fair was mute on either side.
He ask'd, "How long since o'er the distant main
The mountain's foot thou reached'st?" I replied
To him, "Oh! through the sad abodes of pain
I came this morn; and am in my first life,
Though journeying thus the other I would gain."
While my reply was in their hearing rife,
Backward Sordello and Judge Nino, drew,[3]

[1] Previously concealed from each other by distance, they are now, on approaching each other, mutually discernible.

[2] Nino de' Visconti, of Pisa, Judge or Governor of Gallura in Sardinia. See *Inferno*, xxii, 82, note. He was nephew to Count Ugolino, and as a candidate for the supreme power, at a critical time, in Pisa, was supported by a large party of the Guelfs. He was betrayed and overthrown by Ugolino, whose triumph however was short.—*Inferno*, xxxiii. 13, and note. In 1300, Nino's widow, Beatrice d' Este, married Galeazzo de' Visconti, of Milan, a man much younger than herself.

[3] In astonishment at hearing that Dante was yet a living man.

Like those whose minds and senses are at strife.
One turn'd to Virgil, and the other to
One who there sat,[1] exclaiming, "Conrad rise;
Come, see what God through grace hath will'd to do."
Then turn'd to me; "By that rare grace," he cries,
"Thou ow'st to Him, who the first reason *Why*,
Hath so conceal'd, its depth no ford supplies;[2]
O'er the broad waves[3] when thou again shalt hie,
Bid my Joanna[4] there for me entreat
Where to the innocent is made reply.
For me her mother's love is obsolete,[5]
Since she hath doff'd the weeds of widowhood,[6]
Which, grieving, to desire again were meet.
Through her it may with ease be understood,
How long in female hearts love's fires endure,
If they with eye or touch be not renew'd.[7]
Gallura's cock[8] had fairer sepulture
Made for her, than the viper[9] who in camp

[1] Currado, a virtuous nobleman, of whom see more, line 119, note.

[2] The primary reason of things is hid in the counsels of the Almighty, which are an abyss not to be fathomed, much less forded by the human mind. See *Pslam* lxxvii. 19.

[3] "When, having passed over the ocean which surrounds the isle and mount of Purgatory, thou shalt again visit the living world."

[4] The daughter of Nino and wife of Ricardo da Camino of Trevigi.

[5] Beatrice, the sister of Azzo Marquis of Este. See note on line 53.

[6] "Le bianche bende:" "the white bands," worn in Dante's time by widow ladies.

[7] "Lontano da occhi, lontano da cuore (Far from the eyes, far from the heart)."—*Sicilian Proverb.* We have the corresponding proverb, "Out of sight, out of mind."

[8] The arms of Gallura, Nino's principality.

[9] The crest of Galeazzo, her new husband; also the ensign of the Milanese army under his command.

The Milanese now formeth will ensure."[1]
Such were his words: he bore impress'd the stamp
In his whole aspect, of that upright zeal
Which in his heart maintain'd its constant lamp.
Mine eyes their eagerness could not conceal,
Mounting to heaven where move the stars most slow,
As where most near the axle rolls the wheel.[2]
"Son," said my guide, "what look'st thou up at so?"
And I replied, "At those three lights on high,
Which make this hither pole so brightly glow."
He said, "The four clear stars, which in the sky
This morn thou saw'st, are yonder out of view
Sunk low; and these, risen since, their place supply."[3]
While he was speaking, him Sordello drew
Towards him and said, "See there our adversary:"
Pointing his finger where to look. Perdue,
On that side where no barrier limitary

[1] He says, she would have been more esteemed and honoured at her decease as the widow of Nino than as the wife of Galeazzo.

[2] The apparent motion of the heavens, the cause of which was unknown in Dante's time, is here compared to the revolution of a wheel, the motion of whose circumference is much greater than that of the parts near the axle. The stars referred to are those nearest the South pole.

[3] As, at the time of the Vision, the Sun was in Aries and had just set, the Southern Cross, which is near the *opposite* meridian, must have been just rising. The description here cannot, therefore, be taken as literally applicable to the Southern heavens, but must be considered as wholly figurative. The three stars to which Dante's attention was now given are symbolical of Faith, Hope, and Charity.—1 *Cor.* xiii. 13. The moral virtues which excited admiration in the earlier ages are not superseded by Christianity, although they occupy a lower position than those three Christian virtues, which surpass them in brightness and have risen later on the world.

Guarded the little vale, a serpent lay:
Perhaps the same that gave to Eve unwary
The bitter food.[1] This vile snake took his way
Midst grass and flowers:[2] and as a beast its fell,
So turn'd his head and lick'd his mantle gay.
I did not see, and therefore cannot tell,
How from their station rose those hawks of heaven;[3]
But when in motion both, I saw them well.
Feeling the air by their green pinions riven,
The serpent fled:[4]—the angels flew again
Up to their posts with speed co-equal given.
The shade, which to the judge had hasten'd when
He call'd,[5] throughout that whole assault, from me
Not for one instant had withdrawn his ken.
"So may the light, on high conducting thee,
Find in thy will sufficient wax to last,[6]
Till thou," he said, "the enamell'd summit see;
As thou shalt say what tidings true thou hast

Thus, in Book ix. *Paradise Lost*, Satan enters Paradise by stealth after night-fall, takes the form of the serpent, and so induces Eve to eat the forbidden fruit.

[2] "Ware fro the serpent, that so slily crepeth
Under the gras, and stingeth subtilly."
CHAUCER: *The Sompnoures Tale.*

[3] The two angels, keen-sighted and watchful in their guardianship.

[4] Thus, in *Paradise Lost*, iv. 1014, Ithuriel and Zephon, the angelic guards of Paradise, detect the adversary, who consequently flies from their presence and the place.

[5] Currado or Conrad; line 65.

[6] "May the Divine Grace which now enlightens thee, find in thy free-will that concurrence which will ensure thy reaching the summit of the mountain." Dante wisely and happily avoided the two extremes of a self-righteous Pelagianism, on the one hand, and an absolute Predestination, on the other.

Of Valdimagra, or the country near.
For I was powerful there in days now past,
And was named Conrad Malaspina there;—
Not he of old, but of his race:[1] the love
I to my people bore grows purer here."
"Oh, never has it been my chance to rove
Within your country's confines," I replied;
"But where doth not its name illustrious prove,
Through Europe, and wherever men reside?
Each stranger knows it, since your house's fame
Proclaims the land and nobles far and wide.
To you I swear, so may my upward aim
Prosper, your honour'd nation's praise below
In sword and purse disgraces not her name.[2]
Habit and nature privilege her so,
That though the world strays with its guilty head,[3]
She only, scorning ill, doth rightly go."
"Now pass; for Sol will not lie down," he said,
"Seven times where Aries, by his light conceal'd,

[1] He was Marquis of Lunigiana (so called from Luna, *Inferno*, xx. 51 and note), or Valdimagra (from the river Magra, anciently Macra, that flows through it). He was the father of Morello Malespina, referred to in *Inferno*, xxiv. 150, and note, with whom in 1307 Dante was an honoured guest. Conrad, the father, who died in 1294, had ancestors of the same name. A story is told by Boccaccio, of him and his lady, much to their honour: the scene being partly laid at one of Conrad's castles, at the mouth of the river Magra, near Lerici.—*Decam.* ii. 6.

[2] A very graceful tribute of Dante to the valour and generosity of his worthy host.

[3] The Pope —— Boniface VIII.; the head, not of the Church, but of "the world," which he leads astray. That this is the sense, is admitted by Biagioli, who refers in proof to Canto xvi. 100—5.

With four feet covers and enforks his bed,[1]
Ere this opinion courteous will be seal'd
Upon thy mind with more effectual aid
Than words of other men can ever yield;
If judgment in her course be not delay'd."[2]

[1] "The Sun will not be seven times again in Aries; that is to say, seven years will not have elapsed, before thou wilt realize the effectual aid of Morello Malespina's hospitality."

[2] "If the Divine Providence be not hindered in the fulfilment of its purposes." And as that is impossible, the event is most certain.

CANTO IX.

THE ARGUMENT.

Dante's morning dream, of an eagle carrying him up to the sphere of fire. On awaking, he finds himself at the gate of Purgatory, whither while asleep he had been borne by Lucia. The three symbolical stairs and the portal. The Angel of Penitence, throned on a rock of diamond, commissioned by St. Peter to guard its entrance. He opens the gate and gives Dante admission, bidding him not look back. Voices are heard singing the *Te Deum laudamus*.

ALREADY leaving her sweet lover's arms,
She, of Tithonus old the concubine,[1]
Show'd o'er the eastern cliff her pale bright charms:

[1] It was elegantly fabled of Tithonus, that being wedded to Aurora (Morning), his wife petitioned Jupiter that he might enjoy the gift of immortality. The request was granted; but as she had forgotten to ask for him exemption from the infirmities and decrepitude of age, when these overtook him, as he could not die he was changed into a grasshopper.

"And now first Aurora, leaving the saffron bed of Tithonus,
Scatter'd anew the daylight over the nations."—
Æneid. iv. 585; ix. 459.

See also *Georg.* i. 417. Ovid also calls Aurora thebride (*nupta*) and wife (*conjux*) of Tithonus.—*Fasti.* i. 461; iii. 403.

Dante is here supposed to refer to the dawn of moonlight—a secondary or improper Aurora, whom he calls the *concubine* of Tithonus. Thus the old French poet Du Bartas (as translated by Sylvester, in the reign of James I.) calls "Fire, aire, and water, but heaven's concubines;" and "Earth his owne lawful wife."—*Divine Weekes and Workes*, Ed. 1st. As it was more than four

With brilliant jewels did her forehead shine;
The form of that cold animal they bear
Whose tail inflicts on men such deadly tine.
And in the place where we at this time were,
Two steps of her ascent the Night had gain'd,
And towards the third her wings were waving there;[1]
When I, who much of Adam still retain'd,[2]
O'ercome with sleep lay on the grass along,
Where sitting we all five had yet remain'd.[3]
Just when the swallow her low plaintive song
Commences, as the dawn begins to shine,
Perhaps in memory of her ancient wrong;[4]
And when the soul, whom cares then least confine,
Most free from flesh on pilgrimage can wend,
Is in her vision as it were divine;

days after full moon, and the Sun was in Aries, the Moon was rising at the antipodes, preceded by the constellation Scorpio, two hours after sunset, or at the commencement of the third hour of night.

[1] The steps are hours: see conclusion of the preceding note.

[2] So much of human weakness and mortality derived from fallen Adam.

[3] Virgil, Dante, Sordello, Nino, and Conrad.

[4] Procne, or Progne, daughter of king Pandio of Athens, and wife of Tereus king of Thrace.

"And as to me so grisly was his dede,
That whan that I this foulè storie rede,
Mine iyen wexen foule and sore also."

She took a fierce and terrible revenge on her false and cruel husband.—Ovid. *Metam.* vi. 424—676. Progne and her sister Philomela died broken-hearted for the injuries inflicted by Tereus on themselves, and their family; and by the poets have been changed into the swallow and the nightingale, on account of the peculiarly plaintive and mournful note of these two birds.—See Canto xvii. 20, note.

I in a dream an eagle saw suspend[1]
His flight in heaven, and golden plumes had he,
With wings apart and hovering to descend.
And in that very place I seem'd to be,
Where Ganymede forsook his friends that day,
When caught up to the high consistory.[2]
I thought, perhaps he's wont to strike the prey
Here only; and perhaps disdains elsewhere
It in his talons upwards to convey.
I saw him wheel about an instant there,
Then terrible as lightning he descended,
And caught me up even to the fiery sphere.[3]

[1] CHAUCER has copied this dream in his *House of Fame*, i. ii.

[2] "And in needlework wrought was the royal youth of Ida,
Seemingly breathless, but ardent with his spear in chasing
The swiftest harts through the leafy woods of Mount Ida:
Whence he is snatch'd on high by the talons of Jove's eagle.
In vain their hands to the stars his aged guardians are stretching,
And the dogs appear to fill the air with their barking."—
Æneid. v. 252.

See also *Æneid.* i. 28. HOR. *Carm.* iv. 4, l. 1—4. Ovid makes him cup-bearer to Jupiter; *Metam.* x. 155—61. And Chaucer speaks of him as

"Ganimede,
That were bore up as menè rede
To heaven with dan Jupiter,
And made the goddès buteler."—*House of Fame*, lib. ii.

[3] In the Middle Ages the element of Fire was supposed to have its appropriate region above the atmosphere, but below the circle of the Moon. Du Bartas calls it "the fiery vault," "the fiery ceiling," and "th' upper fire."—*Weeks and Works*, pp. 35, 36, 54.

"Behold the fire which God did round extend:
As neer to heav'n, the same is cleer and pure;
Ours heer belowe, sad, smoaky, and obscure."—188.

There, as it seem'd, for me and him contended
The flame, and so intense the imagined burning,
No marvel that thereby my sleep was ended.
Not otherwise Achilles shook when turning[1]
His waken'd eyes on every side, nor knew
Where then he was, which he to know was yearning,
From Chiron when his mother as she flew
To Scyros bore him sleeping in her arms,
From whence, long after, him the Greeks withdrew.
For so I started at those fancied harms
That sleep forsook me; deadly pale beside
I grew, like one whom freezing fear alarms.
My only comforter was at my side:
The sun was now above two hours in height,
And I had turn'd me towards the ocean-tide.
My master said, "Thyself do not affright;
A good position here, be sure, we gain:
Relax not, but exert thy utmost might.
Thou now to Purgatory dost attain;
The rock which doth enclose it round survey,
And see the entrance where 'tis cleft in twain.
Before the dawn which ushers in the day,
When in a deep soul-slumber thou wert laid
Upon the flowers with which yon vale is gay,
A lady came, and, 'I am Lucia,' said;[2]
'This man who sleeps let me bear on a space,
And I will ease his toil.' Sordello stay'd,
And th' other gentle forms, within that place.
She took thee up, and as the day grew bright,
Came hither up, while I her footsteps trace.

[1] See *Inferno*, xii. 65; xxvi. 63, and notes.

[2] By Divine Light he is borne to the Gate of Repentance. See *Inferno*, ii. 53, and note, 100.

She placed thee here; her eyes, which beam'd with light,
First pointed out to me that open gate;[1]
Then she and thy dull sleep at once took flight."
Like one quite reässured, in doubt of late,
Who changes into confidence his fear,
When truth, to him discover'd, ends debate,
So changed I; and my guide, when my good cheer
He saw, along the rock strode on amain,
And towards the height I follow'd in his rear.
Reader, thou seest how I exalt my strain,
And therefore wonder not if with more art
Than heretofore the fabrick I sustain.
We now drew near, and were in such a part,
That where there had at first appear'd a breach
Like a huge cleft which doth a wall dispart,
A portal, and three stairs beneath it, each
Of different hue, I saw, for entering there;
And one that watch'd, who utter'd yet no speech.
And when mine eyes thereto more open'd were,
On the top stair we saw him sit upright,
In aspect such as pass'd my power to bear;
And his hand grasp'd a sword unsheath'd and bright,
Whose flashing rays towards me so fiercely shot,
That oft in vain I thither turn'd my sight.[2]
"Say what you have to say from that same spot,"
He cried; "What would ye have? Your escort where?
Take heed your coming upward hurt you not."
"A heavenly lady of these things aware,"
My master answer'd, "bade us hither wend;

[1] "Behold I have set before thee an open door."—*Rev.* iii. 8.

[2] "He placed at the east of the garden of Eden Cherubim, and a flaming sword which turned every way, to keep the way of the tree of life."—*Gen.* iii. 24.

Just now she said, 'Proceed, the gate is there.'" 90
"And may her powerful aid your steps attend:"
The courteous warder thus his talk renew'd:
"So then advance, and these our steps ascend."
To them we came: the stair which lowest stood
Was marble white, so polish'd and so terse,
That I my frame therein distinctly view'd.
The second was more deeply dyed than perse,
Form'd of a rock half-burnt of rugged grain,
Crack'd right across both lengthways and traverse.
The third, whose mass the other two sustain 100
Above them, seem'd a flaming porphyry,
Red as the blood which rushes from a vein.[1]
On this God's angel placed both feet, and he
Sat o'er the threshold of that avenue,
His throne a rock of diamond seem'd to me.
Me with good will my leader upwards drew
By the three stairs, and said, "Make thy request
Humbly, that he the lock would now undo."
Devout I fell before those footsteps blest,
Praying he would in mercy let me in. 110
But first I smote three times upon my breast.[2]
Then on my brow he traced the signs of sin
With his sword's point—that is to say, seven P's;[3]

[1] The three stairs may mystically mean, Conviction of the Conscience, Contrition, or sorrow for sin, and Faith in Christ's Atoning Sacrifice. Thus Milton, describing the gate of heaven, says, "Each step mysteriously was meant."—*P. Lost*, iii. 516.

[2] "The publican .... smote upon his breast, saying, God be merciful to me a sinner."—*Luke* xviii. 13.

[3] The seven P's indicate the seven deadly sins (Peccata), Pride, Envy, Anger, Sloth, Avarice, Gluttony, and Lechery.

And said, "Mind, wash these wounds when thou'rt
Ashes or earth when dug up dry, agrees [within."
In colour with the vestment he had on:[1]
And from beneath it he drew forth two keys,
One was composed of gold, of silver one:[2]
First the white key, and then the yellow, sped
So with the door, I was content anon.
"Whenever one of these two keys," he said,
"Fails, or not rightly through the lock revolves,
This passage will not open to your tread.
Though costlier one, the other more involves
The need of art and skill, ere 'twill complete
The opening, for 'tis this the knot resolves.
From Peter hold I them, who said 'twas meet,
Rather than wrongly keep it closed, I more
Should men admit, if suppliant at my feet."[3]

[1] "*Ille nuntius pœnitentiæ;*" "The Angel of Penitence."—HERMÆ *Pastor*, Lib. ii. Proem. "I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes."—*Job* xlii. 6.

[2] "The Golden Key," says Thomas Aquinas, "is typical of the power to open, and the Silver Key of the knowledge to whom to open."—*Summa* 3, Suppl. xvii. 3.

"The Pilot of the Galilean lake;
Two massy keys he bore of metals twain,
The golden opes, the iron shuts amain."—
MILTON'S *Lycidas*, 109—11.

The golden key, according to Rosetti, symbolises the literal or Catholic sense of the *Trilogy*, the most valuable, because it screened the author from the tender mercies of the Inquisition. The silver key, supplied to the initiated few, furnished the allegorical or figurative meaning, and therefore was the most difficult, yet by it the secret and real intention of the poet alone could be revealed.—*Disquisitions*, ch. xvii.

[3] See 1 *Peter* v. 1—6.

He push'd the wicket of the sacred door.[1]
"Enter," he said, "but mind, who on this ground
Look back, must back again their path explore."[2]
And when upon their hinges had swung round
The brazen pivots of that sacred ward,
The metal ponderous and of harshest sound,
Not with such clang the steep Tarpeian roar'd,[3]
When from it was removed the good tribune,
Metellus, for its treasures unrestored.[4]

[1] The reader will be reminded here of the "Wicket-gate," in BUNYAN'S *Pilgrim's Progress.*

[2] See *Gen.* xix. 17; *Luke* ix. 62.

[3] "Let them pronounce the steep Tarpeian death."—
SHAKSPEARE, *Coriolanus*, Act iii. Sc. iii.

[4] Metellus the tribune opposing Cæsar's taking money out of the public treasury, alleged some laws against it. Cæsar said, "Arms and laws do not flourish together. If you are not pleased with what I am about, you have nothing to do but to withdraw: indeed, war will not bear much liberty of speech. In saying this, I wave my own right; for you, and all whom I found exciting a spirit of faction against me, are at my disposal." He then approached the doors of the treasury, and as the keys were not produced, he sent for workmen to break them open. Again Metellus opposed him, and some praised his firmness; but Cæsar, elevating his voice, threatened to put him to death, if he gave him any further trouble. "And, young man," said he, "you are aware that this is harder for me to say than to do." Metellus, terrified with this menace, retired, and Cæsar was then easily and readily supplied with everything necessary for the war.—PLUTARCH, *Life of Cæsar.* Lucan says, the public treasury alluded to was the Temple of Saturn; and adds;—

"When Metellus was led away the temple was immediately opened,
Then the Tarpeian rock with a mighty din resounded
From the unfolding gates; and the wealth long hoarded,
Untouch'd for many years by the Roman people,
Was brought forth from the recesses of the temple."—*Phars.* iii. 153.

At the first crash I listening turn'd, and soon
The *Te Deum laudamus*[1] heard ascending,
In a mix'd voice, it seem'd, to some sweet tune.
The strains I heard were to my bosom sending
Emotion such as is the raptured mood[2]
Felt when the chant is with the organ[3] blending,
Whose words now are—and now not—understood.

[1] This well-known and magnificent hymn has been ascribed to different authors. The earliest known allusion to its existence is in the Rule of Cæsarius, Bishop of Arles, who lived in the fifth century. It is found in the *Breviary* of Sarum, and in that of Pius V., as well as in the English Liturgy. — See PALMER'S *Origines Liturgicæ*. Oxford, 1832.

Te Deum sung on Dante's entering the gates of penitence, is in allusion to *Luke* xv. 10, "There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth."

[2] "That strain I heard was of a higher mood."—
MILTON'S *Lycidas*, l. 87.

[3] The organ invented by Jubal, known to the Hebrews, and mentioned in the books of *Job* and of the *Psalms*, was merely a mouth organ, similar to that in use among the Greeks and most other ancient nations. The modern instrument, which has been consecrated to Psalmody and Church-Music, and which Dryden, with a poet's licence, ascribes to the inventive genius and devout gratitude of St. Cecilia, was known in Italy, Spain, and Africa, as early as the fifth and sixth centuries. It is described by Cassiodorus, who died A.D. 560. The first organ used in a church was one presented by the emperor Constantine Michael to Charlemagne. In the fourteenth century, the number of pipes was increased and the pedal and stops added. The Legend of St. Cecilia, whose martyrdom is by some ascribed to between A.D. 176 and 180, and by others to 230, says, that she sung to the sound of *organs* the praises of God alone. (*Breviary*, Nov. 22; CHAUCER, *2nd Nonnes* Tale.) Hence she has been regarded as the Patroness of Church Music.

CANTO X.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Poets mount up, through a rough and narrow path, to the first round of Purgatory, where the Proud are punished. Here they see some Scriptural and Legendary examples of humility, sculptured with wondrous art in the white marble of the precipice. The shades of those who suffer for their former pride approach, each bending under the weight of a rocky burden.

When we had pass'd the threshold of the gate
From which the soul's corrupt desires rebound,
Making the crooked way appear the straight,[1]
My startled ear perceived its closing sound:
And towards it if I then had turn'd mine eyes,
How could my fault a fit excuse have found?
Up through a riven rock our pathway lies,
Which now on this hand now on that was bent,
Even as the wave advances and then flies.
"Here," said my master, as we made the ascent,
"Some little skill to wind our way we need,
Just as their walls the parted rocks present."
With such slow steps this caused us to proceed,
That now the moon, already in her wane,
Ere we from out that needle's eye were freed,[2]

[1] The love of sin makes men shrink back from the good way, and often deceives them with the false hope of safety without repentance and amendment of life.

[2] An oriental figure to denote a narrow path or entrance.—See *Matt.* xix. 24.

Had reach'd her bed and gone to rest again.[1]
But when we thence emerged, before us lay,
Where shrunk the mountain back,[2] another plain;
I wearied,[3] and both doubtful of our way,
We rested there: more lonely seem'd to me
That plain, than roads which through the desert stray.
From where its edge just borders vacancy
To the bank's foot from whence on high it springs,
Its breadth would thrice the human stature be.
And far as now mine eye could wave its wings,
Of just such breadth, both on the left and right,
Its arms this cornice round the mountain flings.
Ere we thereon our march could expedite,
I saw the circling bank, that path direct
Had none by which to scale its lofty height,
Was of white marble with such carving deck'd,
That not alone from thence might Polycletus,[4]
But Nature's self even, suffer disrespect.
The angel who came down with peace to greet us,
For which the tears of ages past had stream'd,
Re-opening heaven, long shut, therein to seat us,[5]
Before us now so true and life-like seem'd,

[1] Had set in the West. Time about 11.20 A.M.

[2] As the poets ascend, the circular cliffs become less and less in circumference, being nearer the centre and summit of the mountain.

[3] Dante alone was wearied, as he only had the incumbrance of a body.

[4] A celebrated sculptor of Sicyon, about B.C. 232. Among the ancients he was ranked first in his profession, taking precedence even of Phidias.

[5] "When thou hadst overcome the sharpness of death, thou didst open the kingdom of heaven to all believers."—*Te Deum Laudamus.*

That sculptured there, and in such graceful act,
A silent image he could not be deem'd.
One might have sworn that he said "Hail!"[1] in fact.
For she who turn'd the key of Heaven's high love,
Was imaged there in figure so exact,
The words with which her lips appear'd to move,
"Behold the handmaid of the Lord,"[2] were shown,
True as doth wax the seal's impression prove.[3]
"Fix not thy mind on this one place alone,"
Said my sweet master then, while on that side
He had me which the human heart doth own.
I turn'd my face round, therefore, and espied
Beyond blest Mary, and on that side where
He stood who this to me had signified,
Another history in the rock traced there.
Then passing Virgil, thereto I drew nigh,
That better to mine eyes it might appear.
There on the same white marble, sculptured high,
The car and oxen drew the sacred ark,
Whence men from uncommission'd office fly.[4]
The crowd precede it, and the whole we mark
In seven choirs parted: of my senses two,
While one denies, one says, "They're singing, Hark!"
So likewise we the smoke of incense view,

[1] "And the Angel came in unto her and said, Hail, thou that art highly favoured, the Lord is with thee; blessed art thou among women."—*Luke* i. 28.

[2] *Luke* i. 38.

[3] Clay was used for sealing in the time of *Job*, xxxviii. 14. The seal was in use in the time of Jacob.—*Gen.* xxxviii. 18, 25. Wax has been used in Europe for sealing from very early times: but sealing-wax, like what we now use, was unknown, says Beckman, till the beginning of the sixteenth century.

[4] Uzzah:—2 *Sam.* vi. 6—8.

There imaged, which between the eyes and nose
With their both *Yes* and *No* make discord too.
Before the consecrated ark there goes
The humble Psalmist, dancing joyfully;
Thence more or less than king himself he shows.[1]
At a great palace opposite we see
A window sculptured, where look'd Michal on,
Like a high dame who mourns disdainfully.[2]
Now from that spot a short space I had gone
Just by, to look upon another story,
Which after Michal there all whitely shone.
There saw I sculptured the exceeding glory
Of him whose mercy won for him relief,
Through Gregory's victorious oratory.[3]

[1] 2 *Sam.* vii. 14.

[2] "And as the ark of the Lord came into the city of David, Michal, Saul's daughter, looked through a window, and saw king David leaping and dancing before the Lord; and she despised him in her heart."—2 *Sam.* vi. 16.

[3] The story is told of the emperor Hadrian, by Dion Cassius, lib. lxix. "When a woman appeared before him with a suit, as he was on a journey, at first he refused her, 'I have no leisure;' but she crying out to him, 'Then reign no longer,' he turned about and heard her cause." In the Mediæval writers the tale is told as in Dante, but much more copiously and with added particulars. "St. Gregory, walking one day through Trajan's forum, was thus reminded of that emperor's justice, benignity, and other virtues: he hastened to St. Peter's church, and there wept so long over the unbelief and error of that prince, that he received an answer, assuring him that he had been heard on Trajan's behalf, and that the soul of that emperor was delivered from the pains of hell."—*Golden Legend*, fol. 97; *Rog. Wendov.* p. 62—4; *Piers Ploughman's Vision*, l. 6857—7846. This is another instance in which Common Sense and Christian Piety have revolted against the Mediæval doctrine which consigned all the unbaptised to eternal misery.

I speak of Trajan, that imperial chief,
And a poor widow at his bridle rein,
Pouring forth tears and in the garb of grief.
Round him a brilliant throng of knights were seen;
And over them the eagles in the breeze
Were waving to and fro in golden sheen.[1]
The humble widow seem'd, amidst all these,
To say, "My lord, revenge I supplicate;
My son is slain, which robs my heart of ease."
And he seem'd thus to answer her, "Then wait
Till my return." "My lord," thus answer'd she,
(As one made hasty by her grievous fate)
"If thou shouldst not return?" "My heir," said he,
"Will do thee right." "What meed," she seem'd to say,
"If thou art slack, will his good acts bring thee?"[2]
Then he, "Take comfort: ere I go away,
The duty I'll perform to which I'm bound.
While Justice wills it, Pity bids me stay."
He who ne'er sees aught new, carved on the mound
This visible discourse in marble white,
So strange to us because on earth not found.[3]
While I was gazing with intense delight
On the sweet forms of such humility,[4]

[1] The military standards of the Romans were generally of silver, often of gold. An eagle with expanded wings on the top of a spear, sometimes holding thunderbolts in its claws, was the common standard of the legion.

[2] The woman's common sense here overturns the favorite doctrine of Purgatorial remission by the good deeds of survivors.

[3] Perhaps our poet borrowed a hint here from the figures of saints and angels with scrolls in their hands, or labels proceeding from their mouths, in the illuminations of ancient missals and the paintings in church windows.

[4] In this first circle of Purgatory, appropriated to the correc-

And for the Workman dearer to my sight;
"Behold a crowd," the poet whisper'd me,
"Are journeying, but with tardy steps, this way.
These to the lofty stairs our guides will be."[1]
Mine eyes, intent at all times to survey
New things, now eagerly the call obey'd,
And towards them turn'd without the least delay.
Reader, I would not have thee shrink dismay'd
From thy good purpose for what I shall show,
How God has order'd that our debts be paid.
Consider not these forms of martyr-woe:
Think of what follows: think that they at worst
Beyond the last Great Sentence cannot go.[2]
"Master, the forms I see," I said at first,
"Which towards us move, as men I scarce can rate:
Nor know I what; in fog I seem immers'd."
And he to me; "Such is their burden'd state
Of torment that they towards the earth are pressed,
Whence first mine eyes of them had some debate.
But look, and of all doubt thy gaze divest,
What under those vast stones take their slow pace:
Now thou canst see how each smites on his breast.
O Christians proud! O wretched, weary race!
Whose mental sight such soul diseases mar,
In backward steps perverse your trust ye place.
Do ye not now perceive what worms we are,

tion of the Proud and Arrogant, the sculptures on the rock exhibit examples of meek humility.

[1] The higher circles in Purgatory.

[2] "This is, in truth, an unanswerable objection to the doctrine of Purgatory. It is difficult to conceive how the best can meet death without horror, if they believe that it must be followed by immediate and intense suffering."—CARY.

Born to become the angelic butterfly,[1]
Which flies to Sovereign Justice without bar?
Wherefore doth your ambition soar so high?
Ye are, as 'twere, imperfect insects, blind,
Like worms ere yet by nature form'd to fly.
As to support a roof or floor we find
A figure which the human form doth wear,
In which the knees unto the breast are join'd,[2]
Which, with the grief that is not real there,
Breeds real grief in us when seen; thus made,
When I look'd carefully, I saw they were.
'Tis true, they more or less were downward weigh'd,
As to each back its load proportion bore:
Yet he whose patience was the most display'd
Seem'd to say weeping, "I can bear no more!"

[1] Besides the beautiful image of Man in his three stages of existence, Nature, Death, and Immortality, afforded by the natural history of the Butterfly, there may be an allusion here to the fable of *Psyche* (the ancient personification of *the Soul*), who was married to Cupid, and by him conveyed to a place of bliss.—APULEIUS, *Metam.* lib. iv. She is generally represented with the wings of a butterfly, while her husband has the pinions of a dove. The Greek word ψυχη signifies the *Soul;* and it also signifies a *butterfly*, in which shape the Greek sculptors often represented Psyche as subject to Cupid.

[2] "Those crouching antics, which seem in great buildings to labour under the weight they bear."—CHILLINGWORTH, vi. 54.

CANTO XI.

THE ARGUMENT.

The *Pater noster* paraphrased and sung by the shades. Virgil inquires the way, and is answered by Omberto. Dante recognises and converses with Oderisi of Gubbio, a famous Illuminator, who gives the preference to his rival in art, Franco of Bologna, and speaks of the comparative merits of Cimabue, Giotto, and the two Guidos. He moralises on the brevity of human glory, points out Provenzan Salvani, and obscurely intimates Dante's future fame and exile.

"O THOU, our Sire in heaven, with light array'd,
Not circumscribed, but that thy greatest love
To thy most glorious works is there display'd:[1]
Let every creature waft thy name above,[2]
And spread thy hallow'd praise o'er earth and main,
And bless thy sacred, pure, inspiring Dove.
Hasten the advent of thy tranquil reign;
Whose peace if thou do not on us bestow,
With our best efforts we cannot attain.
And as the angels with devotion glow,
Offering free homage while they sing 'Hosanna,'[3]
So let thy will be done by us below.

[1] Not confined to heaven, but there more especially manifested.

[2] The first four lines of this canto have been borrowed by Pulci, and form the commencement of Canto vi. of *Morgante Maggiore*.

[3] A Hebrew acclamation, signifying, "Save now!"—*Psalm* cxviii. 25; *Matt.* xxi. 9, &c.

And give us day by day our daily manna,
Without which we should fall, though we exert
Our utmost in this waste and wild savanna.
And as we pardon others for the hurt
We suffer, pardon us thy creatures frail,
Benign One, and look not on our desert,
Risk not our virtue, which so soon might fail,
Against the ancient foe of human kind;
But save us from him when his darts assail.
Yet this last prayer, not for ourselves design'd,
Since now, dear Lord, we have thereof no need,[1]
We make for those whom we have left behind."
Thus for themselves, and for our happy speed,
Those Shades went praying, each beneath a weight
Like that oppression which our dreams may breed.
Round the first cornice they ascend the height,
All woeful, weary, with unequal share,
Purging the darkness of their former state.
If then for us they offer constant prayer,
What from the root of our good-will can here
Be said or done that may avail them there?[2]
Sure we should aid them from the stains to clear
Themselves, which they bore hence, that pure and light
They may ascend above the starry sphere.
"Ah! so may justice and compassion straight

[1] In St. Patrick's Purgatory, and the Emperor Charles's Vision, ugly demons take a very active part, and greatly increase the perils of the visitor. But here the serpent finds no access beyond the lower and outer department: and as he is excluded by the gate and walls, the petition against the evil one is not needed by those who offer it; hence the saving clause, which represents that they offer it *vicariously*.

[2] Our prayers for them, it is intimated, are but a return for those they offer up for us.

Remove your burden, that expanding each
Your wings you may where'er you please take flight;
Show us how soonest we the stair may reach:
Or if there's more than one pass up the hill,
To us the path least steep we pray you teach.
For my companion, since from Adam still
The burden of the flesh doth him invest,[1]
Is slow to mount, in spite of his good-will."
Then in these words they answer'd the request
Which had been utter'd by my trusty guide;
From whom they came was not yet manifest;
But it was said, "If on the bank's right side
You come with us, a path you shall be shown,
Such as a man may mount who has not died.
And if I were not hinder'd by the stone
Laid on me, here my neck of pride to tame,
Whence I'm compell'd to hold my visage down,
Him who yet lives, but whom thou dost not name
I'd scan—to know if e'er I've seen his face,
And that my load might his compassion claim.
I from a Latin peer of Tuscan race,
Gulielm' Aldobrandeschi, drew my birth:
I know not if the name with you found place.
The ancient blood, and acts which all admire,
Of my forefathers, made my pride outgrow
All thought of what our common wants require.
Each one I held in scorn, so that—as know
The Sienese—on that account I died:
All know it too in Compagnatico.
I am Omberto:[2] not alone has pride

[1] See *Funeral Service*, and 2 *Cor.* v. 4.

[2] He was Count of Santafiore, in the territory of Siena. His

To me proved fatal, but that bane so spread,
It made like woe to all my kin betide.
Justly this weight is here upon me laid,
Till God be satisfied: since I would not
Alive, I do it here among the dead."
Listening, my face I bent and downward brought;
And one of them (not he who spoke just named)
Twisted beneath his yoke which trouble wrought,
And saw me, recognised me, and exclaim'd,
Holding his eyes fix'd on me toilsomely;
And crouch'd with them to walk myself I framed.
"Art thou not Oderisi[1] whom I see,"
I ask'd, "the pride of Gubbio in the art
In Paris call'd *Illumining?*"[2]—Said he,
"For the bright hues the pencil can impart

arrogance provoked his countrymen so much that they slew him at Campagnatico.

[1] An illuminator of manuscripts, and a friend of Giotto and Dante. He is mentioned with commendation in Vasari's Life of Giotto.

[2] We learn from this passage, that the art of *illuminating* MSS. received its name in France. It appears to have been first practised by Byzantine artists, about the fourth or fifth century. Byzantium gave lessons to Italy, whence it was introduced with Christianity itself among our Saxon ancestors, by Augustine and his companions, who brought with them illuminated copies of the Gospels, and taught the English, among other things, to write and adorn with paintings the books used in Divine Service. In the thirteenth century, English art was prized even on the continent; for in 1299, Godfrey, Abbot of Peterborough, presented a Psalter, "written in letters of azure and gold, and wonderfully illuminated," to an Italian Cardinal.—*British Quarterly*, No. xvii. art. iii. The art was nearly allied to that of *miniature painting*. The *illuminator* (whence our word *limner*) was called in Italian *miniatore*.

Must Franco Bolognese[1] have preference:
All honour now is his, mine only part.
Such courtesy, through my desire intense,
The while I lived I hardly should have show'd,
So had I fix'd my mind on excellence.
Such pride here dearly pays the price it owed.
Nor should I have been here, but that with full
Ability to sin, I turn'd to God.[2]
O pride of thought, how vain and fanciful,
How short will its fresh verdure have endured,
Unless 'tis follow'd by an age more dull![3]
In painting Cimabue[4] felt assured
To hold the field; now Giotto's[5] in request,

[1] A painter and illuminator of MSS., probably a pupil of Oderisi. His works are still known. A Madonna by him, at Bologna, is dated 1313.

[2] Having turned to God while in health and strength, he was saved from hell; and also from continuing in the outskirts of Purgatory with those who deferred their repentance.

[3] So that other intellectual stars may not arise to outshine you. After all, an enlightened age can best appreciate the labours of its predecessors; and those who reap the harvest should not be unmindful of those who sowed the seed.

[4] Giovanni Cimabue, born at Florence, in 1240, of a noble family. He was the restorer of painting in Europe; and although surpassed by his great pupil, he has the merit of having discovered, and drawn from obscurity, the talent of Giotto, displayed in the rude sketches of the shepherd boy; and of having by his kindness and assistance materially contributed to the success of his pupil. He died soon after the year 1300, having furnished, it is said, the epitaph inscribed on his tomb, to which Dante is supposed to allude:—

"Credidit ut Cimabos picturæ castra tenuere,
Sic tenuit vivens; nunc tenet astra poli."

[5] Giotto, the pupil of Cimabue and friend of Dante, was born A D. 1276, and died 1336.

And his precursor's fame is much obscured.
Thus Guido too doth from his namesake wrest[1]
His learned fame; and he perhaps is born
Who both will foil and chase them from their nest.[2]
The loudest blast from Fame's obstreperous horn
Is but a breath of wind that passes by,
Changing its name, as hence or thence 'tis borne.
What fame wilt thou have more, if thou shouldst die
An old man, than if death had seized on thee
When pap and playthings were thy prattling cry,
A thousand years hence? To eternity,
Less than the twinkling of an eye that same,
To the most slow-paced orb in heaven, will be.[3]
He who before thee slowly wends, had fame
Which through all Tuscany did once resound,
Scarce whisper'd in Siena now his name,
Where he was lord, what time they to the ground
The frantic rage of Florence overthrew,
Then proud as now she's vile and abject found.[4]

[1] Guido Cavalcanti.—See *Inferno*, x. 60, and note. Guido Guinicelli, of a noble family at Bologna, was highly esteemed by Dante, who speaks of him again, Canto xxvi. 83. In his note to the present passage, Cary has given several specimens of the poetry of both Guidos.

[2] Scilicet, Ego Dante. An augury of his own poetic fame.

[3] It is related of Napoleon I., that in one of his more pensive moods, when speaking freely of his own eventful career, and seeking to anticipate for himself the final verdict of History, he drew a vivid picture of the steadily shrinking dimensions of his renown. At that time his achievements filled libraries. By and bye a volume would suffice; then a chapter; then a paragraph; and then a line; till finally, perhaps, there would remain only his name.

[4] He alludes to the defeat of the Florentine Guelfs at Montaperto.—See *Inferno*, x. 86, 93, and notes.

Your fame is like the verdant grass, whose hue
Comes and then goes; and that which doth bestow
Its vigour withers all its verdure too."[1]
I answer'd, "Thy true speech my heart will sow
With meek humility and quell my pride,[2]
But who is he of whom thou speakest now?"
"He's Provenzan Salvani,"[3] said my guide,
"And he is here because presumptuously
To grasp Siena's government he tried.
Thus he has gone, and still goes restlessly,
Since death: such is the price that must be paid
By those who act on earth too daringly."
I answer'd; "If the soul that has delay'd
Repentance till that he life's verge attain,
Unless of pious prayers he have the aid,
Must not mount higher, but below remain,
Until a time long as he lived be past,[4]
How did Salvani here admittance gain?"
He said, "When he most glory had amass'd,
He freely stood upon Siena's plain,
There openly all shame aside he cast:
To draw his friend from bondage and the pain
Of Charles's prison, he himself subdued,

[1] The elements which contribute to our growth and sustenance, contribute also to our dissolution. The Scriptures compare man, in this respect, to the grass and flowers of the field.—*Psalm* ciii. 15, 16; *James* i. 11.

[2] See *Matt.* xiii. 23. "And the fruit of righteousness is sown in peace of them that make peace."—*James* iii. 18.

[3] He commanded the Ghibelines of Siena against the Florentines in the battle of Val d' Elsa, in 1269, where he was defeated and slain.

[4] In allusion to what is related, Canto iv. 130—2.

And did what made him thrill in every vein.[1]
No more I'll say: obscurely I allude:
But little time will pass before to thee
Thy neighbour's acts will make it understood:[2]
Him did this work from yonder confines free."

[1] One of his friends, named Vigna, having been taken prisoner in the battle of Tagliacozzo (*Inferno*, xxvii. 17, and note), and being held in captivity by Charles of Anjou, who demanded for him the enormous ransom of 10,000 pieces of gold, Salvani nobly undertook to raise this sum, and for that purpose he stood in the Campo, or public square of Siena, and begged contributions, till he had accomplished the liberation of his friend. The poet, who sets this act of humiliation against his general pride and ambition, describes a feeling of which he had himself been but too conscious, when he had had to ask favours of others.

[2] A *quasi*-prediction of his own exile and dependence.

CANTO XII.

THE ARGUMENT.

Humbled by the foregoing scene and conversation, Dante pursues his journey with Virgil, who directs his attention to the marble road, on which lie sculptured, like memorials of the dead, the representations of pride abased and punished—Lucifer, Briareus, Nimrod, Niobe, Saul, Arachne, Rehoboam, Eriphyle, Sennacherib, Cyrus, Holofernes, Troy. Conducted by an angel to the foot of the stair leading to the next round, they mount, and their ears are saluted by melodious voices chanting *Beati pauperes spiritu.*

ABREAST, like oxen moving in the yoke,
Did I with that o'erburden'd soul proceed,
Long as my guide allow'd: But when he spoke
And said, "Now leave him and thy footsteps heed;
For here 'tis fit that every nerve we strain,
With sail and oar each one his bark to speed."
Like one disposed to travel on amain,
Upright myself I raised: and yet in me
My thoughts bow'd low and humble still remain.
Advancing now I follow'd willingly
Along the pathway where my master led,
And both already show'd how light were we.
"Turn thine eyes downward," then to me he said,
"'Twill make thy way seem shorter to explore
The ground which forms thy footsteps' marble bed."
Like rude memorials which we see placed o'er

Those who lie sepulchred in tombs terrene,
The sculptured signs of what they were before,
Whence grief revives whenever these are seen,
Waking that sad remembrance which alone
The pitying breast can pierce with anguish keen.
Such saw I there, but much more life-like shown,[1]
According to the sculptor's art engraven,
Far as the mount for path was forward thrown.
On one side, him to whom at first was given
A nature which all creatures else excell'd,
I saw hurl'd downward thunderstruck from heaven.[2]
On the other hand, Briareus[3] I beheld,
With spear celestial pierced, a heavy load
On earth, and in the ice of death lie quell'd.
I saw Thimbræus,[4] Pallas, Mars, who crowd
Around their Father; still in arms they lower,
And view the giants' limbs before them strow'd.
Lo, Nimrod at the foot of his high tower,
As if confounded, gazing on the train
Whose banded aid in Shinar form'd his power.[5]
O Niobè, carved on the trodden plain,
I saw thee while thy weeping eyes deplored,
On either side thee seven, thy children slain.[6]

[1] Dante had seen, sculptured on the high perpendicular cliff, the examples of humility; and he now sees the opposite instances of pride carved on the pavement over which he treads.—*Luke* xiv. 11.

[2] "I beheld Satan as lightning fall from heaven."—*Luke* x. 18.

[3] See *Inferno*, xxxi. 98, and note.

[4] "Thymbræus Apollo."—VIRG. *Georg.* iv. 323. See also *Æneid.* iii. 85. So called from the Trojan city Thymbra, where he had a temple. See *Inferno*, xxxi, 96, note.

[5] *Genesis* x. 8—10; xi. 1—9.

[6] Daughter of Tantalus king of Lydia, and wife of Amphion king

O Saul, how ghastly, fallen on thine own sword,
Was there thine aspect, in mount Gilboa dead,
Whose heavens thenceforth no rain or dew afford.[1]
O mad Arachnè, there I saw thee sped,
Already turn'd half spider, sadly thou
Sitt'st o'er the woven threads by thee ill spread.[2]
O Rehoboam, not with threatening brow,
But full of terror there thine image went
Ere yet pursued, borne in thy chariot now.[3]
The hard pavement further yet made evident
Alcmæon, whose resentment made so dear
His mother's lamentable ornament.[4]

of Thebes, by whom, according to Ovid and Apollodorus, she had seven sons and seven daughters. The number of her children so excited her pride that she preferred herself to Latona, and ridiculed the worship of that goddess, who had only two. Latona, provoked at this insolence, entreated her children to punish it: accordingly, all the sons of Niobe perished by the shafts of Apollo, and all her daughters except two by those of Diana; on seeing which the wretched mother wept until turned to stone.—*Iliad.* xxiv. OVID. *Metam.* vi. Bryant thought it borrowed from the history of Lot's wife.

[1] 1 *Sam.* xxxi. 4; 2 *Sam.* i, 21.

[2] See *Inferno,* xvii, 18, note.

[3] 1 *Kings* xii. 18.

[4] Eriphyle, daughter of Talaus and Lysimache, was bribed by Polynices with a golden necklace to betray the place of her husband's concealment. See *Inferno,* xx. 33, note. On the death of Amphiaraus, and in fulfilment of his injunction, his son Alcmæon avenged the perfidious injury by killing his mother.

"And hateful Eriphyle,
Who accepted precious gold in exchange for her dear husband."
Odyss. xi. 355-6.

"And he saw sad Eriphyle
Showing the wounds which her cruel son had given her."—
Æneid. vi. 445-6.

It made Sennacherib and his sons appear,
When even in the temple of his god
They overpower'd and left him slaughter'd there.[1]
The ruin and the cruel wounds it show'd
Which Tomyris made, when she to Cyrus said,
"Blood was thy wish, now quench thy thirst in blood!"[2]
It show'd how overcome, the Assyrians fled,
When they the death of Holofernes learn'd,
And of that slaughter too the relics red.[3]
Troy there I saw to dust and ruins turn'd:
O Ilion, how abject and how vile
The sculpture show'd thee, as 'twas there discern'd!
What master of the pencil or the style
Did to these forms and deeds their fashion give,
Which might the ablest mind of praise beguile?
The dead seem'd dead, the living seem'd to live.
Not better could one see reality,
Than I, what stooping as I tread, perceive.
Be proud then, and with haughty looks march ye,
Children of Eve, stoop not your countenance,
That you your evil pathway may not see.[4]

"Those bowels from which he sprung he transfix'd
With steel, and a necklace was the cause of the punishment."
OVID. *Amorum*, Lib. I. Eleg. x. l. 51, 52.

[1] 2 *Kings* xix. 35, 36; *Isaiah* xxxvii. 37, 38.

[2] "The head of Cyrus being cut off, the Queen commanded it to be thrown into a vessel filled with human blood, thus upbraiding his cruelty; 'Satiate thyself,' she said, 'with blood for which thou hast thirsted, and for which thou wert insatiable.'"—JUSTIN, lib. i. cap. 8.

[3] *Judith* xiii. The story of Holofernes very much resembles what Quintus Curtius relates of the death of Spitamenes, viii. 13.

[4] This is an irony.

We round the mount had further made advance,
And of his course much more the Sun had spent
Than while I mused had met my cognizance,
When he who onward always watchful went
Began to say, "Now raise thy head on high:
It is no time for thee to walk thus bent.
See there an angel ready to draw nigh
Towards us; and see, on silent pinions borne
From service, Day's sixth handmaid homeward fly.[1]
Thy acts and looks with reverence adorn,
That pleased he may assist our march above.
Think that this day will have no second morn."
Well was I used to hear my guide reprove
The waste of time; in that particular
I could not therefore inattentive prove.
The beauteous creature wafted from afar
Had almost reach'd us, white-robed, and his face
Seem'd like the sparkling of the morning star.
His arms, and then his wings, he spread apace;
And said; "Come, here are steps; with effort small
Your path-way now ye may ascending trace.
Not many hasten to obey this call.[2]
O human creatures born to soar on high,
Why for a little wind should you thus fall?"[3]
He led us on to where a rock hard by
Was cut, then with his pinions brush'd my face,[4]

[1] The handmaids of the Day are the hours.—*Paradise Lost*, vi. 2—4. The time here indicated is noon.

[2] "For many be called, but few chosen."—*Matt.* xx. 16.

[3] "O remember that my life is wind."—*Job.* "Why should you for the transitory pleasures or fame of this life neglect the higher and more enduring blessings of the life to come?"

[4] Canto ix. 112. The first of the seven P's was now effaced,

And my safe journey up did certify.
As on the right hand scaling that high place
'Bove Rubacontè, where the church so seated[1]
O'erlooks the home of that well-govern'd race;[2]
The arduous toil is broke by steps there fitted
For mounting, made in that old age more fair,
When book and list were safe from frauds committed.[3]
Even so the bank, precipitous here, a stair
Made easy, falling from a higher round.
But on each side the high rock razed us there.
And as we thither turn'd we heard a sound;
"Bless'd are the poor in spirit,"[4] voices sung:
But to describe them, words cannot be found.
Ah, with what different cries these portals rung
And those infernal! Here melodious airs,
There fierce lament from each blaspheming tongue.[5]
Now up we mounted by the holy stairs:
And much more lightly, as it seem'd to me,
Than through the plain it went, my body fares.
"Master," I said, "what burden can it be

and in each successive round of Purgatory one more was to disappear.

[1] The Church of San Miniato in Florence, which commands a view of the city, and stands above where the bridge of Rubaconte crosses the Arno. The bridge was founded in 1237 by Messer Rubaconte da Mandella, of Milan, who was chief magistrate of Florence in 1235. It is the most eastern bridge in the city, and is now called "Il Ponte delle Grazie."

[2] A cutting irony.

[3] In that good old time when the public accounts and the legal weights and measures had not been falsified, as they had been in Dante's own age.

[4] *Matt.* v. 3. One of the Beatitudes in the Sermon on the Mount is repeated in each circle of Purgatory.

[5] *Inferno*, iii. 21—30.

. From me removed, so that, I know not how,
From all fatigue in walking I am free?"
He answer'd, "When the P's,[1] which on thy brow
Remain, though fainter they have grown, indeed,
Shall all have been erased, as one is now,
Through that good-will which shall within thee breed,
Thy feet not only no fatigue will know,
But by delight urged upward shall proceed."[2]
Then did I what is done by those who go
With something on their head, of which they gain
No knowledge save what hints of others show.
The hand then lends its help to ascertain,
Searches and finds it, by that service graced
For which the eyesight had been used in vain.
Then when my right-hand finger I had placed,
I found but six the letters which the mild
Lord of the keys had on my temples traced:[3]
At which my guide, when he beheld it, smiled.

[1] See note on line 98.

[2] "I will run the way of thy commandments, when thou shalt enlarge my heart."—*Psalm* cxix. 32 "They shall run, and not be weary; they shall persevere, and not faint."—*Isaiah* xl. 31.

[3] Canto ix. 112.

CANTO XIII.

THE ARGUMENT.

Arrived in the second round of Purgatory, they hear, without seeing any speaker, voices indicating examples of disinterested love. Here the envious are punished. The poet perceives a crowd seated at the foot of the precipice, covered with haircloth, and their eyelids pierced and sewn up with a thread of iron. He converses with Sapia, a lady of Siena, who relates the particulars of her offence, ascribes her salvation to the prayers of Pier Pettinago, inquires the purpose of Dante's journey, and implores him to vindicate her fame among her kindred.

We now had reach'd the summit of the stair,
Where the huge mount a second parting finds,
For disinfecting those ascending there.
And as a cornice which completely binds,
This like the first around the hill was thrown,
Save that its arch with sweep less ample winds.
No shades were here, no sculptured figure shown;
The bank uprose, and path before us lay,
With livid colour of the rock alone.[1]
"If here we wait for some to ask our way,"
The poet said, "I fear perhaps that we
So doing shall our choice too much delay.
Then on the sun his eyes look'd fixedly:
His right side of his motion made the centre,
He turn'd his left side round. "Sweet light!" said he,

[1] A livid or leaden colour is the hue of Envy. *Livor edax.*—LUCRETIUS.

"In firm reliance upon whom I venture
Into a path so new, conduct us thou,
In the right way by which we here must enter:
With light and heat the world thou rulèst now;
And if no urgent cause oppose, mankind
Thy rays to guide them ever should allow."[1]
As far as is on earth a mile defined,
We now had journey'd there, impell'd to move
So swiftly onward by a willing mind.
And towards us flying were perceived above
Spirits, though yet unseen, with courteous greeting,
And invitations to the feast of love.[2]
The first voice pass'd us, as it flew retreating,
And in loud tone exclaim'd, "No wine have they:"[3]
Which still behind us it went on repeating.
The sounds had not yet wholly died away
Through distance when another pass'd along,
And cried, "I am Orestes;"[4] nor would stay.

[1] See *John* viii. 12; and xi. 9, 10.

[2] Love or Charity, being the virtue most opposed to the vice of envy, is inculcated here by precept and example. The poet had in view the marriage of Cana in Galilee; *John* ii. 1—11, and the *agapæ* or *love-feasts* of the Primitive Christians; *Jude* 12.

[3] "And when they wanted wine, the mother of Jesus saith unto him, They have no wine."—*John* ii. 3.

[4] Orestes and his friend Pylades, attempting to carry off the statue of Diana from Taurica Chersonessus (the Crimea), fell into the hands of the king, and were about to be offered in sacrifice to Diana. On Iphigenia, as her priestess, devolved the office of immolating the strangers. Finding that they were from Greece, she wished to learn from them something of her country; and even offered to spare the life of one of them, on condition of his carrying thither a letter. The friendship displayed by Orestes and Pylades on this trying occasion has rendered their names for ever illustrious.—

"To whom, O father, may that voice belong?"
I said; and as I ask'd, lo, thus there spoke [wrong."[1]
A third; "Love those from whom you've suffer'd
"The chastisement which envious faults provoke,"
My master said, "are suffer'd in this round.
And therefore it is Love that deals each stroke.[2]
The curb requires to be of different sound,[3]
As I believe thou for thyself wilt hear,
Before the pass of pardon thou hast found.[4]

"Pylades about to die commands his dear Orestes to depart,
While he refuses; and in turn each strives to be the victim."
OVID. *Ex. Pont.* lib. iii. ep. ii. l. 85.

See also Euripides, *Iphigenia in Tauris.* At length Pylades yields to the entreaties of his friend; but the letter with which he is intrusted, being addressed to Orestes, proves Iphigenia to be the sister of him whom she is about to slay. On this discovery all three escape to Greece, carrying with them the statue of Diana. Dante's immediate allusion is to a passage in Cicero, *De Amicitia,* vii., where he quotes from the drama of *Orestes* by Pacuvius. "The king being ignorant which of the two friends is Orestes, Pylades, that he may die instead of his friend, exclaims, '*I am Orestes;*' while Orestes insists that to himself that name belongs." In placing Orestes among the "elect spirits," as one whose example of disinterested amity condemns the sin of envy, Dante does poetical justice; and, as in other instances, displays his good sense and humanity, in opposition to the theory of his Church, which doomed all the unbaptized to eternal misery.—See *Inferno,* iv. 35, note.

[1] See *Matt.* v. 44.

[2] "I drew them with cords of a man, with bands of love."—*Hosea* xi. 4.

[3] The chastisement of Envy here consists in hearing examples of the opposite virtue; but as a further curb to this vice, Dante is presently to see and hear those who suffer its penalty.

[4] The stair leading to the third circle, where the angel is stationed who absolves from the sin of envy.—Canto xv. 35.

But look intently through the atmosphere,
And thou wilt see a crowd before us bent
Along the bank's rough base all seated there."
Then wider open'd I mine eyes, intent
On what I saw, the shades with mantles on,
In colour from the rock not different.[1]
And when a little further I had gone,
I heard the cry, "For us, O Mary, pray!"
Then "Michael, Peter, and all Saints," anon.[2]
No man so callous walks the earth to day,
I think, who had not felt the pungent force
Of pity for what there I did survey.
For when by drawing near I had recourse
To close inspection and a view more clear,
My tears gush'd forth upon me from their source.
Cover'd with hair-cloth vile did they appear,
And one the other's shoulder lean'd upon,
And by the bank they all supported were.
The blind folk thus, who sustenance have none,
Stand near the shrines[3] to ask for what they need;
And one his head upon the next lays down,
Since pity will in human bosoms plead,
Not merely at the sound of what is said,
But at the sight will no less intercede.
And as the sunbeams from the blind are fled,
Even so the shades whose grief I now rehearse,
Saw not the light of heaven upon them shed.
A thread of iron did their eyelids pierce,
And sew'd them up; as, when it will not rest,

[1] See line 9 and note.

[2] The Litany for "Sabbato Santo," or day before Easter.

[3] "Perdoni," the Churches to which Papal indulgence is granted.

Is oft-times done unto a falcon fierce.[1]
To me it seem'd an outrage manifest,
On them to gaze, who could not look on me.
I turn'd to my sage guide who, ere address'd,
Well knew my wish though mute; and therefore he
Said thus, without awaiting my demand;
"Now, pry'thee, speak, and brief and pointed be."
Virgil came towards me from the outer band
Of the rock path-way, whence a man might fall,
Since by no fence begirt: on the other hand
Were those devoted shades whose eyelids all
Were by the horrible seam so much oppress'd,
Their tears flow'd forth and bathed their cheeks withal.
I turn'd to them and said: "O people blest,
Secure to see the light sublime you go.

[1] Their eyelids were sewn together with a filament of iron, as those of a falcon under training were with one of thread or silk. See *Inferno*, xvii. 127, note. This was called "inseeling," and was the practice in Dante's time and long after. "To do this," say the authorities, "take needle and thread and pass it through the upper eyelid, and so of the other, and then make the threads fast under the beak of the hawk, so that she cannot see, both her upper lids being brought down over her eyes." This was the ancient and approved practice, but in the curious old work by Dame Juliana Berners, called the 'Book of St. Albans,' at which town the first edition was printed in 1481, the noble dame informs us that, in her days, there were some "falconers of later and better knowledge," who had discovered that the bird could be "inseeled" or blindfolded without being wounded and tortured. The discovery, although long in coming, was not so marvellously difficult. It was simply that of a band, or piece of cloth drawn over the bird's head. Whether a corresponding improvement has been introduced into the Purgatorial process, we have no means of ascertaining; but the Roman pontiff has found it of late years more and more difficult to "inseel" or hoodwink his subjects; and, like falconry, the practice bids fair to become entirely obsolete.

Of which alone you care to be possess'd,[1]
May grace divine so from your conscience throw
Quickly the turbid foam, that render'd clear,
Therefrom the river of your mind may flow.[2]
Say, for 't would be agreeable and dear
To me if you've a Latin denizen;
For I may do him good if such be here."
"O brother mine, each is a citizen
Of one true city: some one, thou wouldst say,
Who lived in Italy, a pilgrim then."[3]
For answer seem'd these words design'd; but they
Were utter'd further on than where I stood,
I therefore listening still went on my way.
Amid the rest one shade with face I view'd
Waiting reply: and if you ask me, how?
It raised its chin up, as a blind man would.
"Spirit for mounting tamed,"[4] I said, "if thou
The shade who gavèst me that answer art,
By place or name thyself discover now."
It said, "I was a Sienese;[5] I smart
With these, to expiate here my life of sin,
Weeping to Him his presence to impart.
Of sapience I no treasure had within,
Though Sapia named: I joy'd at others' tears,

[1] "For with Thee is the fountain of life: in Thy light shall we see light."—*Psalm* xxxvi. 9.

[2] See *John* vii. 38.

[3] They remind the poet, that they are now no longer as formerly strangers and pilgrims on earth, but belonging to the heavenly city.

[4] The allusion here is to falconry; the soul humbled previous to ascending, as the falcon is tamed for mounting.

[5] A lady of Siena, who banished from her country lived at Collè, a small city near Volterra.

Far more than fortune for myself to win.
And that thou mayst not think my story wears
A face of falsehood, hear me prove my folly.
While I descended now the arch of years,[1]
My fellow citizens were, near to Collè,
Engaged in fight with such as them oppose:[2]
And I pray'd God to grant them such a volley,
As he had will'd: for vanquish'd by their foes
They took sad flight; and when I saw their chase,
Within my bosom joy unequall'd rose;
Upward I therefore turn'd my daring face,
And cried to God, 'Thee now no more I fear;'
As did the blackbird for one brief bright space.[3]
I long'd for peace with God when death drew near;
Yet had repentance lack'd ability
To render less the account I had to clear,
But that Pier Pettinago[4] thought of me,
And in his holy prayers, when at the weakest,
Prevail'd on my behalf through charity.
But who art thou that journeying question makest
Of our estate, with eyes in freëst plight,
If I mistake not, and still breathing speakest?"

[1] See *Inferno*, i. 1, note.

[2] The battle mentioned Canto xi. 121, note.

[3] In Lombardy the three last days of January are popularly called "*giorni della merla*" (the blackbird's days), and are supposed to be especially cold, as a punishment of the blackbird's presumption, who, according to the fable, had been induced by a gleam of fine weather during that month to desert his master, exclaiming, "I care not for you, Sir, now I have got through the winter." But he was soon compelled by the rigour of the season to repent his temerity. "*Una hirundo non facit ver;*" says *Horace*. The saying is also found in Aristotle.

[4] A hermit of great reputed sanctity at Campi, near Siena.

"Not long," I said, "with eyes bereft of sight
I here shall suffer, since for the offence
Of envious glances my account is light.
But greater far the dread in which suspense
Detains my soul, of torments there below;
Whose weight, already felt, subdues my sense." [1]
Then she: "Who then hath hither led thee so,
If downward hence thou dost intend retreat?"
And I; "This wordless one doth with me go:
And I am living, and can therefore meet
Thy wish, O spirit elect, if thee to aid
Thou'dst have me move on earth my mortal feet."
"O this is such good news," exclaim'd the shade;
"It is a signal proof that God loves thee:
Then sometimes let thy prayer for me be made.
I beg too, by what most thou long'st to see,
If e'er thou tread the Tuscan soil again,
Bear to my kindred good report of me: [2]
Them thou wilt find among that people vain
Who trust in Telamon, where will be lost
More than their hope the Dian's track to gain; [3]
But there the admirals will forfeit most." [4]

[1] His infirmity was not envy, but pride.

[2] Let them know that I am in Purgatory, and not in Hell.

[3] See *Inferno*, xxix. 121—123. By the acquisition of Telamone, a sea-port, the Sienese hoped to become a great naval power; but being on the confines of the Maremma, so unhealthy was it that they were disappointed; as they also had been in their costly search for a supposed subterranean river, called the Diana. We need not appeal to the antiquarians for the reason of a name so evidently appropriate, since it appears that the scheme was all moonshine.

[4] The great citizens hoped to be admirals, but many of them lost their lives, from the prevailing malaria of the place.

CANTO XIV.

THE ARGUMENT.

The surprise of the shades at Dante's presence. To one who inquires, he describes his native country by its river. Two shades converse respecting it, one of whom inveighs against the vices prevalent in the Val d' Arno. In reply to Dante's inquiry, the speaker, Guido del Duca of Brettinoro, gives his name and former address, and the name of his companion, Renier de' Calboli, whom he praises. He compares the nobles of Romagna with their ancestors, censuring, with few exceptions, their degeneracy: a dreadful cry, like that of Cain: Aglauro. Virgil's reproof of envy.

"And who is he that rambles round our hill,
Ere death for his long flight hath set him free,
That opens wide and shuts his eyes at will?"
"I know not who, but not alone is he:
Ask him thyself who towards him sitt'st more near;
That he may speak too, greet him affably."[1]
Two shades, who leaning on each other were,
Thus talk'd of me, and on my right were set:
Then raised their faces to accost me there.
And one[2] exclaim'd, "O spirit that art yet
Fix'd in the body towards heaven journeying,
For charity console us thus beset;

[1] The first speaker in this dialogue is Guido del Duca, of Brettinoro, a small city of the Romagna; the respondent is Renieri de' Calboli, of Forli.

[2] Guido del Duca.

Say whence and who thou art, for thou dost bring
Such marvel, at the favour shown to thee,
As fits with so unparallel'd a thing."
"There wanders through the midst of Tuscany,"
I said, "a stream in Falterona[1] born,
Which in a hundred miles no rest will see;
I from that river's bank this frame have worn:
'Twere vain if who I am to you I show'd;
For not yet hath my name afar been borne."
"If your intention I have understood
Correctly," then to me the one replied
Who first commenced, "thou speak'st of Arno's flood."
To him the other said, "Why did he hide
The name which would identify that river,
As if it something horrible implied?"
Then he of whom 'twas ask'd thus paid the giver
His debt; "I know not, but that valley seems
Worthy to have its name suppress'd for ever. [2]
For from its source (where so profusely teems
The mountain range, whence was Pelorus riven, [3]

[1] Falterona is the highest mountain of the Apennine chain. The course of the Arno, which rises therein, is above 120 miles; perhaps, allowing for its windings and turnings, not much less than 160.

[2] It is evident that the exiled bard here makes Guido speak his own sentiments, and express his own feelings respecting the inhabitants of Val d'Arno.

[3] Mount Pelorus, the Sicilian promontory now divided from Italy by the Straits of Messina, as it was before the time of Homer, was supposed to have been anciently joined to the Apennines, and to have been severed by some convulsion; and this tradition, considering the volcanic character of the contiguous coasts, probably indicates a geological fact. Virgil writes thus:

"It is said that formerly, when both lands were united,

That in few places it can show more streams) [1]
Until it reach the bourn where what was given,
To ocean it restores, whence their supply
Earth's rivers have, of what's exhaled by heaven;
Virtue, as if a snake, is forced to fly,
Abhorr'd of all, by clime from good estranged,
Or custom vile, so prompt her spur to ply:
Whence they their nature have so sadly changed,
That those who dwell within that wretched vale
Seem as if they in Circe's pastures ranged.[2]

So much may things be changed in a long succession of ages,
This place was cleft asunder with mighty violence and ruin;
The sea rush'd into the midst impetuously, and the billows
Now separate the Italian coast from Sicily,
And flow through a narrow strait between lands and cities.
Æneid. iii. 414.

Lucan, *Phars.* ii. 437, and Milton, *Paradise Lost*, i. 232, refer to the same traditional catastrophe.

[1] A glance at the map of Italy will show that Falterona, whence both the Arno and the Tiber spring, is more abundant in waters than any other part of the Apennines.

[2] Circe is said to have resided on a small island called Ææa on the coast of Italy. The adventures of Ulysses and his companions there, first sung by Homer, are thus alluded to by Virgil, in describing the voyage of Æneas:—

"The neighbouring shores of Circe's land they coasted,
Where the wealthy daughter of the Sun with songs unceasing
Makes the pathless woods resound, and in her splendid mansion
Lights up the darkness of the night with odoriferous cedar:
From hence deep groans were heard, and the roaring of lions
Refusing the chain, and late in the night rebellowing;
And bristling swine, and bears in the stables raging,
And the monstrous forms of great wolves are heard howling;
Whom Circe, the cruel goddess, with powerful herbs had alter'd
From bearing the shape of men to wild beasts in aspect and figure." *Æneid.* vii. 10.—

Amid brute swine whom acorns should regale,
Rather than feast on what will men sustain,
First his mean course he takes along the dale.[1]
Curs next he meets, while speeding down the plain;
Their grinning less their power than malice shows;
At them he twists his nose in deep disdain.[2]
Descending he proceeds, and as he grows,
The more the curs are changed to wolves, midst whom
The accurst and misadventured river flows.
Next, where in ampler sweep the billows foam,
Foxes he finds, with cunning so replete,
They do not fear by skill to be o'ercome.
Nor ends my speech, though other ears it meet.
'Twere good for this man that in mind he bear
What from a truthful spirit I repeat.
Thy grandson[3] doth before my sight appear
A hunter of the wolves, their troop he drives
On the fierce river's bank, all blanch'd with fear.
He sells their flesh while each one yet survives,
Then slays them like some ancient beast subdued;
He with their life himself of praise deprives.

This fable was evidently intended, as a moral allegory, to illustrate the brutalizing tendency of excess in sensual indulgence.

[1] Dante describes the course of the Arno; through Casentino, the country of the luxurious Counts Guido (*Inferno*, xxx. 65), the inhabitants of which are intended by the swine, then turning abruptly away from the curs of Arezzo, flowing by the wolves of Florence, and the foxes of Pisa, it falls into the sea.

[2] The Arno flows in a southerly direction till within about four miles of Arezzo, and then turns westward.

[3] Fulcieri de' Calboli, of Forli, who was Podesta of Florence in 1302, and allowed himself to be bribed by the Neri to destroy several of the Bianchi.

Blood-stain'd he issues from the wretched wood,[1]
And leaves it so that in a thousand years
Its primal grandeur may not be renew'd."
As he, who some foreboding message hears
Of coming harm, appears with visage grieved,
From whate'er part the menaced ill he fears;
Even so that other soul I then perceived,
Who turn'd to listen, grow perplex'd and sad,
As he the words address'd to him received.
Through speech of that and looks of this I had
So long'd to find out what their names might be,
I question'd them with prayers in meekness clad.
On which the shade who first conversed with me,
Commenced again; "That which thou wouldst not show
To me, thou wouldst that I should show to thee.
But since God pleases that his grace should so
Shine forth in thee, I will not grudge my name.
Guido del Duca thou in me may'st know;
My blood was so scorch'd up with envy's flame,
That if I e'er a cheerful person view'd,
A livid hue my aspect overcame:
Such chaff has from that seed of mine accrued.
O human race, why place ye your heart's trust
Where you must needs companionship exclude?[2]
This one is Renier: this the praise and boast
Of Calboli's famed house, where now no heir
Inherits after him his valour lost.
And not alone his blood has been made bare,[3]

[1] So he calls Florence, reminding us of the "selva oscura."—*Inferno*, i. 2.

[2] On worldly things, which we cannot share with others, and at the same time retain the full possession of them ourselves.

[3] Naked of worth, and poor in every virtue.

'Twixt Po, the mountain, Reno, and the sea,[1]
Of good required for truth and pleasure there;
For all the ground within this boundary
Of poisonous roots[2] is fill'd, so that full tardy
The tillage that shall make them less will be.
Where is good Licio,[3] Arrigo Mainardi,[4]
Pier Traversaro,[5] and Carpigna's Guido?[6]
O Romagnese, in bastardy how hardy!
Bologna now a Fabbro[7] sprout gives heed to;
And in Faenza, Fosco's Bernardin,[8]
A noble plant sprung up from lowly seed too.
O Tuscan, wonder not, if I begin
To grieve while naming Prata's Guido,[9] and
Him who lived with us, Azzo's Ugolin,[10]
Federigo Tignoso and his band,[11]
The Traversara, Anastagi known;[12]

[1] Dante means Romagna, here described by its principal boundaries, the Po north, the Adriatic east, the Apennines south, and the Reno, a river of Bologna, to the west.

[2] Vices and evil customs thrive, like the roots of noxious plants.

[3] Licio da Valbona, of whom Boccaccio tells a story.—*Decam.* v. 4.

[4] Of Faenza, or according to some, of Brettinoro.

[5] Lord of Ravenna.

[6] Of Montefeltro.

[7] The name Fabbro (Workman) indicates his plebeian origin. He is said to have been a mechanic, named Lambertaccio, who by his courage and virtue rose to honour and almost to sovereignty in Bologna.

[8] A man of humble origin, but great ability, who ruled in Faenza.

[9] Prata is a place between Faenza and Ravenna.

[10] Of the Ubaldini family in Tuscany.

[11] Federigo Tignoso, of Rimini, and his family.

[12] Two noble families of Ravenna, celebrated in the *Decameron*, v. 8. See Canto xxviii. 20, and note.

Both stripp'd of their ancestral virtue stand;
The knights and dames, the toils and ease, which won
Our preference for love and courtesy,[1]
Where now men's hearts are so malignant grown.
O Brettinoro, why dost thou not flee,[2]
Since all thy family from thee is gone,
And many more who guilty would not be.
Well doth Bagnacaval,[3] who heirs hath none,
And ill doth Castrocaro, Conio worse,[4]
To propagate such Counts as they have done.
Well the Pagani will do,[5] when their curse
The demon quits them: but, not always pure,
Their memory will still remain perverse.
O Ugolin de' Fantoli,[6] secure
Thy name is, for thou leavèst none behind
By recreant deeds its lustre to obscure.[7]
But now, O Tuscan, go; for I'm inclined
Rather to weep than have aught more to say;
So much hath your discourse oppress'd my mind."
Of those beloved souls we knew, that they

[1] These two lines express the true spirit of Chivalry. The commencement of Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso* very nearly resembles them:—

"Ladies, and Cavaliers, and arms, and loves,
And courtesies, and hard exploits, I sing."

[2] A castle beautifully situated, the residence of Guido del Duca, who is here addressing it by way of apostrophe. See *ante*, line 81.

[3] A castle between Imola and Ravenna. He puts the place for its masters.

[4] Places in Romagna, apostrophised in like manner.

[5] Lords of Imola and Faenza. One of this family was nicknamed *Il Diavolo*, "The Devil."—See *Inferno*, xxvii. 51, note.

[6] Ugolino De' Ubaldini, a noble and virtuous gentleman of Faenza, the only survivor of his family, and who had no children.

[7] See *Luke* xxiii. 29.

Heard us depart; and as they nothing said,
They made us feel more trustful of the way:
Then all alone upon our path we sped.
As lightning cleaves the air, we heard with wonder
A voice that met us cry in accents dread,
"Whoever finds will slay me:" [1] then like thunder
Fled, as when volleying peal on peal through heaven,
If suddenly the storm-cloud bursts asunder.
But a brief truce was to our hearing given,
When, lo, another with so loud a tone,
As if a thunder-crash the air had riven:—
"I am Aglauro,[2] that was turn'd to stone."
And then, as I close to the poet press'd,
Backward, not forward, I a step had gone:
The air was now on every side at rest.
"That was the galling bit;" he said to me,
"Which to confine men within bounds is best.[3]
Ye take the hook which the old enemy
Baits for you, so he makes your souls his prize,
Whence of small use the reins and call will be.
To you that heaven which rolls around you cries,
While its eternal beauties it displays;
And yet on earth alone you fix your eyes: [4]
He smites you therefore who the whole surveys."

[1] The words of Cain when he had slain his brother Abel.—*Genesis* iv. 14.

[2] A daughter of Cecrops, king of Athens. When Mercury had fallen in love with her sister Herse, and confided to Aglauros the secret of his passion, she, through jealousy, revealed it to her father, and, as a punishment, was changed by Mercury into a stone.—Ovid, *Metam.* ii. 708—832.

[3] Referring to what had been said, Canto xiii. 40.

[4] "Now lift thy soul to that more blessed hope,
Gazing on heaven while round thee it revolves
Immortal and adorn'd."—Petrarch, *Canzone* xxxix.

CANTO XV.

THE ARGUMENT.

An angel points out the stair to the next round. As the poets ascend, they hear *Beati misericordes* chanted. Virgil informs Dante that the love of God and the desire of heavenly things increase charity and extinguish envy: for further satisfaction on this subject, he refers him to Beatrice. On reaching the third circle, where the wrathful are punished, the poet, in an extatic vision, sees examples of meekness—the Virgin Mother, Pisistratus, and Stephen the proto-martyr. Dante, on recovering from his apparent slumber, is rallied by Virgil, and as they pursue their journey they are met by a thick smoke which involves them in darkness.

As much as is, in three hours from the day's
First dawn, apparent of the heavenly sphere,
Which like a child with constant motion plays;
So much appear'd there of the sun's career
To be remaining now ere his descent:
For it was evening there though midnight here.[1]
And right upon our brow his beams were sent,
For so far had we round the mountain gone,
That now directly towards the west we went;
When splendour greater far than first had shone
Dazzled my sight and did my brow oppress,
While wonder seized me at this thing unknown:

[1] At Purgatory it was three hours before sunset, and midnight in Italy.

I lifted to my eyes with eagerness
Both my two hands, and made of them a screen,
Thereby diminishing the light's excess.
As when from water, or the smooth serene
Of mirror, thrown to the opposing side,[1]
The ascending ray is in like manner seen
As it came down, and glances just as wide
From the stone's path when falling from some height;[2]
As art and science both have testified:
Thus I supposed the sun's reflected light,
As it glanced upward, there before me struck;
From which I quickly turn'd away my sight.
"Sweet sire, what's that," I said, "which thus can mock
All efforts thence my vision to defend;
And which seems moving toward us on the rock?"
"Marvel not, if the splendours which attend

[1] "As when reflected by waters contained in brazen vessels,
The trembling light of the sun, or the radiant moon's bright image,
Is cast far and wide, as it playfully flies o'er all places,
Now flashing against the walls, and now striking the lofty ceiling."—*Æneid.* viii. 22.

"For no sooner is the shining water placed under
The sky, than at once, if the heavens are starry,
In the water the pure stars answer to the radiant firmament:
Do you not see then, in how short a time the image
Descends from the etherial regions to the realms terrestrial?"
LUCRETIUS, iv. 215.

[2] The allusion is to the perpendicular line which the stone describes in falling. It is well known that when a ray of light is reflected from water or from a mirror, the angle of incidence and the angle of reflection are equal. Dante at first mistook the brightness which he saw, for the reflection of sunbeams from the ground; but when undeceived by its intensity and approach, he applies to Virgil for an explanation of the phenomenon.

The family of heaven still dazzle thee.
One comes," he said, "inviting men to ascend;
Not grievous but delightful soon 't will be,—
Far as the nature now by thee possess'd
Is fitted to perceive,—such things to see."
Then we arrived where stood the angel blest.
He said, "Here enter, where the mountain's brow
A ladder scales less arduous than the rest."
We parted thence and were ascending now,
When "Blessèd are the merciful,"[1] behind
Was chanted, and "Hail victor! triumph thou."[2]
We both were now ascending, lone in mind,
My guide and I, and as we upward went,
Some profit from his words I hoped to find.
Then turning towards him I inquired, "What meant
The spirit from Romagna,[3] when that he
Of loss by pleasure shared held argument?"
"No marvel, since he knows the penalty
Of his own greatest fault," my guide replies,
"That he should blame it; less its pain will be.
Because the blessings which you chiefly prize
Decrease by being shared with some compeer,
There Envy with her bellows moves your sighs.
But if the love of that celestial sphere
Had raised your hearts above earth's low concerns,
There would not in your bosoms be that fear:[4]
For there, the more the expression 'Ours' returns,
The more of good each hath, and so the more

[1] *Matt.* v. 7.
"Thou who hast overcome Envy."
[3] Guido del Duca.—See Canto xiv. 87.
[4] "The ardent desire of heavenly happiness would remove all fear of having companions to share in your delight."

Of charity within that cloister burns."[1]
"Now am I less content for all thy lore,"
I said, "than if thou nothing hadst express'd;
And more of doubt besets me than before.[2]
How can a subdivided interest
Make many owners of the same good thing
More rich than if by few it were possess'd?"
And he to me; "Because thy mental wing
To things terrene hath limited its flight,
From the true light thou dost thick darkness bring.
That Good, ineffable and infinite,
Which is enthroned on high, to love so flies,
As on a lucid object rays alight,[3]
More than it finds of ardour it supplies:
However far our charity may stretch,
The eternal bounty will above it rise:
The more there are who yon blest mansion reach,
The more there are to love and to be loved;
For, like a mirror, each gives back to each.
And if my words have insufficient proved
To sate thy craving, Beatrice thou'lt see,
By whom thy longings will be all removed.
That thy five wounds, like the two first,[4] may be
Quickly effaced, now let thy mind be bent:

[1] "In no way is the possession of Good made less by its becoming common, for it increases the more in proportion as each individual of the community possesses charity."—AUG., *De Civitate Dei.*

[2] "I feel more perplexed than before I expressed my doubt or heard thy explanation."

[3] As a mirror, or other polished substance, receives more light than it reflects; and reflects more, the more it receives.

[4] "The five remaining sins removed, as those of pride and envy have already been."

They best are heal'd by grieving piety."
Just when about to say, "I am content;"
I saw that I had reach'd a higher round,
And so stood mute, with eager eyes intent.
There suddenly I seem'd, on holy ground,
In an extatic vision caught away:
I saw a temple where a crowd was found,
And heard a lady on its threshold say,[1]
With sweet maternal gesture, "O my son,
Behold thy sire and I, till this third day,
Have sought thee sorrowing: wherefore hast thou done
Thus toward us?" And when silent she became,
That which had first appear'd to me was gone.
And then I seem'd to see another dame,[2]
Upon whose cheeks grief made such tears flow down
As fell despite 'gainst others might proclaim.
She said, "If thou art master of this town,
Whose name the concord even of gods could break,[3]
Gaining from every science its renown;
On those audacious arms thy vengeance wreak,
Which clasp'd our daughter, O Pisistratus!"

[1] *Luke* ii. 48.

[2] The wife of Pisistratus, tyrant of Athens, who wished her husband to punish a young man for having snatched a kiss from their daughter in public. The story is told by VALERIUS MAXIMUS, lib. v. 1.

[3] The allusion here is to the quarrel between Minerva (Ἀθήνη) and Neptune, who should give name to the city built by Cecrops. The dispute having been referred to the assembly of the Gods, it was decreed that the honour should belong to that one of the two competitors who should make the most useful present to mankind. Neptune struck the ground with his trident, and up sprung the horse. Minerva produced the olive, and by the unanimous voice of the Gods was proclaimed the victor.

Even then the ruler seem'd benign and meek,
And her, with temperate aspect, answer'd thus:
"What shall we do to those who wish us ill,
If he who loved us be condemn'd by us?"
Next I saw those whom fiery passions fill,
With stones a young man slay;[1] meanwhile aloud
They cried to one other, "Kill him, kill!"
I saw him as in death his head he bow'd,
Weigh'd down already, while on earth he knelt;
But ever heaven-ward look'd, serenely brow'd,
And for his murderers, while their blows he felt,
He pray'd for pardon to the Sire above,
With aspect such as doth to pity melt.
And when my mind, no more disposed to rove,
Return'd to things without her, actual, true,
My fancies did not false illusions prove.[2]
My leader who just then observed me do
Like one from recent sleep awaking, said,
"How's this: that thou thy way canst not pursue?
For more than half a league thy staggering tread
And closing eyes thy walking seem'd to sway,
Like one whom sleep or wine hath vanquishèd."
"O my sweet father, if to what I say
Thou listen," I replied, "what hath to me
Appear'd, I'll tell thee, when my feet gave way."
"If thou a hundred masks hadst worn," said he,
"Over thy face, thy thoughts by me perused,
However trivial, not conceal'd would be.

[1] St. Stephen, the protomartyr. See *Acts* vii.

[2] "When I awoke to the perception of external objects, which have an existence independently of the mind that perceives them, I found that my mind in its extasy had figured what was not only instructive, but what had really occurred long ago."

That vision means, that thou be not excused
From opening to the streams of peace thine heart,
Which from the Eternal Fountain are diffused.
I ask'd, 'How's this?' on grounds from his apart
Who only looks with eye that sight must lack,
When from his frame the soul is forced to part;
I only ask'd, to help thee on thy track;
Such stimulus the slow and loitering need,
To use their wakefulness when it comes back."
Thus we went on through evening, and gave heed
Onward, as far as we could send our eye,
Against the rays which from the bright west speed.
And lo! by slow degrees a smoke rose high,
Which like the night's deep gloom came toward us there,
Nor to escape it was there shelter nigh:
This dimm'd our eyes, and stifled the pure air.[1]

[1] The smoke of anger darkens the mind. The third circle of Purgatory, which the poets were just entering, was appropriated to the castigation of this sin.

CANTO XVI.

THE ARGUMENT.

Moving on in the smoke, which allowed them not to see, the poets hear voices chanting the *Agnus Dei*. The shades, learning with surprise that Dante lives, one of them named Marco Lombardo, addresses him, and they converse. He asserts the freedom of the will, and refutes the error of the Fatalists; at the same time he censures the union of temporal and spiritual authority in the Popes, and ascribes to it the degeneracy of the age. He praises three men, who had retained their integrity and given examples of the ancient virtue.

HELL's darkness, and the night's when stripp'd of all
The lights above us, leaving heaven a waste,
However thick may be their cloudy pall,
Before my sight so gross a veil ne'er placed,
As did that smoke with which we then were cover'd,
Nor with so rough a cloak my sense embraced.
To keep my eyes unclosed I was not suffer'd.
On which my wise and trusty escort hied
Close to me, and his arm to aid me offer'd.
Thus, as a blind man goes behind his guide,
Lest he should lose his way, or have to bear
Some stroke whence harm or death might him betide;
I follow'd through that harsh and filthy air,
And listening heard my leader merely say,
"That thou be parted not from me take care."
Then heard I voices which appear'd to pray

That they thy peace and mercy might obtain,
O Lamb of God, who tak'st our sins away.[1]
With *Agnus Dei* still commenced their strain:
In unison of tone and voice they cry,
And concord sweet among them seem'd to reign.
"And are they spirits, Master," then said I,
"Whom now I hear?" "They are," my leader spoke,
"Marching while they the knot of wrath untie."
"And who art thou who cleavèst thus our smoke,
And speakest of us, as if yet inclined
To reckon time by months, like living folk?"[2]
These words one voice was heard to speak behind.
"Answer, and ask," my master said, "if we
Some upward path from hence that leads may find."
I said, "O thou that seek'st in purity
Back to thy Maker's presence to be sped,
I'll tell thee wonders, if thou follow me."
"I'll follow thee far as I can," he said,
"And if our vision pierce not this thick fume,
We'll keep at hand with talking in its stead."
I answer'd, "With that body which the tomb
Hath not yet claim'd, I go above to range:
And I came hither through the infernal gloom.
And if in me God's grace hath wrought such change,
That he will have me visit his high court,
And in a way to modern use quite strange,[3]
What thou hast been ere death, to me report;
And say, if rightly towards the pass we go;

[1] John i. 29.

[2] Dante's question, "Are they spirits?" implied that he was not one, but a living man to whom the things of another world were strange.

[3] See *Inferno*, ii. 10—33.

And thither let thy accents us escort."
"I was a Lombard, Marco named,[1] not slow
To scan mankind; that worth possess'd my love
From whence each now hath turn'd aside his bow.
Direct from hence thy path on high will prove."
Thus he replied; and added, "Pray for me,
I do beseech thee, when thou art above."
"For what thou ask'st, my faith I pledge to thee,"
I said, "but now to bursting I am troubled
With doubt, unless I solve the mystery.
Single it was at first, but now 'tis doubled,
By thy decision, and one given elsewhere,[2]
Since this with that I have together coupled.
The world, as thou hast said, is left quite bare
Of every virtue which erewhile did grace it,
And sown with teeming malice every where.
But whence the cause? I do entreat thee trace it,
That others may through me the knowledge gain;
For some in heaven and some on earth would place it."
His grief one deep-drawn sigh did first constrain,
Breathed in "Ay me!" Then he commenced, "My friend,
The world is blind; that thence thou com'st is plain.
You living would make all events depend
On heaven; and all things else, howe'er employ'd,
Moved by necessity to shape its end.[3]
If this were so, free choice would be destroy'd
In you, and Justice with her balance even,
In good men's peace and bad men's woe be void.

[1] A gentleman of Venice, described by Villani as "a wise and worthy courtier." Lombardo denoted at once his surname and the country to which he belonged.

[2] That heard from Guido del Duca of Brettino, Canto xiv.

[3] Alluding to the doctrines of Judicial Astrology, and of Destiny or Fate.

Your movements take their origin from Heaven:
I say not all, but if I did so say,
The light for good or ill to you is given;
And Free-will, which with toil may win the day,
In her first battles with a hostile star,
Then conquers all, if train'd in the right way.[1]
To One with power and goodness greater far,
Though free, you're subject:[2] that in you creates
The mind which fears no adverse planet's war.
If then this world your virtue dissipates,
In you the cause is, you yourselves betray,
As I'll bear witness, and absolve the Fates.
Forth from His hand who, ere she sees the day,[3]
Loves her, ev'n as an infant when he shows
His grief or gladness in his childish play,[4]
Issues the simple soul, that nothing knows,
Save that from her blest Maker just come forth,
Promptly to that which pleases her she goes.

[1] "The human race when most completely free is in its highest state of excellence."—DANTE, *De Monarchia*, i.

[2] Though subject to the power and dependent on the bounty of God, mankind are left in possession of moral freedom.

[3] "Thine eyes did see my substance yet being imperfect; and in thy book all my members were written, when they should be fashioned, while yet there was none of them."—*Psalm* cxxxix. 16. See also *Prov.* viii. 22—31.

[4] These lines remind us of the verses addressed by the virtuous Emperor Hadrian to his departing soul, as they have been transmitted to us by the historian Spartianus:—*Animula, blandula, vagula, &c.*

"Dear, charming sprite, wee wandering thing,
Boon comrade of this mortal part;
Where dost thou now thy passage wing?
How stark, and pale, and wan thou art,
Nor jests as usual canst impart!"

At first of small delights she finds no dearth:
  By these deceived she forfeits her true dower,
  Unless of guide and rein she prove the worth.
Hence laws provide fit bridle; hence the power
  Of wise and righteous kings, who, though aloof,
  Of the true city have descried the tower. [1]
Yes, there are laws, but who of these makes proof?
  None; for the shepherd who the flock precedes,
  Can ruminate, but cleaveth not the hoof. [2]
And when the flock see that the pastor heeds
  Merely that good which they crave eagerly,
  They browse content with that on which he feeds.
To its bad guidance then, well mayst thou see,
  The present age its wickedness hath owed,
  And not to nature's inward malady.
Rome that of old reform'd the world, bestow'd [3]

[1] The fortress of a state, and most necessary virtue of a ruler is justice. Again, "the true city" is the Church, or Society of true believers; the heavenly Jerusalem, as opposed to Babylon, the city of confusion and falsehood.—*Rev.* xxi. 9, 10.

[2] Dante, describes the Pope as an unclean beast, on account of his union of the temporal and spiritual power in his own single person. "The camel, because he cheweth the cud, but divideth not the hoof; he is unclean unto you."—*Lev.* xi. 4. It is very proper for the Pope to "ruminate," but it is hardly reasonable to require or expect his holiness to *show* the cloven foot.

[3] Till the beginning of the eighth century, the Bishop of Rome was subject to the Emperor. "Leo," says Dupin, "was acknowledged emperor at Rome in 717; he opposed the worship of images, and published an edict in which he ordered them to be thrown down, and that none should be allowed in churches. Pope Gregory II. strenuously opposed the emperor's design, and, supported by the Lombards, excommunicated him. Gregory III., who succeeded him in 731, defended the worship of images with

Light from two suns, to show how each way tends
That of the civil state and that of God.[1]
One has the other quench'd; confusion blends
The sword and crosier;[2] and when thus together,
They cannot fitly work to their due ends;
Because when join'd the one fears not the other.
But if thou doubt it, see what fruits abound:
Each plant is known when we the harvest gather.
For valour and true courtesy were found
In that broad realm which Po and Adige lave,
Before that battle which on Frederick frown'd.[3]
Now any scapegrace may securely brave
His passage through it, who declines through shame
Discourse or contact with the good to have.
But three men there maintain its ancient fame,
In whom the age antique rebukes the new,
Whom Heaven, it seems to them, is slow to claim.

the same resolution, and assembled a council to maintain it."—*Hist. of Church*, ii. 333. The Pope had taken what was then the popular side. In the war which he provoked, however, he found it necessary to obtain the aid of Charles Martel, offering in return to transfer his allegiance from the emperor, and put himself under the protection of the Franks. In the course of this contest three emperors were slain, and Italy severed from the empire.

[1] At that time the Christian emperors ruled the state, and the popes presided in ecclesiastical affairs, and instructed the laity in what pertained to Christian doctrine and life.

[2] The Pope having invoked the assistance of Pepin, and afterwards of Charlemagne, against the Lombard kings, was invested with their conquered territories. Boniface VIII., in the time of Dante, added the second crown to the papal tiara; the triplet was completed some years after by John XXII.

[3] The emperor Frederick II. was defeated before Parma by the Guelf army, A.D. 1248.

Conrad Palazzo,[1] the good Gherard too,[2]
And Guido Castel,[3] whom we may express
Best as plain Lombard; so in French they do.
The Church of Rome now fall'n in mire confess,
By her confounding these two regiments,
Herself makes filthy and her charge no less."[4]
"Marco," I said, "sound are thy arguments: 130
And for that law I now see reasons ample,
Which Levi's sons from heritage prevents.[5]
But who is Gherard then, that as a sample
Remains, thou say'st, the perish'd race to show,
And chide our savage age by his example?"
"Thy speech deceives, or thou wouldst try me so,"
He answer'd me, "that with thy Tuscan lore,

[1] A gentleman of Brescia.

[2] Gherardo di Camino of Trevigi, of whom in the *Convito* Dante says, that his character would have ennobled the meanest family. Tiraboschi says, "This is probably the same Gherardo who, together with his sons, as early as before the year 1254, gave a kind and hospitable reception to the Provençal poets."

[3] Guido da Castello, a virtuous and hospitable citizen of Reggio; of such simplicity that he obtained the name of "the plain Lombard;" according to the French custom of calling all Italians Lombards.

[4] "Therefore before all things, we say, that every one should proportion the weight of the burden he takes on him, to the strength of his shoulders, lest haply, being too heavy for him, it fall into the mire."—DANTE, *De Vulg. Eloq.* ii. 4.

Chaucer says of the good parson—

"He settè not his benefice to hire,
And lette his shepe accombred in the mire."—
Prologue to *Canterbury Tales.*

[5] That being free from worldly associations, they might better attend to the duties of their sacred office.

Of the good Gherard thou shouldst nothing know.[1]
I cannot say what surname else he bore,
But add his daughter Gaia's,[2] by the way.
God bless you; I may walk with you no more.
See dawn, which darting through the smoke its ray,
Now brightens; ere the angel shall appear,
Who is at hand there, I must needs away."
Thus having spoken, me no more he'd hear.

[1] "No doubt thou hast heard of a man so renowned, although thou affectest ignorance, just to hear what I have to say of him." Marco had not thought it necessary to mention Gherard's residence or surname, as he had those of the others who were less famous.

[2] He now only adds Gherard's title to be known as the father of Gaia, a lady renowned through Italy for her beauty, virtue, and talents. Tiraboschi speaks of her, as having been first among the ladies of that country to cultivate Italian poetry.

CANTO XVII.

THE ARGUMENT.

The poets issue from the thick and noisome smoke, and again behold the Sun just before he sets. Dante has another trance, in which he sees the death of Haman and the suicide of Amata. His trance is dissipated by the overpowering light of an angel's presence, who conducts them to the next ascent. *Beati pacifici* is pronounced, and they ascend to the fourth round, where the slothful undergo castigation. A Psychological discourse, in which Virgil explains the vices corrected in the seven circles of Purgatory.

Reader, if thou hast ever in the Alps
Been with a mist enclosed, and couldst from thence
No better see than moles do through their scalps,[1]
Think, when the vapours round thee moist and dense
Began to dissipate, how the pale sun
But feebly could through them his rays dispense,
And thy imagination will thereon
With ease perceive how I again survey'd
His disk now shining ere the day was done.
Thus in the trusty steps, with equal tread,

[1] The eyes of the mole are very small in proportion to its bulk, and are deeply sunk under the skin, which is covered with dark and glossy hair. The opening which admits their modicum of light, is itself scarcely perceptible. Dante was above the vulgar prejudice which denies that moles have any eyes; and he has here given another proof of his accurate acquaintance with natural history.

Of my good guide, I issued from that cloud,
To rays already on the sea-shores dead.[1]
O rapt imagination, thou canst shroud
Things outward, so that them we heed not, though
A thousand trumpets round are blown aloud;[2]
What moves thee, if no sense its aid bestow?
The light heaven-kindled moves thee, self-possess'd,
Or through His will who guides it here below.
Of her impiety whose form digress'd
Into the bird which most delights in song,[3]
The traces on my fancy were impress'd.
And here my mind's abstraction grew so strong
Within me, that no outward scene supplied
Aught that could enter there my thoughts among.
Then in my mood sublime, one crucified[4]
Rain'd thither down, with fierce despite and hate
Upon his countenance; and so he died.[5]
Around him were Ahasuerus great,
Esther his queen, and the just Mordecai,

[1] The setting sun was yet visible on the sides of the mountain, but it had ceased to shine on the plain and shore.

[2] See *Rev.* i. 10; iv. 1, 2.

[3] Philomela, the sister of Progne. See Canto ix. 15, and note. Progne slew her son Itylus in his sixth year, and served up his flesh as a repast before his father, in revenge for her husband's infidelity, and his brutal outrage to her sister. Philomela, the poets say, was changed into the nightingale, and so continues her mournful strain.

[4] In ancient phraseology to be "crucified" and to be "hanged," were synonymous expressions. Thus of Christ crucified, St. Luke says, "Whom they slew and hanged on a tree."—*Acts* x. 39.

[5] Haman.—*Esther* vii. The punishment of Haman, by Michael Angelo, among the frescoes in the roof of the Sistine chapel, was painted from the inspiration of this passage.

Who was in word and action so complete.
And then the scene broke up and fled away
Even of itself, just as a bubble wrought
Of water, when that fails, is turn'd to spray.[1]
A damsel next before my sight was brought,
Weeping abundantly, who said, "O Queen,[2]
Why hast thou in thine ire destruction sought?
Fear of Lavinia's loss thy death hath been:
Now thou hast lost me, mother; and with sighs
I mourn for thine ere others' death I've seen.
As when with sudden flash on the closed eyes
Light newly strikes us, and in sleep we start,
Which broken, struggles ere it wholly dies,[3]
So did that imagery now depart,
Soon as the light upon my visage struck,
Outshining all that earth could e'er impart.
To know where then I was I turn'd to look,

[1] "The earth hath bubbles, as the water hath,
And these are of them."—*Macbeth*, Act i. sc. 3.

[2] Amata, the wife of king Latinus, having betrothed her daughter to Turnus, slew herself in a fit of despondency at the prospect of seeing her the bride of Æneas.

"Devoting herself to death, she tears with her hand her purple garments,
And fasten'd to a high beam the cord of death most hateful:
And after the Latin women had heard the tidings of her slaughter,
Her daughter Lavinia first, with her hands her yellow hair tearing,
And her roseate cheeks, and then the female crowd around her
Grew furious with grief; the house resounded with lamentation."—*Æneid.* xii. 602.

[3] It makes a person turn and heave, before sleep entirely departs.

When lo, a voice exclaim'd, "Here you may mount:"
Which me from every other purpose took,
And made all else appear of no account,
Except to see who did these words recite;
Nor could I rest unless I him confront.
But as the sun which overwhelms our sight,
And with excess of light his figure veils,
Thus fail'd my force before that vision bright.
"This is that Heavenly Spirit who reveals
Unask'd the upward way which we should choose,
And who with his own light himself conceals.
He treats us as a man himself would use;
For he that waits request, beholding need,
Prepares already rudely to refuse.
Now let us with such invitation speed:
Before it has grown dark to mount we'll try,
Else can we not ere day's return proceed."
So spake my leader, and both he and I
To reach a flight of steps were journeying:
And being now the lowest step close by,
I felt as 'twere the motion of a wing,
Which fann'd my face;[1] and heard said, "*Blessed are The peacemakers,*"[2] foul anger mastering.
Now the last beams of daylight were so far
Above us lifted, follow'd by the night,
That all around there sparkled many a star.
"Why, O my virtue, art thou vanquish'd quite?"
Within myself I said; for, wearied sore,
I felt my limbs had lost their usual might.
We had arrived where mounted up no more

[1] To obliterate from his brow the mark of sinful anger, which had been purged in the circle he was leaving.
[2] *Matt.* v. 9.

The stair above, and so at rest we were,
Even as a vessel which has reach'd the shore.
I listen'd then a little while to hear
If aught I could perceive in this new round.
And then I turn'd me to my master dear,
And said, "Sweet father, what offence hath found
Its meet purgation in the round we've hail'd?
Though our feet rest, cease not thy words their sound."
And he to me, "The love of good curtail'd
Of due performance, here exacts full sway;
Here plies the oar which through remissness fail'd.[1]
But that more clearly yet thou mayst survey
Their case, attend to me, and thou shalt share
Some beneficial fruit from our delay.
Neither Creator nor created e'er,[2]
My son," he thus commenced, "was without love,
From nature or the mind;[3] as thou'rt aware.
The natural still must free from errors prove,
The other may through some ill object err,
Or with too much or little vigour move.[4]
Should it the primal benefits prefer,[5]

[1] As in the eleventh Canto of *Inferno*, Virgil takes advantage of a needful pause to explain the arrangements of the dread abyss, of the circles already passed and those which were to come; so here he gives Dante a SYNOPSIS of *Purgatorio*.

[2] The discourse of Virgil which commences here, is less classical than scholastic; and is principally drawn from the tomes of the *Angelic Doctor*, St. Thomas Aquinas.

[3] Either from natural necessity or free-will.

[4] The mighty movements of the terrestrial and celestial spheres are unerring; and instinct, which is a kind of natural necessity, is not liable to mistake: but free-will is subject to the possibility of error and sin.

[5] Spiritual and heavenly blessings.—See *Matt.* vi. 33.

And in the inferior act with measure due,[1]
No blame of ill delight can it incur.
But when 'tis warp'd to ill, or will pursue
The good with ardour in undue degree,
The creature counterworks its Maker true.
Hence thou mayst comprehend that love must be
The seed of all that's virtuous and pure,
And of each deed that merits penalty.
Now since from his own subjects' welfare, sure,
Love ne'er can turn his face, 'tis thus provided
That all things from self-hatred are secure.[2]
And since none can from its First Cause divided,
Or self-sustaining, be supposed to exist,
Not to hate Him each feeling is decided.[3]
Our love of evil, then, if I've not miss'd
The truth, is but our neighbour's; this is shown,
And three things in your mould its birth assist.
One hopes to see his neighbour's worth o'erthrown,
That he himself may rise; and only hence
Wishes him from his high estate cast down.[4]
One fears that from another's eminence

[1] A temperate use of temporal blessings is not only blameless but honorable.

[2] Dante alludes to our natural self-love. By the subject of love is meant the person in whom it exists, and who, in the case here mentioned, is at the same time its object.

[3] The poet here asserts the dependence of the created universe on God, its great First Cause.—*Acts* xvii. 28. It does not follow, however, that no creature can *possibly* hate the Creator. "The carnal mind is enmity against God."—*Rom.* viii. 7. Without insisting on *Rom.* i. 30, where it is doubtful whether θεοστυγεῖς may not be taken in a passive sense, as meaning "hateful to God;" have we not, in the enemy of God and man, an instance of active and immortal hatred?

[4] The proud.

His own power, fortune, fame, their loss will take:
Grief, and the wish to injure, spring from thence.[1]
A third is he whom wrongs and insults make
So fierce that with desire of vengeance burn'd,
His neighbour's harm alone his thirst can slake.[2]
Downward from hence this threefold love is mourn'd.[3]
Now hear to what the other sort extends,
Which aims at good, but to disease is turn'd.
Confusèdly a good each apprehends
In which the soul may rest, and that desires:
Wherefore to reach it each his effort bends.
If slow, to see or gain it, be your quest,
On due repentance there, such love remiss[4]
This cornice here will with its pangs molest.
A good there is which forms not human bliss;[5]—
Not happiness, not that essential good,[6]
The fruitful source of all good else, is this.
And they whose love runs riot on such food,
For this, above us in three circles grieve:
But what this trĭpartite is to include,
In silence to thy own research I leave."

[1] The envious.

[2] The angry and revengeful.

[3] These three different kinds of sinful affection were punished and amended in the three rounds of Purgatory which the Poets had left behind and below them.

[4] "Because thou art lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot," &c. —*Rev.* iii. 16.

[5] That good which is loved inordinately by the avaricious, the gluttonous, and the libidinous, who undergo correction in the three remaining circles of Purgatory.

[6] The essential good intended by the poet is communion with God, the fountain of all Good, without which all worldly good is as unsatisfying as it is transitory.

CANTO XVIII.

THE ARGUMENT.

A further exercitation in Psychology by Virgil, in reply to some doubts and difficulties felt by Dante, at the conclusion of which he is again referred to Beatrice. A crowd of souls rush by, repeating some instances of promptitude and zeal. Virgil inquires of them the way to the next opening. He is answered by the Abbot of St. Zeno. Others cry out on the sloth and cowardice of those Israelites who perished in the wilderness, and of those Trojans who remained in Sicily while their companions proceeded with Æneas into Italy. Dante, overcome by his reflections, falls asleep.

When my instructer his high argument
Had ended, he with earnest look and steady
Scann'd me to see if now I seem'd content.
And I, impell'd by a new thirst already,[1]
Mute outwardly, said thus within, "Perchance
It irks him that with questions I'm so ready."
But my true sire perceiving at a glance
My timid wish, though unexpress'd in words,
With speech embolden'd me in parle to advance,
Whence I; "Such light thy evidence accords,
My sight grows strong and my perception clear,
Far as the teaching thy discourse affords,
Wherefore I pray thee, my sweet father dear,

[1] Thus the Bard of *Paradise—Lost* and *Regained*—represents Adam, when Raphael had ended his narrative, as eager to hear more.—*Paradise Lost*, viii. 70—108.

That what that love is, which the source we find
Of good and evil works,[1] thou make appear."
"Toward me direct the clear lights of thy mind,"
He said, "and thou wilt manifestly see
Their error who set up for guides though blind.[2]
The soul which is created readily
To love, is moved towards all things that delight,
When pleasure wakes her to activity.
Your apprehension from existence true
A form receives, unfolding it within;
So that it prompts the soul to turn thereto.
And if that object its attachment win,
The attachment, which is nature too, is love,
Secured by new delights which thence begin.
And then as fire, which form'd to mount above,
By its own nature born to reäscend
To its enduring seat, will upwards move,[3]
Even thus the soul in its desire doth tend
By spiritual motion, one which ne'er decays,
Until it doth with the loved object blend.[4]
Now thou canst see how far the notion strays
From truth, to which a certain class adheres,
That in itself all love must merit praise.[5]

[1] The reference is to Canto xvii. 104.

[2] The leaders of certain philosophical sects; Epicurean and Fatalist, or Predestinarian.

[3] To the sphere of fire, under the concave heaven of the moon. —Canto ix. 30, note.

[4] "Everything mainly desires its own perfection, and in that its every desire finds repose . . . And this is that desire which ever makes all our gratifications imperfect; since no gratifications in this life are so great that they can take away the thirst, and remove the aforesaid desire."—DANTE'S *Convito*, iii. 6.

[5] The opinion of the Epicureans is here alluded to.

As to its essence, love perhaps appears
At all times to be good; but though the wax
Be good, yet not so every stamp it bears."
"No needful aid thy speech," I answer'd, "lacks,
To guide my thoughts, unveiling love to me.
But greater doubt from hence my mind attacks.
For if love proffer'd us *ab extra* be,[1]
And with no other feet the soul can go,[2]
Whate'er her course, no praise or blame hath she."
He said, "What reason sees here, I can show;
That work of faith beyond this dim precinct,
From Beatrice alone expect to know.[3]
Every substantial form which is distinct
From matter, and yet with it is united,
Has in itself specific virtue link'd,[4]

[1] Namely, through the intervention of the senses.

[2] In no other way.

[3] From Theology, or the Divine wisdom.

[4] Plato held that the Essential Forms of things, proceeding by emanation from the Deity, had a real existence, and that in their union with matter consisted the formation of bodies. Aristotle assumed, what had been taught by Pythagoras, the existence of a primary substance or First matter, entirely destitute of all corporeal qualities, and therefore not body, but the eternal subject on which forms might be impressed and in which they might inhere. Zeno ridiculed those who asserted the substantial existence of ideas and universals, as distinct from their conception by the mind and the words by which they are expressed. This controversy was carried to a great height among the Schoolmen of the Middle Ages, and gave rise to the sects of Nominalists and Realists: the latter were subdivided, some leaning to the doctrine of Plato and others to that of Aristotle; but both maintaining that the several species of substances have their distinct internal *substantial forms;* and that these constituted the distinction of substances into their true Species and Genera. (See ENFIELD'S *Hist. Philosophy*,

Which is not felt save when to work excited,
Nor shows itself except by its effect,
As the green leaf proclaims the plant not blighted.
Hence from what fountain to the intellect
Come its first notions, no man knows, nor sees
How their first objects his desires affect;
Which are in you, like instinct in the bees
To make their honey; and this your first will
Deserves no praise or blame for acts like these.
Now since to this the rest will gather still,
There is the innate virtue which directs,
And of the mind's assent should guard the sill.
This is the principle from whose effects
Occasion of desert in you is found,
As good it takes, and guilty love rejects.[1]
Those men whose reasoning has been most profound
Have recognised this innate liberty;
Good morals hence they to the world propound.[2]
Admitting then that from necessity
Proceeds each love whose flame in you ascends,
Yet you have power to rule it properly.
The noblest virtue Beatrice intends

B. ii. ch. 9, § 1; B. vii. ch. 3, § 3.) It is probable that while borrowing the phraseology of the schoolmen in their "fruitless inquiries after *substantial forms*, wholly unintelligible" (LOCKE *On The Understanding*, B. iii. ch. 6, § 10), Dante here intends the human soul, as distinct from matter but joined with it; while the souls of brutes are of a different order, and angels wholly incorporeal.

[1] Conscience, implying and including intelligence and moral freedom. To this faculty all the others are, or should be, subject, though often found rising in rebellion against her authority and supremacy.

[2] The great moral philosophers of the heathen world.

By Free-will; and let this with care be weigh'd,
If e'er to speak of it she condescends."[1]
The rising moon, to midnight hour delay'd,
Which made the stars appear to us more few,
Seem'd like a pail,[2] all white with burning made;
And did against the heavens that path pursue
By Sol inflamed, when seen from Rome betwixt
The Corsi and the Sardi sink from view.[3]
And that great shade who on Pietrola[4] fix'd
A fame no Mantuan city else can reap,
Removed my load and gave me joy unmix'd.
And therefore I, who to my questions deep
An answer clear and open had obtain'd,
Stood like a man who dotes in dreamy sleep.
But slumber fled at once when on mine ear
There fell the sound of persons from behind,
Who towards us coming were already near.
As, where Ismenus and Asopus[5] wind,

[1] See *Paradiso*, v. 19.

[2] Landino and Cary read *scheggion*, "crag," instead of the common reading, *secchion*, "pail," or "bucket," which requires no alteration. "The moon, now in the fifth night of her wane, is like a cauldron seen in profile."—POLLOCK. The waning moon sometimes presents a startling appearance at her first rising; a vast mass of irregular brightness, looking like a world on fire.

[3] The moon, passing with a motion opposite to that of the starry heavens, was now in that sign of the Zodiac, the Scorpion, in which the Sun is, when to the inhabitants of Rome he appears to set between Corsica and Sardinia.

[4] Anciently called Andes, the village near Mantua where Virgil was born.

[5] Two rivers near Thebes in Bœotia, on the banks of which the mysteries of Bacchus were annually celebrated by the Thebans. These orgies were carried on by night. The best account of them now extant is in the *Bacchæ* of Euripides, where they are so par-

By night were seen the Thebans' furious throng,
When they to call on Bacchus were inclined;
So, curving through that circle, troop'd along
Those whom, from what I saw, as on they hied,
Good will impell'd, and just affection strong.
Soon they were on us, for with rapid stride
Came rushing onward all that concourse vast;
And two in front of them lamenting cried:—
"To the hill country Mary went with haste;[1]
And Cæsar once, Ilerda to subdue,
Massilia stung, then into Spain he pass'd."[2]
"Haste, haste, let no more time be wasted through
Slackness of love;" the rest who them pursued
Exclaim'd, "for zeal in good will grace renew."
"O ye who now by ardent promptitude
Perchance make up for negligence remiss,
Through your lukewarmness once in doing good;
This man who lives (no lying tale is this)
At dawn would climb the mountain," said my guide;
"Inform us, therefore, where the opening is."

ticularly described, that later writers appear to have taken their accounts from it.

[1] "And Mary arose in those days, and went into the hill country with haste, into a city of Juda; and entered into the house of Zacharias, and saluted Elizabeth."—*Luke* i. 39, 40.

[2] Ilerda (now Lerida, in Catalonia) on the river Sicoris (Segre), a branch of the Iberus (Ebro) in Spain. It is renowned for the resistance which it made against Cæsar. On his way thither from Rome, in the time of the civil wars, he went to Missilia (Marseilles), where he left Brutus and Trebonius with a part of his army to besiege the city, while he hastened into Spain, and defeated Afranius and Petreius, the generals of Pompey.—CÆSAR, *De Bello Civile*, i. 32—73; LUCAN, *Pharsalia*, iv. 13. These examples of despatch are here cited to stimulate the lukewarm and indolent.

And of that spirit-band one thus replied,
"Let him but follow us, and with our leading
The pass he seeks will quickly be espied.
We are so fill'd with ardour for proceeding,
Forgive us, that with ceaseless tread we hie;
Nor let our duty seem to you ill-breeding.
St. Zeno's abbot at Verona I
Was, while good Barbarossa held firm sway,
Whose mention yet wakes Milan's mournful cry.[1]
A man with one foot in the grave this day
There is, who soon with sadness and with shame,
Will mourn that in his power that abbey lay;
Because his son, deform'd in his whole frame,
And worse in mind, of birth with baseness stain'd,
He placed there, maugre the true pastor's claim."[2]
Whether he added more or mute remain'd,
I know not, he so far had from us pass'd:
But this I heard, and with delight retain'd.
And he, my help at every need, at last
Said, "Hither turn, and see these two; 'tis theirs,
As they advance, reproach on sloth to cast."
Behind the rest they cried; "That people bears
Their sin, for whom the sea on each hand rose;

[1] Frederick I., surnamed Barbarossa (Red-beard), to punish the Milanese for their oppression of Lodi, Como, and other cities, placed Milan under the ban of the empire, marched into Italy, and with the assistance of six neighbouring Italian republics, in 1162, took the city, exiled its whole population, and razed it to the ground, which he caused to be ploughed and sown with salt. Dante calls him "good," *ironically*.

[2] Alberto della Scala, Lord of Verona, already old, who in 1292 forcibly made his illegitimate son Giuseppe, abbot of San Zeno, although deformed in body and mind.

They died ere Jordan saw his destined heirs.[1]
And those who would not suffer to the close
Vexatious hardships with Anchises' son,
Life without glory for their portion chose."[2]
Then when those shades had so far from us gone,
That them no more my sight could recognise,
A new thought in me rose, and with that one
Grew many others, and in different guise;
Thus my wild fancy roved from theme to theme,
Till wearied with delight I closed my eyes,[3]
And changed my meditation to a dream.

[1] The Israelites who, as a punishment for their offences (*Num.* xiv.), were not permitted to pass over Jordan; so that, with two exceptions, only those who were under the age of twenty when they left Egypt, or who had been born in the wilderness, were permitted to enter Canaan.

[2] Those companions of Æneas who, discouraged and wearied with the voyage to Sicily and its difficulties, were permitted by him to build a city there and dwell in it, without proceeding with him and their other countrymen into Italy.

"They enrol for the city mothers, and leave behind them of the people
Those who wish it, with souls not eager for glory."—
Æneid. v. 750, 751.

[3] "Voluptuous as the first approach of sleep."—Byron, *The Island.*

CANTO XIX.

THE ARGUMENT.

Dante's morning dream of the Siren. On his awaking, the Poets are conducted by an angel up the rocky way, with *Beati qui lugent*. They reach the fifth circle, where the Avaricious and the Prodigal are chastised. The Avaricious are prone on the ground. Among them Dante finds and converses with Pope Adrian V., who refuses the poet's homage, and speaks feelingly of his own kinswoman Alagia, as the only uncorrupt member of his family.

'Twas now the hour in which the heat of day
No more can warm the coldness of the moon,
Quell'd by the Earth or by dull Saturn's ray;
When geomancers, in the east their boon
Of Greater Fortune see, ere morning light,
Rise by a dusk path which will brighten soon.[1]

[1] The geomancers were accustomed to strike the earth with a staff, and to divine from the configuration of particles or points thus casually produced. This was called casting a figure; the most fortunate being that which resembled the sixteen stars that form the end of Aquarius and beginning of Pisces, called the Greater Fortune. Thus Chaucer:—

"And Lucifer the dayis messager
'Gan for to rise, and out his bemis throwe,
And estward rose, to him that could it knowe
Fortuna Major."—*Troilus and Cresseide*, B. iii.

When the Sun is in Aries this group rises before him about three hours: therefore the time indicated is about three A.M., or

My dream presented there before my sight
A stammering female, squinting, with lame feet,
Her hands lopp'd off, and colour deadly white.
I gazed on her, and as the solar heat
From our chill'd limbs the night-cold will eject,
So did my glance her power of speech complete;
In little time she rose and stood erect,
And then her faded face was instantly
With colour, such as love delights in, deck'd.
And when she found her tongue at liberty,
She raised her voice in song, so that my mind
To turn from listening had been hard for me.
"I am," she said, "the Siren sweetly kind,
Who charm the seamen on the ocean wide;
Such perfect pleasure they in listening find.
I drew Ulysses from his course aside
By my soft song; and whoso dwells with me
Seldom departs, with me so satisfied."[1]
Her mouth yet scarcely closed again had she,
When straight a dame in holiness array'd,
Close by appear'd to expose her infamy.[2]

a little later, if we suppose it sufficiently high above the horizon to be conspicuous.

[1] "None that go unto her return again, neither take they hold of the paths of life."—*Prov.* ii. 19.

[2] In the beautiful and well-known allegory of Prodicus, the preceptor of Socrates and Euripides, Pleasure offers to Hercules a life of indulgence and repose; but Virtue succeeds in obtaining the adhesion of the hero, as her votary; who in consequence, by a life of labour obtained immortal renown, and a seat among the gods.—See *Tatler*, No. 97.

The account of Ulysses in Dante's dream, differs from that of Homer, by confounding the Siren, who exerted her influence on the ocean-wanderer in vain, with Circe, who by her charms detained him a whole year, and turned his companions into swine.

"O Virgil, Virgil, who is this?" she said
Indignantly; and he approach'd as wont,
With eyes on that good lady wholly stay'd.
She took the other dame and bared her front,
Rending the garments, and her body show'd,[1]
Which woke me with the stench that thence did mount.
As I look'd round, good Virgil said aloud,
"I've call'd thee thrice at least; rise and come on:
Let us the opening find where lies our road."
I rose and with high day already shone
The circles of the sacred mount; and now
We went, and at our backs the risen sun.
And as I follow'd him I stoop'd my brow
Like to a person overcharged with thought,
Who seems like half a bridge's arch to bow.[2]
Then, "Come, here is the pass which you have sought;"
In words benign and pleasant, I heard cried,
Such in this mortal clime no ear hath caught.
With wings, which seem'd as of the swan, spread wide,
He who had spoken led us up between
The flinty rock's hard wall on either side.
He fanning us with waving plumes was seen,[3]
"*Blessed are they that mourn,*" aloud he cries,

[1] Thus the false Duessa is stripped by heavenly Una.—SPENCER, *Faery Queene*, B. i. C. viii. St. 46. Both in Dante and Spencer, the Siren stripped and exposed by True Holiness, may be understood not only in a moral sense, as a personification of sinful pleasure, but also in an allegorical sense, as a symbol of the Court of Rome.—See Canto xxxii.

[2] A stooping man may properly enough be compared to half an arch, or quadrant; but not to the "middle arch," according to some versions, unless he had bent like a mountebank tumbler!

[3] To obliterate the fourth P; the mark which indicated the vice of *accidia*, or sloth.

"For they shall be consoled with joy serene."[1]
"Why dost thou fix upon the ground thine eyes?"
My guide began to say inquiringly;
While somewhat in advance the angel flies.
I answer'd, "My late vision wakes in me
Such doubt as cannot but my thoughts depress,
Compelling me to walk thus musingly.
"Saw'st thou," he said, "that ancient sorceress,
Sole cause of grief which each above us[2] feels?
And how men may be freed from her duress?
Enough: now spurn the earth beneath thy heels;[3]
Thine eyes turn to yon lure which without pause
The Eternal King in mighty circles wheels."[4]
And as the falcon, which first views her claws,
Then at the call will turn and sky-ward soar,
Intent on the repast which thither draws,[5]
Even so did I; my upward way I bore,
Through the cleft rock, far as a path I found,
Until at length I reach'd the circling shore.

[1] "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted." —*Matt.* v. 4.

[2] Those in the upper circles of Purgatory, the avaricious, the gluttonous, and the libidinous.

[3] This is an allusion taken from hawking; a sport to which Dante seems to have been partial, and his pictures of which are always most spirited and life-like.

[4] The heavens, presented to our view, that our spirits may be attracted upward by their glories.

[5] "On being called by the Falconer," says Biagioli, "the first act of the falcon was to gaze at her feet, which was natural, being accustomed to have them bound." In training these fierce birds, if the falcon killed the game at which she flew, it was usual to reward her with the head and neck, which were cut off and smeared with blood, that the prospect of the like repast might encourage her in making her future attacks.

When I emerged above in the fifth round,
  In it I saw a weeping people herd,
  Each face turn'd downward lying on the ground.[1]
"*My soul hath cleaved unto the dust;*"[2] I heard
  These accents utter'd, and with sighs so deep,
  I scarcely could distinguish well a word.
"Elect of God! the pangs for which you weep
  Both hope and justice make less burdensome:
  Direct us toward the upper mountain steep."
"If you secured from this prostration come,
  And wish to find the way more speedily,
  Keep not your right hand towards the mount but from."
Thus pray'd the poet, and this answer we
  Some small space onward heard: I, from these words,
  Found I to them remain'd a mystery.[3]
And then I turn'd mine eyes unto my lord's;
  Whence he, to what my longing looks implore,
  Permission with a cheerful nod accords.
From doing as I liked restrain'd no more,
  Above that shade I took my stand secure,
  Whose words had gain'd my notice just before.
I said, "O spirit in whom tears mature
  That without which no soul can turn to God,
  Let thy great care some pause for me endure.
Say who thou wert, and whence this posture odd,
  And if thou wouldst that I should plead thy cause
  There, whence I living have the pathway trod."
"Heaven on itself has turn'd our backs, because—
  But ere I that explain," he answer'd, "know

[1] As usual, Dante here suits the punishment to the offence.

[2] *Psalm* cxix. 25.

[3] Although the spirits knew the poets were not there to be purified, they appeared ignorant that Dante was alive.

That I of Peter a successor was.[1]
There is a stream whose lovely waters flow
Between Siestri and Chiaveri down,[2]
Which doth its title on my race bestow.
Five weeks I proved the mighty mantle grown
A load to him who from the mire would guard it;
Light as a feather all weights else I'd own.
Alas! how my conversion was retarded!
But when I donn'd the Roman Pastor's vest,
My life as false and hollow I regarded.
I saw that there the heart could find no rest,
Nor higher could it in that life ascend;
Whence love of this was kindled in my breast.
Till then my wretched soul from its prime end,

[1] Cardinal Ottobuono, of the Fieschi family, Counts of Lavagna, was nephew of Innocent IV., by whom he was created cardinal, and sent to England to mediate between Henry III. and his barons. He was elected pope July 12th, 1276, and took the name of Adrian V. He died at Viterbo, August 18th of the same year. All the branches of this family were equally "Conti di Lavagna," and in 1128 eleven of them were enumerated. From them many noble families are descended, among whom the Fieschi are most conspicuous.

[2] Chiaveri (Chiavari), the chief town of the province, is situated about twenty-five miles east of Genoa, on the coast. About a mile and a half from Chiavari runs the pleasant river Lavagno, or Lavagnaro, the Estella of ancient geography. At its mouth is the town of Lavagna, celebrated for the slate quarries in its neighbourhood. The church of San Salvatore, founded by the Pope, his uncle, A.D. 1243—1254, and finished by Adrian V. when Cardinal, has over the portal an inscription, composed by him; and his portrait, placed there by his command, surmounts the inscription. Siestri (Sistri di Levante) lies about three miles further to the east, on an isthmus, at the foot of a wooded promontory (supposed to have been once an island). The town has the sea on both sides.

Of all things else most covetous, had stray'd;
For which I now, thou seest, in grief am penn'd.
What Avarice doth for us is here display'd;
In that no keener pang, to purify
Converted souls, the mountain hath essay'd.
And as our vision did not mount on high,
But was fix'd only on the things of earth,
Here Justice dooms that prone on earth we lie.
Since Avarice quench'd our passion for all worth,
As labour lost what we have wrought it brands;
And Justice holds us here fast bound henceforth,
Fetter'd and helpless both in feet and hands:
Long as it pleases the just Sire shall we
Remain outstretch'd and moveless in these bands."
I knelt, and was about to speak, when he,
As I began, was by the sound aware
I did him reverence, though he could not see.
"For bending low," he said, "what cause is there?"
And I to him; "In your exalted state
My upright conscience hath good reason found."
"Brother, unbend thy knees, and rise up straight:
Err not," he said, "thy fellow-servant, bound
Am I with others, to one Potentate.[1]
If e'er the holy evangelic sound

[1] *Rev.* xix. 10. A very remarkable quotation from the lips of a Pope; but then he had ceased to reign, and was in Purgatory. What living Pope ever used such language, since the successors of the Fisherman began to imitate the madness of Caligula, whose imperial vanity induced him to compel the Romans, when they approached him, to kneel down and kiss his embroidered slipper! We may take the sentiment expressed, as that of Dante himself, and the quotation which he has put into the mouth of Adrian, as his own emphatic protest against the abject superstition so prevalent in his time.

Thou know'st, which tells us, 'Neither marry they,'[1]
The reason of my speech thou wilt have found.
Now go; I would not have thee longer stay.
Thy presence interrupts my tears, which till
What thou hast mention'd ripens,[2] must have way.
On earth my niece, by name Alagia, still[3]
Is well-disposed, unless our family
By their example draw her into ill:
And she alone remains on earth to me."

[1] "For in the resurrection they neither marry, nor are given in marriage, but are as the angels of God in heaven."—*Matt.* xxii. 30. How this quotation can be applicable to the disembodied, it is hard to see. But the Church of Rome has endeavoured to make her clergy equal to the angels and superior to the apostles, by establishing her law of clerical celibacy. St. Peter was a married man (*Matt.* viii. 14; 1 *Cor.* ix. 5), and St. Paul says that "a bishop must be blameless, the husband of one wife." But the Bishops of Rome have certainly, in this respect, neither been successors of St. Peter nor disciples of St. Paul.

The usual construction put on the passage is, that as Death dissolves all earthly ties, it was improper for Dante to do homage to the shade of Adrian, who, as a *defunct* pope, could no longer be considered the head and husband of the Church.

[2] Namely, at line 91.

[3] Married to the Marquis Marcello Malaspina (See Canto viii. 119, note), who entertained and honoured the poet in his exile. The favorable notice of this lady and her exalted uncle, in this canto, is a grateful and graceful tribute of Dante's to his hospitable patron.

As Dante had proffered his services to the shade of Adrian V., line 95, the latter hints a request that he would ask his niece's prayers on his behalf.

CANTO XX.

THE ARGUMENT.

Dante, admonished by Virgil, quits with reluctance the shade of Pope Adrian. His execration of Avarice. Some examples of pious and virtuous poverty and extraordinary liberality commemorated by one of the shades: this was Hugh Capet, who pronounces a vehement Philippic against his descendants the kings of France, especially Philip le Bel, who reigned there at the date of the vision. Instances of his profanity, cruelty, and avarice. Programme of proceedings in this round. Instances of covetousness: Pygmalion, Midas, Achan, Ananias and Sapphira, Polymnestor, and Crassus execrated. A sudden trembling of the Mountain, and all the spirits unite in singing the *Gloria in excelsis*.

We strive in vain when greater minds have will'd;
Whence him to please, not of my own free mind,
I from the water drew my sponge unfill'd.[1]
Our onward path along the rock we wind,
Treading each vacant space, my guide and I,
As on a wall by battlements confined.
For they who drop by drop, with cheeks ne'er dry,
That avarice weep which doth mankind engulf,
Too closely to the outward margin lie.
Accursèd be thou, antiquated wolf,[2]

[1] "I left the shade of Adrian V., at his request, reluctantly, and before I had satisfied my desire of information by conversing with him."

[2] The she-wolf mentioned *Inferno* i. 49, which typifies the avarice of the Roman Court.

More greedy than all other beasts for prey,
Because thy hunger is a boundless gulf.
O heaven, whose rolling spheres on earth bear sway
To change, 'tis thought, each state, ah, when will be
His advent who shall chase this pest away?[1]
With rare and tardy steps proceeded we,
I listening to the shades, whom I perceived
With loud lament bewailing piteously.
By chance I heard, amidst their wail who grieved,
"Sweet Mary!" right before us cried, as one
In pangs of travail cries to be relieved.
'Twas added then; "How meek thou wert is shown,
Since that mean dwelling thou didst not refuse,
Where thou didst lay thy sacred burden down."[2]
"O good Fabricius," then the voice pursues,
"Thou too didst virtue link'd with poverty,
Rather than vice with great abundance, choose."[3]
These words I heard with such complacency
That I press'd onward, through desire to know

[1] See *Inferno*, i. 102. The chase appears already commenced!

[2] "And she brought forth her first-born son, and wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger; because there was no room for them in the inn."—*Luke* ii. 7.

[3] Fabricius came ambassador to Pyrrhus, to treat about the ransom and exchange of prisoners. He was highly esteemed by the Romans for his probity and military talents, but was extremely poor. Pyrrhus received him with particular distinction, and offered him gold, not for any base purpose, but as a pledge of friendship and hospitality. Fabricius refused the present. The physician of Pyrrhus wrote to Fabricius, offering, for a suitable reward, to poison his master, and so end the war. Fabricius immediately sent information of the treason to Pyrrhus.—PLUTARCH, *Life of Pyrrhus*. DANTE, in his *De Monarchiâ*, quotes the following from Virgil:—"Who can be silent concerning . . . . Fabricius powerful in his poverty?"—*Æneid*. vi. 843-4.

The shade whose utterance they seem'd to be.
It spake the gifts of Nicholas to show,
Which on the maids his liberality,
To guide their youth to honour, did bestow.[1]
"O soul, who speak'st with such propriety,
Tell who thou art," I said, "and why alone
Such praises meet thou bring'st to memory?
This not without reward wilt thou make known,
If I return that short life's path to tread,
Which to its end so quickly will have flown."
"Not for the help I look for thence,"[2] he said
"I'll tell thee; but for that which heaven doth grant

[1] St. Nicholas, Archbishop of Myra, in Lycia, A.D. 342, was characterized by charity in comforting and relieving the distressed. Among other instances, when three young maidens, through their father's poverty, were in danger of falling into vicious courses, he, for three successive nights, threw in at their window a purse of gold for each of them, with which dowry they were all happily married. These three purses have been identified with the three golden balls, the emblem of St. Nicholas, adopted by the Lombards, who were the first money-lenders in England, and from them derived by that profession generally. Hence it is to this day the sign of our pawnbrokers. St. Nicholas is the patron-saint of the Muscovites, of the town of Aberdeen, and of sailors, children, scholars, and parish-clerks. The parish-clerks of London were incorporated into a guild or fellowship, under the patronage of St. Nicholas, by Henry III., about the year 1240. The place of his interment at Myra was *robbed* of his relics, which were landed at Bari in Italy, A.D. 1087, "and the sacred treasure was deposited by the Archbishop in the church of St. Stephen;" and from that time the tomb of "St. Nicholas of Bari" has been famous for miracles and pilgrimages!—A. BUTLER, *Lives of Saints*, Dec. 6; BRAND, *Popular Antiquities*; HONE, *Ancient Mysteries Described; Notes and Queries.*

[2] "My relatives being so wicked, their prayers can avail me nothing."

Of grace to shine in thee ere thou art dead.
I was the root of that malignant plant[1]
Whose deadly shade o'er Christendom so huge is,
That the good fruit there gather'd is but scant.
But if that Lille, and Douay, Ghent, and Bruges,[2]
Were able, soon their vengeance we should see;
And I of Him beseech it who all judges.[3]
There I was named Hugh Capet, and of me
The Philips and the Louises were born,
By whom France has been govern'd recently.[4]
I was a Paris butcher's son,[5] when lorn
The ancient race of kings away had pass'd,
All saving one by whom grey clothes were worn.[6]

[1] He gives a history of the Capetian dynasty for 325 years.

[2] Principal cities of Flanders, violently seized on by Philip the Fair, who overcame the sturdy Flemings and took their Count prisoner, A.D. 1299.

[3] The shade of Capet is here made to predict the defeat of the French at the bloody battle of Courtrai, in 1302, and their subsequent expulsion from the Netherlands.

[4] The commencement of the dynasty was recent, compared with the Merovignian and Carlovignian lines of kings. Hugh Capet was succeeded by Robert, Henry, four Philips, and four Louises, down to Dante's time.

[5] The father, if a butcher, was in a smaller way of business than some of his descendants, who have carried on a wholesale trade in slaughter. No wonder that Francis I. prohibited the reading of Dante in his dominions.

[6] That is, the Monkish habit. Childerick III., the last of the Merovignian dynasty, was deposed by Pepin, and became a monk in 752. Charles of Loraine, the only remaining descendant of Charlemagne, was, in 987, set aside by Hugh Capet, count of Paris, but there is no evidence of his having become a monk. Dante is thought to have here confounded him with Childerick. Or the "*panni bigi*" may be simply the rustic vest of a retired, reduced, or country life and condition. On the death of Louis

I found the reins of power and held them fast,
And by such force of new inheritance,
And with such aid of friends in numbers vast,
That to the widow'd crown I did advance
The head of mine own son in timely hour,
From whom descends the anointed race of France.[1]
While from my blood the great Provençal dower[2]
Had not as yet removed all modesty,[3]
No ill they did, for they had little power;
There they commenced their course of robbery
With force and falsehood: then to make amends
Took Normandy, Poitou, and Gascony.
Charles enter'd Italy, and for amends
Made Conradin a victim; and he then

V., A.D. 987, the army and the clergy of France, dissatisfied with a succession of weak, unprincipled sovereigns, rejected Charles of Loraine, and raised Hugh Capet to the throne, whose descendants reigned there until the Revolution.

[1] Hugh Capet caused his son Robert to be crowned at Orleans.

[2] Louis IX. (Saint Louis) and his brother Charles of Anjou, married two of the daughters of Raymond Berenger, Count of Provence. Philip IV. (the Fair), during the life-time of his father, married the heiress of the kingdom of Navarre and Duchy of Champagne, and obtained at once the sovereignties of those countries; in consequence of which he left to his son Philip V. the title of King of France and Navarre.

[3] By "vergogna" some understand the shame of their obscure origin, which had not yet worn out; for in Dante's time it was believed that the father of Hugh Capet had been a wealthy citizen of Paris, belonging to a family of the butchers' guild, and that he married the heiress of the Duke of Orleans.—G. VILLANI, iv. 4. But "vergogna" may mean modesty, a praiseworthy shame of doing ill; intimating that their ingenuous harmlessness was merely the consequence of their humble and recent origin, and the smallness of their power.

St. Thomas thrust to heaven—for mere amends.[1]
I see a time, and not far distant, when
Another Charles will be drawn forth from France,[2]
Him and his race to make more known to men.
Unarm'd he comes, and bearing but the lance
That Judas jousted with,[3] so thrusts the same

[1] By Philip second, Normandy was vext,
And conquer'd from the English Conqueror's race;
By the Fair Philip was Poitou annex'd,
Who gain'd Guienne with perfidy most base;
And Charles's victim, Conradin, may next
Be noticed, and the Saint Aquinas' case:
The Bard portrays with thrice repeated rhyme
This "iteration damnable" of crime.

For the account of Charles of Anjou and his victim, see *Inferno*, xxviii. 17, note. St. Thomas Aquinas, born in 1224 in the castle of Aquino (whence his name Aquinas), in the kingdom of Naples, was poisoned on his way to the council of Lyons, and died at the abbey of Fossanova near Terracina, in Campagna, in 1274. He was of the Dominican order, and surnamed the "Angelical Doctor." In 1324 he was canonized by Pope John XXII. The expression "per amenda" (for amends), used ironically, is the sarcastic ending of three corresponding lines in the original.

[2] Charles of Valois, brother of Philip the Fair, and nicknamed Sansterre (Lackland), from his having no territory, and his having attempted to occupy so many."—See *Inferno*, vi. 69, note.

[3] "Lo, Judas, one of the twelve, came, and with him a great multitude with swords and staves, from the chief priests and elders of the people."—*Matt.* xxvi. 47. Considering that the μαχαιροι και ξυλα referred to were weapons of offence and defence, and that Peter was armed with a sword (ver. 51), it is no wonder that in "the age of chivalry" Dante describes Judas, as indeed he was frequently represented in the old romances and miracle plays, as armed with a lance, and jousting with our Saviour. Of course, Dante here speaks figuratively of Judas's falsehood and treachery, with which he compares the same qualities of Charles.

At Florence, that her bowels feel mischance.[1]
He for himself, not land but sin and shame
Thereby will gain; and that so much more grave,
The less he deems like outrage worthy blame.
The other, issuing lately on the wave,[2]
In his ship taken sells his daughter fair,
Haggling as pirates barter many a slave.
O Avarice, what more canst thou do there,
Since thou hast drawn my progeny to thee,
So that for their own flesh they take no care?
That past and future ill we less may own,
Entering Alagna see the fleur-de-lis,[3]

[1] Charles of Valois, in 1302, was sent by Boniface VIII. to settle the disturbed state of Florence. By the measures which he adopted, in conjunction with the Neri, Dante and his friends, the Bianchi, were condemned to exile and death.—G. VILLANI, viii. 48.

[2] Charles II. of Naples, eldest son of Charles of Anjou, having left France to recover Sicily, after the Sicilian Vespers, engaged, contrary to the directions of his father, with Ruggieri dell' Oria, the Admiral of Peter of Aragon, was made prisoner and carried into Sicily, June, 1284. He afterwards, in consideration of a large sum of money, gave his daughter in marriage to Azzo VIII., Marquis of Ferrara, an old man, one of the family of Este.

[3] Anagni is its modern appellation. The fleur-de-lis (lily-flower) is the well-known emblem of France. For the seizure of Boniface VIII. by the agents of Philip the Fair, see *Inferno*, xix. 53; xxvii. 105, and the notes. G. Villani says, "As it pleased God, the heart of Boniface being petrified with grief, through the injury he had sustained, when he came to Rome he fell into a strange malady, for he gnawed himself as one frantic, and in this state expired." Thus, says Landino, was verified the prophecy of Celestine respecting him, that he would "enter like a fox, reign like a lion, and die like a dog." Dante, who, as we have seen, was a sincere Catholic, speaks of Boniface here in his ecclesiastical character, and shows his respect for the Church to which he

And in his vicar Christ again o'erthrown,
A captive and enduring mockery:
With vinegar and gall, betwixt a pair
Of living robbers murder'd, him I see.
I a new Pilate see, so cruel there,
That yet ungorged he dares, though laws forbid,
His greedy sails into the temple bear.[1]
O my Great Master, when shall I unchid
Rejoice to see thy vengeance, which makes sweet
Thine anger now in thy deep secret hid?[2]
What thou heard'st me[3] of that sole Spouse repeat,
Bride of the Holy Spirit[4]—and which made
Thee turn to me some paraphrase to meet,
In all our prayers is by appointment said,
While day endures; when darkness doth betide,
A different strain we utter in its stead.[5]
The story of Pygmalion then is cried;
Since his insatiate appetite for gold

belonged, by resenting the insults offered it, though in the person of his greatest enemy.

[1] The persecution and destruction of the Templars, and abolition of their order, A.D. 1307—1312. Dante's metaphor is justified by *Heb.* vi. 19, where the Apostle speaks of Hope as "an anchor" fixed "within the vail."

[2] See *Deut.* xxxii. 34, 35; *Rev.* vi. 10.

[3] See lines 20—24, 34—36.

[4] "*Quella unica sposa dello Spirito Santo.*" An expression quite in harmony with the superstition of that age, but unwarranted by Scripture, and full of absurdity.—See PEARSON, *On the Creed*, Art. iii.

[5] By day the good examples of those who despised riches are celebrated, as worthy to be extensively known; by night the evil dispositions of the covetous are brought to remembrance, as deserving to be covered with darkness, except as they served to warn mankind.

Made him a traitor, thief, and parricide.[1]
The woe of grasping Midas we unfold;
What follow'd on his greedy wish affords
A theme for laughter fit, whene'er 'tis told.[2]
Of Achan's folly, each one then records,
The spoils purloining; whence the wrath he found
Here seems to smite him, bit with Joshua's words.[3]
Sapphira and her spouse we then resound.[4]
We praise the feet which trampled Heliodorus:[5]
And Polymnestor's infamy flies round

[1] Virgil, when speaking of Dido, says—

"But her brother had the government of Tyre,
Pygmalion, in wickedness more cruel than others;
Between whom hatred came: and impious before the altars,
Blind with the love of gold, he slew Sichæus unsuspecting,
With the sword, not regarding the love of his sister."

Æneid. i. 346.

[2] For his hospitality to Silenus, the preceptor of Bacchus, the god permitted him to choose whatever recompense he pleased. He had the imprudent avarice to ask, that whatever he touched should become gold. When his prayer was granted, and the very food he attempted to eat became gold in his mouth, he begged to be relieved from so fatal a boon; and was directed to wash in the river Pactolus, the sands of which, in consequence, became gold. —OVID. *Metam.* iii. 25.

[3] *Joshua* vii.

[4] *Acts* v. 1—11.

[5] 2 *Maccabees* iii. 25. In the series of paintings in the second chamber of the Vatican, begun by Raphael D'Urbino in 1510, is "the Heliodorus, one of the grandest and most poetical of all Raphael's creations. The group of the celestial warrior trampling on the prostrate Heliodorus, with the avenging spirits rushing, floating along, air-borne, to scourge the despoiler, is wonderful for its supernatural power. It is a vision of beauty and terror."—*Memoirs of Early Italian Painters.*

The mountain, that he murder'd Polydorus.[1]
'Tell us, O Crassus, thou must surely know,
What is the taste of gold?'[2] This our last chorus.
Sometimes our voice is loud and sometimes low,
As we to talk are by the feeling spurr'd,
Now at a quicker pace and now more slow.
Hence I, in what of good by day[3] is heard,
Was not alone, but, though not intermitted,
None else close by to sing aloud were stirr'd."
We now the presence of that shade had quitted;
And while to climb the rugged road we sped,
As fast as our ability permitted,
I felt the mountain shake beneath my tread,
As if about to fall: whence I was taken
Ice-cold, like one who forth to death is led.
Not so vehemently was Delos shaken
Before Latona had, to bring forth those
Twin eyes of heaven, thereto herself betaken.[4]

[1] Polymnestor, king of Thrace, who murdered his brother-in-law Polydorus, to obtain the wealth he had brought with him.—*Inferno*, xiii. 46; xxx. 21, notes.

[2] Marcus Crassus, the Roman general, whose ruling passion appears to have been the sordid lust of gold. Dazzled with the prospect of barbarian spoil, he grasped with eagerness the command for which he had no capacity, and in the Parthian war sacrificed the lives of 30,000 Romans. Deceived and betrayed by the enemy, he was put to death, and his head cut off and sent to the king of Parthia, who is said to have poured melted gold down his throat in derision.

[3] See line 102, and note.

[4] Dēlos (from δῆλος, manifested); an island, raised from the sea by an earthquake, where Latona brought forth Apollo and Diana. The shaking of the mountain was probably meant as a symbol of some great political and religious change, anticipated by the [illegible] (See Canto xxxii. 45). This change he compares to the [illegible]

From every part a cry there then arose,
So loud that my kind chief to me drew nigh:
"Doubt not," he said, "thy guide still with thee goes."
All shouted, "*Glory be to God on high!*"
So by those nearest me I gather'd, whence
I could with more distinctness hear the cry.
We stood there in immoveable suspense,
Just like the shepherds who first heard that song,[1]
Until the trembling quite had pass'd from thence.
We then pursued our hallow'd path along,
Marking the shadows on the ground that lay,
While their accustom'd plaints employ'd each tongue.
No conscious ignorance, until that day,
E'er with such combat roused my wish to know,
Unless in this my memory goes astray,
As then I did in musing undergo.
Neither to ask him, for our speed, I dared,
Nor aught could by myself discern; and so
Timid and thoughtful on my path I fared.

Apollo and Diana, the Sun and Moon, and to the event celebrated by angels in the hearing of the shepherds at Bethlehem.

[1] *Luke* ii. 8—14.

CANTO XXI.

THE ARGUMENT.

While Dante follows his guide, they are overtaken by the shade of Statius, the Roman poet, who salutes them. He has just been released from Purgatory, and is on his way to Paradise. After mutual inquiries and answers, he explains the quality of the Mountain and the cause of the earthquake. In the course of conversation he mentions the fame he had acquired at Rome, and his high admiration of Virgil's poetry. This leads Dante to introduce him formally to Virgil's personal acquaintance. At this unexpected recognition of the great poet, Statius displays the greatest joy.

THE thirst of nature never satisfied,[1]
Save by that living water for whose gift
The woman of Samaria once applied,[2]
Disturb'd, and urged me on with motion swift,
Following along the obstructed path[3] my guide,
While for that vengeance my sad sighs I lift.[4]
And, lo! as Christ—so Luke hath testified—
To two appear'd while they their journey take,
Risen from the grave, who had been crucified;[5]

[1] "The eye is not satisfied with seeing, nor the ear filled with hearing."—*Eccles.* i. 8.

[2] "The woman saith unto him, Sir, give me this water, that I thirst not, neither come hither to draw."—*John* iv. 15.

[3] Obstructed by the prostrate and suffering shades.

[4] For the vengeance invoked by Hugh Capet; Canto xx. 94.

[5] On the journey to Emmaus; *Luke* xxiv. 13, &c.

So gleam'd a shade that, following in our wake,
Gazed on the crowd that lay beneath his feet.
Him we had not perceived: so he first spake;
"God's peace be yours, whom I as brethren greet."
And Virgil, as we turn'd round suddenly,
Gave him the salutation which was meet;
And said, "In council of the blest, on thee
May the true court bestow a peaceful place,[1]
Which in eternal exile fixes me."
"How?" said he, keeping up with our quick pace,
"If heaven to you admittance will not deign,
Who help'd you, thus far up, your way to trace?"
My teacher said; "The marks which yet remain,
Stamp'd on him by the angel are in sight,[2]
And prove that with the good he is to reign.
But still since she who spins by day and night
Hath not for him the distaff yet unwound,
Which Clotho forms for every living wight,[3]
His soul, by thine and mine a sister own'd,[4]
Coming above could yet not come alone,
For not like ours her mode of sight is found.[5]
Hence I forth from hell's ample throat was drawn[6]

[1] "May the Court of Heaven give thee peace with the blessed."

[2] The P's which the angel had traced on his brow.

[3] Of the three *Parcæ*, the "fatal sisters," the goddesses presiding over the birth and life of mankind, Clotho, the youngest, held a distaff in her hand at the moment of each individual's birth; Lachesis spun out all the actions and events of his life; and Atropos, the eldest, cut the thread of life with her shears.—See *Inferno*, xxxiii. 126.

[4] "Sister spirit, come away!"—POPE's *Dying Christian*.

[5] The mode of perception in men being different from that of disembodied spirits.

[6] *Inferno*, ii. 52.

To lead him; and his guide beyond am I,
Far as he can be by my teaching shown.[1]
But tell me, if thou know'st, the reason why
Just now the mountain shook; and all, even to
The mountain's wave-wash'd foot sent up a cry?"
This question ask'd by Virgil so pass'd through
The eye[2] of my desire, that from hope's fount
Alone my thirst far less vehement grew.
"Without the order of the sacred mount
Nothing can happen here:" thus answer'd he;
"Nor aught that unaccustom'd we may count.
Here 'tis from every alteration free,
Save when its own heaven to itself receives;
No change from other cause with us can be.
No rain, or hail, or snow, the mount perceives,[3]
Nor dews, nor hoar-frosts reach it; but all these
Below the stair of three short steps it leaves.
Neither thick clouds nor thin it ever sees,
Nor lightning flash, nor Thaumas' daughter sweet,[4]

[1] As far as human reason, or moral philosophy can reach.

[2] "*Cruna*," the needle's eye.—See *Inferno*, xv. 21. Dante says, that the question so coincided with his own wish for information, that the very anticipation of an immediate answer allayed the vehemence of his desire.

[3] Canto ix. 76. Lucretius thus describes the upper regions:—
"The divinity of the Gods appears, and their tranquil dwellings,
Neither assailed by winds nor drenched by storm-clouds,
Whose top neither the driving snow nor the shining hoar-frost,
Ever violates; but the ether is always cloudless
And undisturb'd; and the widely diffused light laugheth,
And Nature supplieth every want, nor doth any thing
The peace of the mind at any time interrupt."
De Rerum Naturæ, iii. 18—24.

[4] Iris (the rainbow), the messenger of Juno, was the daughter

That yonder oft o'er many countries flees.
With rising vapour dry we never meet
Higher than those three steps of which I spake,
On which St. Peter's vicar plants his feet:[1]
Below, perchance, it more or less may quake;
But upwards, for some cause unknown to me,
By winds in earth conceal'd[2] 'twill never shake.
It trembles when with conscious purity
A soul is rising, or prepared to rise,
Assisted by that shout of sympathy.
Of that pure state the will alone supplies
The proof, when wholly free to change her dwelling
The soul is rapt and with glad longing hies.
She first will'd good; but passion[3] then repelling,
Justice divine, by that same inclination
Which led to sin, to torment is compelling.[4]

of Thaumas (from θαυμαζω, I admire), the son of Oceanus and Terra, by Electra, one of the Oceanidæ.—*Æneid.* ix. 5; OVID. *Metam.* iv. 479; xiv. 845.

[1] The angelic porter of Purgatory is here referred to; Canto ix. 78. But there is also in this passage a moral which glances at the Seven Hills. All under the sway of the triple crown is subject to mutation, tempest, and revolution; but there is a calmer region of truth and purity above it. The birth of the coming age, symbolised by the elevation of the prostrate Statius, was attended by an earthquake. "Yet once more I make not the earth only, but also heaven; and I will shake all nations, and the desire of all nations shall come."

[2] Winds underground were then supposed to be the cause of earthquakes.

[3] "*Il talento.*" Thus the word "talent" was formerly used, for disposition, inclination, or feeling. "The nation generally was without any ill talent to the Church."—CLARENDON, *Hist. Grand Rebell.* vol. i. p. 92.

[4] That earthly tendency which was their sin, is now made their punishment.

And I who here have lain in such vexation
Five hundred years and more, now only prove
The soul-felt yearning free for that high station.
For this the mountain trembled, and in love
The souls devout have praised that Lord who gives
This earnest of their speedy flight above."[1]
So spake he; and since pleasure one receives
In drinking, equal to the previous thirst,
Such was my joy, which language powerless leaves.
Said my sage guide; "The net I see which erst
Here has detain'd you, and how hence you go,
Whence was the trembling and the joyous burst.
Now who thou art be pleased to let me know;
And why so many ages thou hast lain
Here prostrate, now to me the reason show."
"When the good Titus, who did help obtain [flow'd
From heaven's high King, avenged the wounds whence
The blood which Judas had betray'd for gain,"
That spirit said, "Then I on earth abode.[2]
That name was mine most lasting and renown'd:[3]
Famous was I, but not with faith endow'd.
So sweet the soul of song in me was found
At Rome, drawn from Toulouse my place of birth,
I won the myrtle which my temples crown'd.

[1] When, in the *Iliad*, Thetis has obtained from Jupiter the favour she had supplicated for her son Achilles, the Thunderer confirms his promise with a nod:—

"And it was so: The Offspring of Saturn bent his dark eyebrows,
And the ambrosial locks of the head of the Immortal King
Were shaken, and the nod shook great Olympus."
Iliad, i. 528—530.

[2] Jerusalem was taken and destroyed by Titus, A.D. 70.

[3] The name of Poet.

Statius I still am call'd by those on earth.[1]
I sung of Thebes, but with my second load
Fell by the way—the great Achilles' worth.
The ardour with which then my spirit glow'd

[1] "The Albigenses were called Toulousans, from the name of the city where they had established their principal seat, and whose streets were so often dyed with their blood, at the behest of Papal vengeance. From them Dante learned the sacred jargon which ensured the safety of his poem, and from their ranks he chose the companion who, jointly with Virgil, guided him in safety to the allegorical Beatrice." Thus writes Rosetti; *Disq.* vol. i. p. 228. "We may observe, too, that the real Statius was a Neapolitan; but Dante took the liberty of creating him a citizen of Toulouse, to serve his own particular (and poetic) purpose." *Ib.* 230, 231. Without accompanying Rosetti the whole length of the journey to his often absurd conclusions, we may regard the present passage as an additional proof of some community of ideas and religious feeling between the Albigenses and the Italian sects with whom Dante sympathised.

There was a rhetorician of Tolosa (Toulouse) of the same name, with whom Statius is often confounded: but P. Papinius Statius was born at Neapolis (Naples) A.D. 61; the son of a distinguished grammarian, he accompanied his father to Rome, where the latter acted as preceptor to Domitian, who held him in high honour. Statius, under the tuition of his father, speedily rose to fame. As a brilliant *Improvisatore* he thrice gained the prize in the Alban contests; but after a long career of popularity, having been vanquished in the quinquennial games, he returned with his wife Claudia to Neapolis, where he died about A.D. 96. Statius, who profited by the patronage of Domitian (*Silv.* iv. 2), wrote two epic poems, the *Thebais*, which embodies, in twelve books, the ancient legends concerning Thebes, and the *Achilleis*, which if completed would have comprised the exploits of Achilles. But he was prevented by death from proceeding further than the second book. He also wrote *Sylvæ* in four books, which, though evidently thrown off in haste, produces a much more pleasing

Was kindled in me by the flame divine,
Whose light was on a thousand lamps bestow'd;
The song that sounded forth Æneas' line
Was nurse and breast in poesy to me:
Without it ne'er had I avail'd to shine.
And to have had it my felicity
To live while Virgil lived, an added year
Would I endure ere set from exile free."[1]
To me turn'd Virgil, as these words we hear;
While silently his aspect said, "Be still."
But for prohibiting a smile or tear,
Even Virtue cannot all her wish fulfil:
Prompt at the passion's call they are display'd,
And in the truest, follow least the will.
Though I but smiled[2] as one might wink, the shade
Was silent, looking straight into mine eyes,
Wherein our secret thoughts are most betray'd.
"So may success reward thy toil," he cries,
"As thou shalt say why on thy countenance
I saw the lightning of a smile arise?"
Such was my strait, whichever side I glance!
One says, "Be mute;" and one entreateth me
To speak, whence my deep sigh found utterance.

effect than the more ambitious epics. Statius may justly claim the honour of standing in the foremost rank among the poets of the silver age. We are not aware on what authority Dante has narrated his conversion to Christianity.

[1] In making Statius say, "I would have been content to remain a year longer in Purgatory, for the privilege of having been a contemporary of Virgil," we have another proof of Dante's esteem for the prince of Latin poets.

[2] Although Dante was silent, he could not repress a smile at the praise, which Statius had bestowed on Virgil without being aware of his presence.

"Speak," my instructor said, "nor fear to be
Communicative, but to him narrate
What he has ask'd with such anxiety."
Then I; "Thy wonder which is now so great,
O ancient spirit, at the smile I gave,
Will be increased by what I shall relate.
This one, whom I for guide and teacher have,
Is Virgil, he by whom thou in thy style
To sing of men and gods wert render'd brave.
If other cause thou deemèst made me smile,
As false dismiss it, since 'twas reälly
Those words which thou didst speak of him erewhile."
To embrace my teacher's feet already he
Was bending, who cried, "Brother, pray forbear:
Thyself a shade, thou dost a shadow see."
He rising said, "Now mayst thou be aware
The warmth of my regard to thee how great,
When I, unmindful we are shapes of air,
A shadow as a solid substance treat."[1]

[1] See Canto ii. 79—81, and note.

CANTO XXII.

THE ARGUMENT.

They reach the sixth round where the gluttonous are punished. Here they are welcomed with *Beati qui sitiunt;* and the three poets travel on together. Statius informs Virgil that his confinement in the preceding round had not been for avarice, but for its opposite vice, prodigality. He relates his conversion to Christianity; and inquires after Terence and other poets. Virgil describes their condition and that of their heroines. They perceive a mystic tree, from which a voice is heard enjoining temperance, and quoting some examples of it.

Behind us we had left the angel now,
That angel who to the sixth round access
Had given us, and a scar wiped from my brow.
And they whose wishes tend to righteousness
Had hail'd us, "*Blessed;*" adding in their cry,
"*Are they who thirst;*" [1] and with that word they cease.
More light than through the other gates went I,
And felt no toil in following above
Those two swift spirits [2] in their path on high.
And Virgil then commenced by saying, "Love
Kindled from Virtue, if its flame be shown,
Of power to light a kindred flame will prove.
Hence from the hour when Juvenal [3] came down

[1] "Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness," &c.—*Matt.* v. 6.

[2] Statius and Virgil.

[3] "When Statius had composed his beautiful poem of Thebais,

Into Hell's limbo to be with us there,
Who thy regard for me to me made known,
Towards thee has my good will been such as ne'er
Before affected me for one unseen,
So that the shorter now these stairs appear.
But say,—and if I dare a slacken'd rein,
Thou as a friend forgive that liberty,
And now in converse be thy friendship seen.
Within thy bosom how could avarice be
E'er found with so much wisdom to combine,
As thou hadst there laid up so carefully?"
These words of his made Statius incline
To smile at first: he afterwards replied;
"A sign of love is each dear word of thine.
In truth, how frequently are things descried
Which for suspicion may afford false ground,
Through that which serves the real cause to hide.
I from thy question thy belief have found,
That avarice in yon life my failing proved;
Perhaps because I was in that fifth round.
Now therefore know that avarice was removed
Too far from me: and for this boundless waste,
Thousands of months in punishment I roved.
And were it not that I my steps retraced,[1]

All Rome crowds to hear it read at the time appointed,
He captivates their souls with so much sweetness,
And even the populace listen with such great longing.
But when their applause of his verses has crack'd the benches,
He had starv'd but for selling his new play Agave to Paris."
JUVENAL, *Sat.* vii. 82.

Paris was a famous actor in Rome, a favorite of Domitian, and patron of Statius.

[1] "I repented, else I should have been with those described, *Inferno*, vii. 22."

When I on earth heard what thou cried'st of old
To human nature, in disdainful haste,
'Unto what ills, O cursèd lust of gold,
Hast thou not prompted mortal appetite!'[1]
I in the wretched jousts the rock had roll'd.[2]
For then I found that with too open flight
The hands could spend, which moved me to repent
Of that and other lapses from the right.
Through ignorance how by this vice they're shent,
How many with their hair stripp'd off will rise,
Because in life and death impenitent!
And know thou that the trespass which defies,
As its direct opponent, any sin,
Together with it here its verdure dries.[3]
Whence, if I did amidst that people inn,
Who mourn their avarice, 'twas from the reverse
That my correction had its origin."
"When thou hadst sung Jocasta's double curse,[4]
And the fierce wars which sprung from that sad source,"[5]

[1] —— Quid non mortalia pectora cogis
Auri sacra fames?—*Æneid.* iii. 56.

Rosetti contends that by Avarice, which Dante elsewhere describes as the besetting sin of the Papacy, Popery is here intended.

[2] In the Circle of the Avaricious and Prodigal.—*Inferno*, vii. 22—66.

[3] "Here loses all its malignant vigour."

[4] Her two sons Eteocles and Polynices.—*Inferno*, xxvi. 54, and note. Jocasta was the daughter of Menœcius, and wife of Laius, king of Thebes, by whom she had Œdipus. She afterwards married Œdipus, without either of them suspecting the other's identity. Eteocles and Polynices, and their sisters Antigone and Ismene, were the offspring of this marriage. When the unhappy mother discovered the unintentional incest, she hanged herself in despair.—SOPHOCLES, *Œdipus Rex*; EURIPIDES, *Phœnic. Virg.*; STATIUS, *Theb.* xi. 491.

[5] ÆSCHYLUS, *Septem contra Thebas*; STATIUS, *Theb.*

Said the sweet bard of the bucolic verse,
"By what with Clio there thou hold'st discourse,[1]
It seems thou hadst not then to faith been led,
That faith without which no good works have force.[2]
If thus it is, what sun or candle shed
Its radiance on thee, so that thou aright
After the Fisherman thy sails didst spread?"[3]
Statius replied, "Thyself didst first invite
Me to Parnassus caves to drink; by thee
Brought near to God, first guided by thy light.
Thou didst as one that walks by night, when he
Carries the light behind; to him it lends
No aid, but helps those after him to see.
Thou saidst, 'The age to renovation tends,
Justice returns, and the primeval state;
And a new progeny from heaven descends.'[4]
Me as a poet thou didst educate,
And madest a Christian; but the sketch I'll paint,
That thou mayst better see what I relate.
The world was teeming, through its whole extent,
With the true faith, which had been lately sown

[1] The Muse of History (from κλεος, glory).
"What hero first givest thou, Clio? Tydæus excessive in anger?
Or the laurel-bearing prophet for whom the earth yawn'd suddenly?"—STATIUS, *Theb.* i. 41. See *Inferno*, XX. 31.

[2] See Canto vii. 8, note.

[3] "What heavenly grace or human learning led thee to follow the guidance of St. Peter, so as to become a Christian?"

[4] VIRGIL, *Bucolica, Ecl.* iv. (POLLIO), 5—7. In the text we have almost a literal translation of the passage. The well-known verses of Pope, entitled "The Messiah," are a paraphrase of this eclogue. Virgil here professes to give the prophecy of the Cumæan Sybil. He in flattery applies it to Octavius. Dante supposes it, as a striking anticipation of our Saviour's coming, to have been the means of converting Statius to Christianity.

By messengers from the Eternal sent.
Those words of thine, which I above have shown,
With the new preachers chimed so wondrously,
My visits to them were a custom grown.
So holy they at length appear'd to me,
That when Domitian's [1] persecution raged,
Their griefs were not without my sympathy,
And while I lived their sufferings I assuaged:
For them I every other sect despised,
Their upright walk my homage so engaged.
And ere I sung of Thebes I was baptized,
A Christian yet not bold, induced by fears
To hide the faith which I so dearly prized.
Meanwhile my life a pagan aspect wears;
For which lukewarmness, the fourth circle I
Have travell'd round above four hundred years.[2]

[1] "Domitian, having exercised his cruelty against many, and unjustly slain no small number of noble and illustrious men at Rome, and having, without cause, punished vast numbers of honourable men with exile and confiscation of their property, at length established himself as the successor of Nero in his hostility to God. He was the second that raised a persecution against us, although his father Vespasian had attempted nothing to our prejudice. In this persecution, as it has been handed down to us, the Apostle John, who was yet living, in consequence of his testimony to the Divine Word was condemned to dwell on the island of Patmos."—EUSEB. *Ec. Hist.* iii. 17, 18.

It has been supposed that Dante has here a veiled allusion to the "New Preachers" of his own time, the objects of Papal persecution. He had adopted their sentiments, but had not the martyr-courage to avow himself of their confraternity.

[2] He says that he had spent 500 years in the circle of the Avaricious and Prodigal, and 400 in that of the Indolent, there are 300 years remaining, therefore, which it is implied that he had spent before he reached even the fourth circle, making altogether about 1200 years which had elapsed since he had arrived among the departed.—See Canto xxi. 68, 82.

Thou therefore who hast raised the veil whereby
That mighty good was hid, as I have told,
While much remains of our ascent on high,
Tell me where Terence is, our friend of old,[1]
Cæcilius, Plautus, Varro,[2] if thou know'st.
Tell me if they are damn'd, and where enroll'd."
"These, Persius, and myself, and a whole host
Besides, are with that Greek," [3] my guide rejoin'd,
"Whom of all Greeks the Muses nurtured most,[4]
In the first girdle of our prison blind.
Oft our discourse is of the mountain where
Our foster-dames their dwelling always find.

[1] Publius Terentius was a native of Africa, sold as a slave to Terentius Lucanus, a Roman senator, who educated him with great care, and manumitted him, for the brilliancy of his genius. The first of his comedies was acted at Rome, when the poet was in the twenty-fifth year of his age. He left Rome in his thirty-fifth year, and is said to have died about B.C. 159.

[2] Cæcilius Statius, a comic poet, originally a Gallic slave, who acquired great reputation by his comedies. He died about B.C. 167. Plautus, a comic poet, born in Umbria. While servant to a baker and employed in grinding corn, he wrote many of his plays, which were acted in Rome for more than 500 years, and are still held in great esteem. He died B.C. 184. Varro, who died at the age of ninety, B.C. 126, wrote no less than 500 volumes, and was esteemed the most learned of the Romans.

"The gown of Afranius was that which suited Menander,
Plautus was rapid, like the Sicilian Epicharmus;
And Cæcilius by his gravity, Terence by his wit overcame us."
HOR. lib. ii. ep. i. 57.

[3] Aulus Persius Flaccus, a Latin poet of Volaterra, of an equestrian family, and intimate with the most illustrious Romans of his age. Accomplished, modest, and benevolent, he distinguished himself by his satirical poems, exposing the faults of the actors and poets of his time, not sparing even the emperor Nero. He died A.D. 62, in the thirtieth year of his age.

[4] Homer, the favorite of the Muses.

Anacreon [1] and Euripides [2] are there,
Simonides,[3] and Agathon,[4] and more
Grecians whose honour'd brows the laurel bear.
And there are seen the heroines of thy lore; [5]
Antigonè,[6] Deiphilè,[7] Argía; [8] 110
Ismenè [9] too, sad as she was before:

[1] A lyric poet, born at Teios, in Ionia, about B.C. 600. He lived at the court of Polycrates, tyrant of Samos, and afterwards in Athens, where he was in great favour with Hipparchus, the son and successor of Pisistratus. He died at the age of eighty-five.

[2] A well-known Greek tragic poet, who died B.C. 406, in his seventy-fifth year. He suffered from domestic troubles, was ridiculed by Aristophanes, and persecuted by his fellow-citizens, from whom he took refuge in Macedonia, accepting the hospitality of Archelaus. He was honoured with a splendid funeral at Pella by his host, and his fellow-citizens in vain endeavoured to obtain his dead body for interment among them; and failing in this they erected a cenotaph to his memory in Athens. In many points, therefore, his history strikingly resembles that of Dante.

[3] A celebrated elegiac poet of Cos, who flourished B.C. 538, and was universally courted by the princes of Greece and Sicily. He obtained a poetical prize in his eightieth year, and lived to the age of ninety.

[4] An Athenian tragic writer, the contemporary and friend of Euripides. He also left Athens for the court of Archelaus.

[5] Those celebrated by Statius in his poems.

[6] Daughter of Œdipus and Jocasta. She buried by night the body of Polynices her brother, regardless of the positive prohibition of Creon, who dooomed her for so doing to be buried alive. But she anticipated his design by killing herself; and Hæmōn, the son of Creon, who was passionately in love with her, and had not been able to obtain her pardon, killed himself on her grave.—SOPHOCLES, *Antigone;* STATIUS, *Theb.* xii. 350.

[7] A daughter of Adrastus, king of Argos, married to Tydæus.

[8] The wife of Polynices.

[9] The sister of Antigone. She insisted on sharing the doom of her sister, who had been condemned to die for performing the funeral rites of their brother Polynices; but was opposed in her

There also she is seen who show'd Langía ;[1]
The daughter of Tiresias,[2] Thetis too,[3]
And with her sister there Deïdamía." [4]
Both poets now their silent way pursue,
Intent again on gazing round were they,
Freed from the steep and from the walls their view.
And now remain'd four handmaids of the day [5]
Behind ; the fifth was at the chariot-beam,
Its glowing point held upward on its way.[6]
My leader said, " Most proper now 'twould seem
We turn, as wont, circling the mountain side,
With our right shoulder towards the verge extreme."
Thus was our usage there become our guide ;
And on the way we took less doubt was thrown,

determination by Antigone.—SOPHOCLES, *Antigone ;* ÆSCHYLUS, *Septem contra Thebas ;* STATIUS, *Theb.* lib. xii. 409.

[1] Hypsipile, who after Jason's desertion (*Inferno*, xviii. 86, and note) was obliged by her countrywomen to quit Lemnos, and being seized by pirates was sold to Lycurgus, king of Nemæa, who intrusted his infant son to her care. When the Argives marched against Thebes they met her, and compelled her to show them a fountain where they might quench their thirst. To do this with the greater expedition, she laid down the child on the grass, while she conducted them to the river Langía, but in her absence the child was killed by a serpent ; for which Lycurgus would have slain her, had she not been rescued by Adrastus the Argive king ; on which her own twin children, from whom she had long been separated, were restored to her.—STATIUS, *Theb.* iv. 775 ; v.

[2] Daphne, a daughter of Tiresias, priestess of Apollo. She was called Sybil, because at Delphi she uttered his oracles.

[3] A sea-goddess, daughter of Nereus and Doris ; the wife of Peleus, and mother of Achilles.

[4] Daughter of Lycomedes, and mother of Pyrrhus or Neoptolemus by Achilles.—STATIUS, *Achill.* ii.

[5] The handmaids of the Sun ; the hours.—See Canto xii. 74.

[6] The chariot of the Sun approaching the meridian. Time, 11, A.M.

Because that worthy shade [1] therewith complied.
They went before, and I behind alone,
Listening to catch from them each utter'd sound,
Sweet words which made poetic skill my own.
But soon this converse ended, for we found
In our mid path a tree, and on it, lo,
Fruits ripe and fair, diffusing fragrance round.
And as a fir-tree's branches tapering grow
On high, so tapering downward this one stood,[2]
That none might ever climb thereon, I trow.
On the left side, which did our path conclude,
From the high rock there fell a streamlet clear,
Which all the leaves with moisture fresh imbued.
Then the two poets to the tree drew near,
And from among the leaves came forth a voice:
"Be sparing of the food supplied you here."
Then, "Mary, more than her own tasteful choice,
To honour and complete the marriage meant,[3]
Who answering for you bids you now rejoice.
The ancient Roman matrons were content
With water for their drink; [4] and, scorning food,
Wise Daniel's knowledge grew preëminent.[5]
The primal age as gold was good and fair;
Acorns, with hunger season'd, were a treat;
And every brook, through thirst, with nectar flow'd.
Honey and locusts were the Baptist's meat,
Which in the wilderness could him sustain;
Whence he became so glorious and so great,
As in the Gospel is to you made plain." [6]

[1] The shade of Statius.
[2] Spreading most at the top, and least at the bottom.
[3] At Cana in Galilee. "THEY have no wine."—*John* ii. 3.
[4] See *Valerius Maximus*, ii. 1.
[5] *Daniel* i. 11—17. [6] *Matt.* iii. xi. 11.

CANTO XXIII.

THE ARGUMENT.

A crowd of shades, pallid and lean as if starved, pass them. Dante recognises one of them by his voice but not his withered aspect. This is Forese, a Tuscan poet, who ascribes his advancement from the coast of Purgatory to this round in so short a time to the prayers of his pious wife, whom he describes as quite singular in her modesty amidst the license of the Florentine ladies, the immodesty of whose apparel he severely censures. He predicts a speedy calamity. Dante at his request, informs him who he and his two companions are.

While thus with eyes intent I fix'd my gaze
Midst the green leaves, like him who thriftlessly
The smaller birds pursuing spends his days;[1]
"My son," the more than father said to me,
"Come onwards, for our time admits not waste,
But now should be employ'd more usefully."
I turn'd my face and steps, and join'd with haste
The sages, whose discourse[2] had so much worth,
That listening I without an effort paced.
When, lo, a mournful chaunt I heard break forth,
"*Open my lips, O Lord*;"[3] and such the cry,
Delight and dole alike in me had birth.

[1] "My delay was like the fowler's, when he watches for small birds, instead of pursuing more valuable game."

[2] In allusion to Canto xxii. 128, 129.

[3] "*Domine, labia mea aperies, &c.*—*Psalm* l. 16, *Vulg.*; li. 15, *Eng. Vers.*

"Sweet father, what is that I hear?" said I.
"The shades," he said, "in walking thus essay,
Perhaps, the knot of duty to untie."
As pilgrims pass by strangers on their way,
Pensive and on their pious journey bent,
Yet backwards turn to look, but do not stay;
Thus from behind us came, as on we went,
A crowd of souls who still more swiftly glide,
And passing gazed on us with looks intent.
In sacred silence, darkly hollow-eyed,[1]
Pallid in aspect, and withal so wasted,
That for the skin the bones a form supplied.
Never to such gaunt shape though famine-blasted,
Was Erisicthon,[2] I believe, reduced,
When he had no more left that could be tasted.
"Behold," I said, as I within me mused,
"The ancient race who lost Jerusalem,
When Mary her son's flesh for breakfast used."[3]

[1] The poet had an eye to Ovid's picture of Famine:—
"Her hair was shaggy, her eyes hollow, her aspect pallid,
White her lips, and her broken teeth all rusty,
Her skin was hard, through which the intestines were visible,
And under the curved loins the dry bones projected conspicuous."
Metam. viii. 801.

[2] A Thessalian, son of Tryops, who dared to ridicule Ceres and cut down her grove; the goddess punished him with insatiable hunger; so that when all means of satisfying it were exhausted,—
"With lacerating bite he began to tear his own members,
And wretchedly diminished his body to sustain it."—*Ib.* 187.

[3] Mary of Bethezub, who had fled to Jerusalem, and during the siege of the city by Titus, in consequence of the terrible famine, had slain her son, and having roasted and eaten half the body, presented the other half to the rapacious guards, who as usual had entered her house to rob it of whatever eatables they could find. But their appetite revolting at such food, they re-

Their eyes appear'd like rings without a gem.[1]
Those who in each man's face can "OMO" read,
Might here with ease have recognised the M.[2]
Who could have thought an apple's scent would breed,
Or that of water, such keen appetite,
Not knowing how the effect could thence proceed?[3]
What starved them so now seem'd a wonder quite;
For unapparent yet the reason was
Of their great leanness and sad shrivell'd plight.
And lo, a shade turn'd on me, with fix'd gaze,
His eyes, which were in their deep sockets held.
"What grace to me thy presence here displays!"
He cried aloud. Ne'er had his face reveal'd
Who stood before me: but his voice made plain
What else his wither'd aspect had conceal'd.
My perfect knowledge, which asleep had lain,
Of his changed visage, then awoke afresh,

treated; and the whole city was presently filled with tidings of this abominable banquet, which excited the detestation even of Titus and the Roman army.—JOSEPHUS, *Wars of the Jews*. B. vi. ch. iii. § 4, 5. Dante's expression "die' di becco," is a figure taken from hungry birds of prey when feeding.

[1] —— "In this habit
Met I my father with his bleeding rings,
Their precious stones new lost."—SHAKSPEARE, *Lear* v. 3.

[2] This conceit, which seems rather puerile to us, but was agreeable to the spirit of the thirteenth century, supposes the temples, nose, and brow to represent the letter M, and the two eyes the two o's placed within each side of it M; "omo" being in sound the same as the Italian "uomo," *homo*, or man.

[3] The fruit of the tree mentioned Canto xxii. 131; and the stream described in the same Canto, line 137. Here is a figurative allusion to the forbidden tree, to be more largely described Canto xxxii. 38, &c.

And I beheld Forese's[1] face again.
"Ah! though thou see'st this arid scurf enmesh
And stain my skin, doubt not that I am he;"
'Twas thus he pray'd, "nor scorn my wither'd flesh.[2]
But of thyself and those two souls with thee,
Thine escort yonder, tell me now the truth:
Do not refrain from friendly speech with me."
"Thy face," I said, "which once as dead, in sooth,
I wept, now gives me no less cause for woe,
And thus disfigured fills my heart with ruth.
In God's name, say then, what could waste you so?
Require not speech from me while wondering still,
For who can talk when other longings glow?"
Then thus he answer'd, "By the Eternal Will,
A virtue fills the water and the plant
Now left behind us, whence this wasting ill;
And all this tribe who here lamenting chant,
Since too much led by appetite were they,
Their health recover here through thirst and want.
The scent of yonder fruit and of the spray
Which o'er its foliage green throughout is spread,
Kindles the fierce desires which on us prey.
Nor only once, the circling path we tread,
Renewing at each turn our penalty;—
Delight, not penalty, I should have said;
For the same impulse leads us to the tree
Which gladden'd Christ, when '*Eli*' moved to say:[3]

[1] A Tuscan poet, and particular friend of Dante. He is said to have been a brother of Corso Donati, Dante's brother-in-law and political enemy; and of Piccarda, Canto xxiv. 10.

[2] A deprecation similar to that of Jacopo Rusticcuoci.—*Inferno*, xvi. 30.

[3] "*Eli, Eli, lama sabacthani;*" "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" Christ's exclamation on the cross. Their

For from his veins then sprang our liberty."
And I to him;—"Forese, from that day
Thou left'st the world for this more calm abode
Till now, not five years yet have roll'd away:
If power to sin had left thee first, ere flow'd
Those tears of heartfelt sorrow which restore
To goodness, and remarry us to God,[1]
How hast thou come up here so soon? I more
Had thought to find thee in those lower quarters,
Where time alone can wasted time restore."[2]
He thus replied, "Me heavenly mercy charters,
Moved by my Nella's tears which ever flow,[3]
To drink the wholesome wormwood of the martyrs.[4]
She, with her pious prayers and sighing woe,
Has drawn me from the coast where spirits wait,
And freed me from the rounds that wind below.
She whom I loved so well, my widow'd mate,
As much more hath of Heaven's regard and smile
As in good deeds more lonely is her state.

desire, like his, was to submit to the will of God. "Then said I, lo, I come to do thy will, O God."—*Psalm* xl. 6. "O my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me: nevertheless not as I will, but as thou wilt."—*Matt.* xxvi. 39.

[1] To reconcile, restore, unite us again to God, from whom sin had separated us.

[2] In the precincts of Purgatory, without the gate, where Belacqua says (Canto iv. 130—132), those who have postponed repentance to the last must remain for a period as long as their misspent life.

[3] This name is a familiar abridgment of Annella, or Giovannella, now more frequently Annetta, Giovannina, diminutives of Anna and Giovanna (Joanna). Dante appears to have had a high opinion of Forese's widow, whom he here eulogises.

[4] By the "martyrs" is here meant the *sufferers*, as in *Inferno* x. 2.

For the Barbagia in Sardinia's isle,[1]
As to its women, far more chaste I deem,
Than that rude place where her I left erewhile.
O brother dear, what shall I make my theme?
A future time I now already see,
Nor very ancient will this hour then seem,
In which the pulpit that immodesty
Of ladies in our Florence will repress,
With bosom bare forth walking publicly.
What barbarous race, what Saracens, the stress
Of spiritual or other discipline[2]
E'er needed to enforce becoming dress?
But if the shameless ones could knowledge win
Of what swift Heaven prepares for them on high,
With open mouth to howl they would begin.[3]
For if my prescience lead me not awry,
They will be sadden'd, ere his cheeks with down
Are clothed who now is hush'd with lullaby.
Now, to make known thyself no longer shun:
Thou see'st, not I alone but all this crowd
Look on in wonder where thou veil'st the sun."
"If thou wouldst call to mind," I said aloud,
"What thou with me wert, and what I with thee,[4]

[1] A mountain tract in the island of Sardinia, quasi, *terra barbarica*, from the uncivilized character of its inhabitants. "Perhaps formerly, more than at present," says Biagioli, "the women of Barbagia went almost naked. But in Florence it was less excusable, because what the Sardinian women did was through rusticity and wildness; but the Florentine ladies of that age, through defective modesty."

[2] Ecclesiastical or civil correction.

[3] See *Inferno*, xxvi, and note.

[4] Biagioli says, there is not a shadow of proof that he here intends an immoral or vicious course of life, but that he expresses

Sadness that recollection will becloud.
He who before me goes converted me,
Some nights ago from that ill course,[1] when round
With us the Sister was of Him we see."[2]
I pointed Sun-ward. "Through the night profound
He also led me, of the truly dead,[3]
With this true flesh, which following him is found.
Thence by his aid have I to climb been led,
Up round the mountain which makes right again
Whate'er of wrong in you the world hath bred.
He says, I shall his company retain,
Till I arrive where Beatrice will be;
Without him I thenceforward must remain.
Virgil has told me so, and this is he;"
I point him out;—"this other is the shade
For whom erewhile, through each declivity,
Your kingdom shook for his escape just made."

regret, as penitents are wont to do, at the gaieties in which he formerly indulged. Perhaps also he insinuates that his classical tastes had lately disposed him to look with disgust on the condition of superstitious formalism in which he had been trained.

[1] See the commencement of *Inferno*, Cantos i. ii.

[2] When the Moon was full; *Inferno*, xx. 127. The Moon, as Diana, is called the sister of the Sun, Apollo, which was then shining on the poets and Forese.

[3] The Hell of the utterly lost.

CANTO XXIV.

THE ARGUMENT.

As they walk on, Forese points out several shades by name. Dante converses with Bonagiunta, who asks if he is the author of the *new rhymes*. He replies, and is complimented on their superior excellence. Bonagiunta foretels the tragical end of Dante's political enemy, Corso Donati. Another mystic tree appears in view, round which the longing shades gather only to be tantalized. A voice from amidst its leaves cautions Dante and his companions against tasting the fruit, and enforces the caution by some examples. An angel proclaims, *Beati qui esuriunt justitiam.*

Our journey slack'd not for the talk we held,
Nor this for it; in converse on we hied,
Like a fair bark by favouring breeze impell'd.
The shades, who seem'd like things that twice had died,[1]
In at their cavern'd eyes much wonder take,
When they, that still I lived, were certified.
And I, in following up the words I spake,
Said, "He[2] perhaps ascends more tardily
Than else he would, for his companions' sake.[3]
Say, if thou know'st, where may Piccarda[4] be? 10

[1] Having since their death become so disfigured by starvation.

[2] Statius, of whom he had been speaking, Canto xxiii.

[3] For the sake of Dante's tardiness, and Virgil's company.

[4] Piccarda Donati was a most beautiful young lady, who having passed her novitiate in the convent of St. Clara, intending to take the veil, was compelled by her brothers to marry a Florentine; but did not long survive her marriage, and is assigned by the Poet a place in Paradise.—*Paradiso*, iii. 49.

Also, to point out those of note be ready,
Among the people who thus gaze on me."
"My sister was a fair and virtuous lady;
Which most, I know not; and she triumphs there
On high Olympus[1] in her crown already."
So said he, adding; "Here we may declare
The name of each, because our features fade,
Effacing likeness, through our scanty fare.
This"—and his finger pointed at a shade—
"Is Lucca's Bonagiunta:[2] and that face
Beyond him, than the rest more meagre made,
Once held the Holy Church in his embrace.
From Tours was he, and now Bolsena's eels
In wine, by fasting purges in this place."[3]

[1] Here put for Heaven.

[2] Bonagiunta Urbiciani of Lucca, a poet, and friend of Dante. He is mentioned, together with Guittone of Arezzo, and others, in Dante's *De Vulgari Eloquentiâ*.

[3] Simon de Brie, a native of Tours in France, Canon of St. Martin of Tours, and Cardinal of St. Cecilia, was elected Pope in 1281, by the name of Martin IV. He excommunicated the Greek emperor, Michael Paleologus, for not having observed the treaty of union between the Greek and Latin Churches. He took part with Charles of Anjou against Peter of Aragon, in their contest for the crown of Sicily, excommunicating the latter, absolving his subjects from their oaths of allegiance, and published a crusade against him (PLATINA, *Vite Dei Pontefici*). He was an epicure, and his fondness for eels and vernachia (a kind of white wine) is said to have cost him his life. He died in 1285 at Perugia, and was buried in its cathedral church. The Latin annotator of the Monte Casino MS. relates that the following epitaph was inscribed on his tomb:—

"Gaudent anguillæ, quod mortuus hic jacet ille,
Qui quasi morte reas excoriebat eas."

Which may be thus rendered:—

He show'd me many more; and as he deals
Their names out singly, all seem gratified:
Hence of dislike no symptom aught reveals.
Ubaldin della Pila[1] I espied,
Who starving champ'd the air; and Boniface,
That with his crozier pastured nations wide.[2]
I saw the Marquis,[3] who erewhile had space
To drink at Forli, with less drought than now,
Yet nothing then his eager thirst could chase.
Like one who choosing first considers how,
Then one prefers, I him of Lucca chose,
Whose looks most knowledge of myself avow.
He murmur'd, and the name "Gentucca"[4] rose.
I caught the sound from where he felt the force
Of Justice dealing her consuming blows.[5]

"The eels are glad that he is dead,
And lies interr'd in this low bed,
Who, as their doom for mortal sins,
When living stripp'd them of their skins."

It certainly looks less like an epitaph than an epigram. The subjects of the papacy, however, who for centuries have been stripped by his Holiness, because like eels they were "used to it," may now rejoice that his power to oppress them is pretty nearly at an end.

[1] Of Pila, in the Florentine territory.

[2] Bonifazio de' Fieschi, a Genoese, Archbishop of Ravenna.

[3] The Marchese de' Rigogliosi, a Cavalier of Forli. When his butler told him, that people said in the city that he did nothing but drink; he replied, "And do you tell them that I am always thirsty." Insatiable thirst in Purgatory (like that of Adamo, *Inf.* xxx. 60), is here described as the punishment of his excess.

[4] A beautiful young lady of Lucca so named, an infant at the date of the vision, with whom the Poet became acquainted when an exile in that city.

[5] The murmured sound of her name came from the parched throat, which felt the torment inflicted by Divine Justice.

"O soul," said I, "Who eager for discourse
With me appearest, speak, that I may hear;
For mutual pleasure waits our intercourse."
"A maid is born," he said, "who doth not wear
Her veil as yet,[1] for whose sake with my city
Thou wilt be pleased, though blame it yet may bear.[2]
Go, and this foresight will reward thy pity.
If thou conceiv'st I err, events will prove,
Ere long, how truthful is my murmuring ditty.
But say, if here I see the bard that wove
Those new-made rhymes commencing with the verse,
'Ladies who comprehend the power of Love?'"[3]
And I to him; "I am but one who nurse
The thoughts that Love inspires, and then write so:
The strain he speaks within me I rehearse."
He said, "O brother, now the knot[4] I know
Which held the Notary,[5] Guittón',[6] and me,
Short of the sweet new lays which melting flow.
How your pens follow'd close, I plainly see,
On Love, who dictated the argument:
Which did with ours not happen, certainly.

[1] Maidens did not wear the fillet and veil till marriageable.—Biagioli.—She had not yet assumed the dress of a woman.

[2] In allusion to the bad character of the Lucchese.—*Inferno*, xxi. 41, 49, and note.

[3] "*Donne ch' avete intelletto d' Amore.*"

This is the first of seventy lines which form a Canzone "To Beatrice," in the *Vita Nuova*.

[4] The difficulty which prevented.

[5] Jacopo da Lentino, called the Notary, a poet of that age; probably an Apulian.

[6] Fra Guittone of Arezzo, a poet, the inventor of the Sonnet. He was of the order of the Frati Godenti.—See *Inferno*, xxiii. 103, and note. He founded a monastery of the order of Camaldoli at Florence, A.D. 1293, and died the year after.

He who to reach a further grace is bent,
Sees not the chasm which parteth style from style."[1]
And then he held his peace, as if content.
Even as the birds[2] which winter towards the Nile,
Themselves in one battalion sometimes place,
Then fly more swiftly and proceed in file;
Thus all the crowd there standing turn'd their face;
And, light alike with leanness and desire,
Their journey recommenced with quicken'd pace.
Then, as a man who doth with running tire
To let his comrades pass him by is fain,
Till with more ease his panting breast respire;
Even so Foresè let that holy train
Pass on, while we to follow after strive.
He said, "When shall I see thy face again?"
"I do not know how long I may survive;
Yet my return will not be," I replied,
"So swift but that my wish will first arrive;
Because the place where I on earth reside,
From day to day more stripp'd of goodness grows,
And for some dismal ruin qualified."
"Now go," he said, "since he from whom arose
These ills, dragg'd at a horse's tail I see,[3]

[1] He who writes or speaks from his own experience, other things being equal, will express himself in a style far more vivid and impressive, than learning and study, without experience, can command.

[2] See *Inferno*, v. 40—47; and *Paradiso*, xviii. 73—75.

[3] Corso Donati, who so influenced Pope Boniface VIII. that he induced him to call Charles of Valois into Italy to fight against the Bianchi. Charles entered Florence in 1301; by his favour the Neri were restored, and tumult and violence from them followed. In the beginning of 1304, Corso, thinking to raise himself to greater importance, gave occasion to new troubles. The

Towards that sad vale which no forgiveness knows.
Each step the steed bounds on more furiously,
Increasing ever, till at length its heels
Crush him, and leave the corpse torn woefully.
Not much time longer shall revolve those wheels"
(He raised his eyes to heaven) "ere known shall be
More than my present speech to thee reveals.
Now fare thee well, for in this monarchy
So precious is our time, that on my way
I lose too much thus keeping pace with thee."
As, at a gallop issuing, takes his way
The cavalier forth from a troop of horse,
To win bright honour in the earliest fray,
So he with quicker steps went on his course,
And on the pathway with those two I staid,
Who taught mankind with such sublime discourse.
And when before us he so far had sped
That him no more my straining eyes could see
Than could my mind pursue what he had said,
And as he vanish'd, there appear'd to me,
Its branches fresh and green with ripe fruit bow'd,
Not far from us, another apple-tree.
With lifted hands beneath it, lo, a crowd,
Who towards the leaves cried out I know not what,
As eager children vainly beg aloud,
When he whom they solicit answers not;
But to increase their longing holds in view

result was at length fatal to himself. Suspected of aiming at the sovereignty in Florence, he was attacked by the citizens: flying on horseback from their fury, he fell, was overtaken, and slain, A.D. 1308. He was a man of great talents, courage, and sagacity, but ambitious and intriguing. He had framed many conspiracies in Florence, in the hope of reigning. His character is forcibly drawn by contemporary historians.

What they desire, nor hides what he has got.
Then they, as undeceived, their way pursue:
To the great tree we also now drew near,
Which with such prayers and tears in vain they woo.
"Pass on beyond, and of this tree keep clear;
Still higher grows what bore that bite of Eve's,
And from it sprung the plant that groweth here."[1]
So spake, I know not who, among the leaves;
Hence Virgil, I, and Statius, thus repress'd,
Went by on that side where the mountain heaves.
The voice resumed; "Remember those unblest,
Form'd of the clouds, who after feasting well,
Would combat Theseus, each with double breast.[2]
And how those Hebrews lapp'd, and what befel,
Whom Gideon would not lead against the foe,
When from the hills on Midian's host he fell."[3]
Thus close to one side of the road we go,
Hearing proclaim'd the faults of gluttony,
Now follow'd by a recompense of woe.
Again at large o'er the lone causeway we
A thousand paces on, and more indeed,
In contemplation journey'd silently.
"Ye lonely three who thoughtfully proceed,"
A sudden voice cried, whence I shook with dread,
As doth a frighten'd and a dastard steed.
To see what this might be I raised my head,
And never saw I in the workman's fire

[1] In consequence of our first parents' sin, the pleasures of sense are too apt to prove a snare, and to draw us into evil.

[2] The Centaurs. See *Inferno*, xii. 57, 72, and notes. Also OVID. *Melam.* 210—535.

[3] *Judges* vii. 4—8.

Metal or glass appear so bright and red,[1]
As one I saw, who said, "If you desire
To ascend above, here must you mount on high.
This way they go who after peace aspire."[2]
His face my vision dazzled so that I
Had backwards to my teachers quick withdrawn,
Like one led by his hearing, not his eye.
And as the annunciatress of the dawn,
The breeze of May, comes on with sweetest smell,
With herbs and flowers imbued, along the lawn,
Such air against my brow perceived I well,
And moving pinions heard, which onward press'd,
Ambrosial fragrance making sensible.[3]
And I heard cry aloud; "The men how blest
Whom so much grace hath fired, that no fond gust
With over-longing smokes within their breast,
Their hunger still controll'd by what is just."[4]

[1] "And his feet like unto fine brass, as if they burned in a furnace."—*Rev.* i. 15.

[2] The perfect peace and bliss of Paradise.

[3] Virgil thus concludes the interview between Venus and her son Æneas:—

"She said, and turning away, her beautiful neck shone refulgent,
And the ambrosial hair of her head breathed a Divine fragrance."
Æneid. i. 402.

[4] *Matthew* v. 6.

CANTO XXV.

THE ARGUMENT.

As the three poets ascend, Virgil in reply to Dante's inquiry, explains how the shades become so meagre, and refers him for further satisfaction to Statius. The latter expounds the *genesis* of the human body, the infusion of the soul, and how the disembodied spirit is reinvested with an aërial substance that answers the purpose of a body. They arrive in the seventh round, in which the licentious are punished in fire, where they sing *Summæ Deus clementiæ*, and cite examples of Chastity.

For our ascent the hour brook'd no delay,
Since now to Taurus noon-day's arch the Sun
Had left, and midnight unto Scorpio's ray.[1]
Hence, like a man who does not pause but run
Right on, whatever may to him appear,
If by the spur of need he's goaded on;
Thus on the narrow path we enter'd there,
The one before the other, for no twain
Could mount abreast, so strait the ascending stair.
And as the storkling when it would sustain
Itself by flight, yet dares not leave the nest,
Raises its wings and lets them droop again;
So kindled and was quench'd within my breast
The wish to ask—even reaching to the act

[1] The Sun being in Aries, and Taurus on the meridian, it was about 2 p.m.; and Scorpio being opposite to Taurus, it was 2 a.m. on the opposite meridian.

Of one prepared to utter his request.
Though swift our progress, my loved sire, in fact,
Refrain'd not; but said, "Now discharge thy bow
Of speech, which thou dost to the steel retract,"[1]
I open'd then my mouth, encouraged so,
Commencing, "How can they become so meagre,
Who no necessity for food can know?"[2]
"If thou recall to mind how Meleager[3]
Consumed with the consumption of the brand,
Thou'lt comprehend," he said, "why they are eager.
Or if thou think how in a mirror scann'd,
Each change of yours your image doth present,[4]

[1] "They bend their tongues like a bow to shoot their arrows, even bitter words."—*Psalm* lxiv. 3. Pindar says of the Æacidæ:—

"Truly my ready tongue hath many arrows
To celebrate their praise."—*Isthm.* v. 60.

[2] Thus Adam asks and Raphael explains how angels eat with men.—*Paradise Lost*, v. 405.

[3] A celebrated hero of antiquity, son of Œneus king of Ætolia by Althæa, daughter of Thestius. At his birth Atropos declared that he would live as long as the firebrand which then lay on the fire should remain unconsumed. Althæa, having snatched it from the fire, preserved it with the greatest care. When he had slain the monstrous boar of Calydon, and given the skin to Atalanta, who first wounded the animal, his uncles attempted to rob her of the trophy; and Meleager, in defending her, slew them. Althæa, on her way to the temple to give thanks for her son's victory, was met by the corpses of her brothers, just brought from the chase. On learning that Meleager had slain them, she threw the fatal brand on which his life depended, into the fire, and Meleager died as soon as it was consumed.—Ovid. *Metam.* viii. 260, &c. As Meleager was wasted by the decree of the Fates, and not for want of nutriment, so the shades, who are not supported by food, may suffer by the Divine appointment.

[4] As the reflexion in a mirror is changed with the object re-

What now seems hard with ease thou'lt understand.
But that thou mayst be to thy wish content,
See Statius here; and him I call and pray,
That for thy thorough cure his aid be lent."
"If the Eternal vengeance I display,"
Statius replied, "while thou art present here,
The excuse must be, I cannot say thee Nay."[1]
Then he began; "Son, if my lessons clear
Thy mind receive and give to them good heed,
What thou dost ask their light will make appear.
Pure blood, more than the thirsty veins e'er need,[2]
Is not by them absorb'd, and hence remains,
Like plenteous viands which our wants exceed.
This in the heart a plastic virtue gains
To form the human limbs; for 'tis the flood
Which to compose them wanders through the veins.
Yet more prepared it passes—where 'tis good
To hold one's peace, not speak:—and thence descends
In nature's vessel on another's blood.
There each with other marvellously blends,[3]
One passive and the other active made,
By that consummate source whence either wends.
This union made, its work is not delay'd:

flected, so the disembodied soul is here supposed capable of impressing its material shade with its own affections.

[1] "If in thy presence I undertake this explanation, it is because I cannot deny any request of thine."

[2] The blood which is not required for the nourishment of the body. Dante's Physiology is, of course, as defective and obsolete as his Astronomy and Political Economy. The attempt in this canto to explain the human *genesis* is taken from St. Thomas Aquinas (*Summa* i. 118, 119), who follows Aristotle.

[3] See *Psalm* cxxxix. 13—16.

First curdling, then it animates the whole[1]
Of that which gains consistence from its aid.
The active virtue, thus become a soul,—
That of a plant, unlike in this alone,
This is in progress, that has reach'd its goal,—
Motion and feeling now has made its own,
Like a sea-sponge;[2] and working still presides
To organize the powers for which 'tis sown.
Now, son, unfolds, expanding on all sides,
The virtue from the father's heart that flows,
Where for the members Nature all decides.
But how the animal to human grows,
Thou seest not yet: once did this point refined
Mistake on one more sage than thou impose.
The passive understanding from the mind
His doctrine did as disunited treat,[3]

[1] "Thine hands have made me and fashioned me round about. Hast thou not poured me out as milk, and curdled me like cheese? Thou hast clothed me with skin and flesh, and hast fenced me with bones and sinews. Thou hast granted me life and favour, and thy visitation hath preserved my spirit."—*Job* x. 8—12.

[2] A zoöphite, or plant-animal; attached to the place where it is growing, but endowed with feeling and life.

[3] Averoes is here intended, for an account of whom see *Inferno*, iv. 144, note. From his commentary on Aristotle, *De Anima*, he appears to have held the eternity of the world, and that there is, pervading mankind, and inferior to Deity, one Universal Intellect, the external source of all human intelligence. Hence he is supposed to have denied the distinct existence and immortality of the soul.—See ENFIELD, *Hist. Phil.* B. v. ch. i. p. 432. For much of the knowledge displayed in this canto, Dante is said to have been indebted to the medical work of Averoes entitled *Colliget*, lib. ii. fol. 10. The Philosophers distinguished in the intellect two parts, the superior they called acting, or active; the inferior, possible or passive.

Since for it he no organ saw assign'd.
Open thy breast the coming truth to meet,
And know that when the organic structure due
Is in the embryo's brain become complete,
The Primal Mover, bending down to view
Nature's most wondrous work, with joy approves,"
And breathes with virtue fill'd a spirit new,[1]
Which draws whatever there most active proves;
And as one soul in whom all these combine
So lives, and feels, and self-reflecting moves.
Nor this wilt thou think strange, if thou the vine
Observe, in which from the sun's heat is bred
What, when it joins the sap, is turn'd to wine.[2]
Whenever Lachesis hath no more thread,[3].
The soul finds not though from the body freed,

[1] The rational soul is here distinguished from the vegetative and sensitive souls: and according to Dante, "*hi tres unum sunt*," a "transcript of the Trinity."—See Canto iv. 6, and note.

If the Poet's description be taken as referring to the *development* of the vegetative, sensitive, and rational phases or principles in man, it may in *this* sense be admitted: but if it be intended to assert that, at a certain stage of embryo existence, the spiritual and immortal principle is infused or breathed into the human frame, as the immediate gift and work of the Deity, we more than doubt its correctness. Our whole nature, "body, soul, and spirit," is transmitted to us, through parents and ancestors, from the first pair, so that each partakes of the effects of the original offence. These, indeed, are already, to a large extent, counteracted by the blessings of redemption, and in the faithful will be ultimately and entirely removed.

[2] Suggested, perhaps, by what Cicero, *De Senectute*, says of the grape, "which increasing by the moisture of the earth and the heat of the sun, is at first very harsh in its flavour, and when ripened becomes quite sweet."

[3] See Canto xxi. 27, and note.

Her energy divine and human fled.
All hush'd the other powers may seem, indeed;[1]
But will, intelligence, and memory,
Their former force and quickness much exceed.
She falls without delay spontaneously,
In wondrous manner upon either coast;[2]
There first learns what her future path will be.[3]
Soon as the place receives the naked ghost,
The informing virtue then shines forth around,
As much as e'er the living limbs could boast.
And as the air, when gentle showers abound,
From which the sun's reflected beams are thrown,
The many-colour'd arch doth half surround,
So there the neighbouring atmosphere puts on
Whatever form the soul which thus remains,
By that same virtue may impress thereon.[4]

[1] Those faculties which depend on the bodily organs have ceased their exercise.

[2] See *Inferno*, xiii. 94—96. The annotators say that by "either coast" is meant, either that which leads to Acheron, *Inferno*, iii. 122, or that mentioned in the second canto of *Purgatorio*, "dove l' acqua di Tevere s' insala," and where the shades assemble before embarking for Purgatory.

[3] The discovery of her actual condition and future destination being made by her own consciousness, which anticipates the sentence of the Great Day.

[4] Here we have not only the doctrine of a material or ethereal vehicle for the accommodation of the soul in its disembodied or intermediate state (Canto iii. 33, note), but also an attempt to explain its composition and mode of operation. Possibly, there may also have been, in the intention of Dante, a figurative sense —the doctrine of a spiritual regeneration. Hence the description is immediately followed by the hymn which is a prayer for purity, and the expulsion of Callisto, in consequence of her defilement,

And in like manner as the flame which glides,
Following the fire where'er it may alight,
So her new form the stranger spirit guides:
Hence hath she her appearance, and the Sprite
So clothed is call'd a Shade: of every sense
Each has the organ, even to that of sight;
Hence have we power to speak or laugh, and hence
We oft shed tears and heave repentant sighs;
As through the mount thou hast had evidence.
According as our wishes may arise,
And our affections prompt us, we appear;
And this has caused what wakens thy surprise."
Now to the bend of the last circle there
We had arrived, and turn'd on the right side;
And other objects then awoke our care.
For, from the bank[1] shot forth, a flame I spied,
While from the edge[2] a wind appear'd to blow,
Which bent it back, and therefrom drove it wide,
Whence one by one we were compell'd to go
Along the open side; and here the fire
I fear'd, and there that I should fall below.
My leader said, "This pathway will require
That a tight bridle for the eyes be found;
For a slight slip might work thee mischief dire.[3]
"*God of supreme compassion;*"[4] Thus a sound

from the retinue of Diana, the chaste goddess: for Dante constantly mingles together Scriptural and Classical allusions.

[1] The mountain steep, which rose at their left hand.

[2] "I made a covenant with mine eyes."—*Job* xxxi. 1. "In the slippery paths of youth."—ADDISON.

[3] The brink of the precipice which sloped away on the right-hand side of the road.

[4] The first line of an ancient hymn, sung on the Sabbath (Saturday) at matins (*matutinæ*, morning prayers). In the

Of singing from the fire's deep bosom came,
Which made me not less anxious to look round:
And I saw spirits walk amidst the flame.
I look'd at them and, as I walk'd along,
At my own steps, at each by turns the same.
When they the hymn had sung, with voices strong,
Their cry, "*I do not know a man,*" ensued:[1]

Breviary (*Breviarium Romanum*) it appears with slight alteration, commencing, "*Summæ parens clementiæ.*" As a prayer for purity it is fitly put into the mouths of those who are undergoing chastisement for the opposite offence. The following is a translation:—

"God of supreme compassion, hear,
Who rul'st this universal sphere:
Thee as our only God we own,
In persons three in essence one.

"Benignly Good, our wants relieve,
Our songs of gratitude receive;
That with a heart from sin set free
We may have greater joy with thee.

"Our inward hearts to virtue turn,
Let holy fires within us burn;
With loins now girt we watch and pray,
To keep licentious thoughts away.

"Throughout the silent hours of night
Would we to sing thy praise unite;
To us abundantly be given
The riches of our native heaven.

"Benignant Father, be thou here,
Thou Son, coequal, sole, and dear,
With thy own Spirit's bright, pure flame,
Reigning through every age the same."

[1] The words of the Blessed Virgin to the Angel Gabriel.—*Luke* i. 34.

Then in low tones they recommenced their song.
This done, again they cried out; "In the wood
Stay'd Dian, and Callisto chased away,
Whom Cytherea's poison had subdued."[1]
Next they renew'd their song; those ladies they
Extoll'd aloud, and husbands, who were chaste,
As virtue ruled and marriage laws held sway.[2]
And in this mode, I think, they daily paced,
Long as on them the fires their hold maintain:
Such cares employ their time, such food their taste;
So must the latest wound be closed again.[3]

[1] Callisto was a daughter of Lycao, king of Arcadia, and one of Diana's attendants. Having been violated by Jupiter in the disguise of Diana, her pregnancy was discovered by the goddess, when they were about to bathe.

"'Hence, begone,' said Cynthia, 'nor pollute the sacred fountains:'
And thus she commanded her to quit the virgin assembly."

Juno, in revenge, transformed her into a bear, in which shape she was on the point of being slain unwittingly by her son Arcas while he hunted in the woods; but Jupiter snatched her from the danger and placed her in the sky, where she shines as *Ursa major*, but without ever bathing her forehead in the pure sea.—OVID. *Metam.* ii. 401, &c.

[2] "Marriage is honorable in all." Dante does not speak of it as a state inferior to, or less holy than celibacy; a notion adopted from Paganism. Yet the Church of Rome, while forbidding marriage to all her clerical orders, whom she regards as *too holy* for such a state, with marvellous inconsistency declares marriage to be a *sacrament*.

[3] The last of the P's branded by the angel on the Poet's brow to denote the sin of licentiousness.

CANTO XXVI.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Shades converse about Dante; and one of them acquaints him with their eagerness to be informed. Before he has time to answer, another troop appears, and the two rush together and perform their penance, which consists in mutual salutation accompanied by opprobrious cries. One of the first party, having heard the account which Dante gives of himself, explains the occasion of their penance, and makes himself known to Dante as Guido Guinicelli, a famous Bolognese poet. He points out Arnault Daniel, chief of the Provençal poets, with whom Dante converses.

WHILE one by one along the edge we went,
Oft my good master said, "Be careful thou;
My warning is for thy advantage meant.[1]
The sun on my right shoulder smote me now,[2]
For with his beams already all the West
To glowing white had changed its azure brow:
And in my shadow brighter than the rest
The flame seem'd burning;[3] and that prodigy
I saw the shades remark, as on they press'd.[4]

[1] See Canto XXV. 118, 119.

[2] The Poet, now proceeding south, had the setting sun on his right.

[3] A fire, when the sun shines on it, appears less bright than when screened by some opaque object that casts its shadow on it.

[4] Dante represents it as the constant theme of wonder to the disembodied souls, that he should thus *cast* a shade when he was expected to *be* one.

It was on this occasion that of me
They first began conversing; and they said,
"This no fictitious body seems to be;"[1]
Then towards me turn'd, far as they could, their tread,
To be assured; yet always mix'd with care
Not to evade the flames which on them fed.[2]
"O thou that walkèst, not more slowly there,
But haply reverent, at the others' heels,
Answer me who this thirst and burning bear.
Not I alone, more thirst each present feels
For thy reply than that with which in drought
Indian or Ethiop at the well's brink kneels.
Say, when against the sun thy form is brought,
Why like a wall appear'st thou, as if yet
Thou hadst not in the toils of death been caught?"
So spake one shade; and I should then have met
Their wishes, but my thoughts, now drawn away,
Upon a new phenomenon were set:
For in the middle of that flaming way,
With face opposed to these a tribe came on,
To gaze on whom occasion'd my delay.
Together on all sides I saw them run,
And each on either did a kiss impress,
Nor stay'd;—content with this brief greeting done.
Even thus the swarthy tribes of ants express
When in midway their greeting, snout to snout;
Perhaps to ask their way, or wish success.[3]

[1] See *Inferno*, viii. 84, 85; xii. 80—82; xxiii. 88.

[2] Instead of eagerness to escape, as shown by the lost, *Inferno*, xii. 74, 75; xxii. 23, &c., they are anxious to fulfil the purpose of Heaven in the sufferings assigned them.

[3] The marvellous instinct of ants has been the subject of remark from the days of Solomon, *Prov.* vi. 6—8, to the present time.

When this kind welcome of the shades devout
Had ended, ere they pass'd each other by,
They with each other vieing raised a shout.
The new tribe, "Sodom and Gomorrha," cry;
The rest, "Pasíphaë assumed the cow
To lure the bull to her."[1] As cranes that fly,
One flock to the Riphæan[2] mountain's brow,
And one to reach the Lybian desert strives.
Those to escape the sun and these the snow;[3]
So here one tribe departs and one arrives,
Resuming their first chant with many a tear,
And on their lips the cry most fit revives.[4]
And then to me that crowd again drew near,
Who just before to me had made request,
And by their aspect show'd their wish to hear.
Having seen twice their eagerness express'd,
I thus began; "O spirits who are sure
To gain in hour most meet that heavenly rest,

Though mute they have the means of communicating to each other information of various occurrences, and use a kind of language which is mutually understood. M. Huber observed of the *Formica herculanea*, that when he disturbed those most distant from the rest, they ran towards the others, and shaking their heads against them communicated their cause of fear or anger, that these in turn communicated in the same way the intelligence to others, till the whole colony was in a ferment.—See KIRBY and SPENCE's *Introduction to Entomology*, p. 321, Ed. 1857.

[1] *Inferno*, xii. 14.

[2] "One pole of heaven rises over Scythia and the Riphean summits, The other depressed is borne down to the southern parts of Lybia."—VIRGIL, *Georgics* i. 240, 241.

[3] *Inferno*, v. 46.

[4] The chant and shout mentioned Canto xxv. lines 121 and 128.

My limbs I have not left, crude or mature,
Behind on earth, but they are here with me,
With their warm blood, and joints all knit secure.
I hence ascend who blind no more would be:
A heavenly dame[1] this grace for me obtain'd,
Whence through your world I bear mortality.
But may your highest aim be soon attain'd,
That in celestial mansions you may dwell,
So full of love, where ampler space is gain'd;
As who you are and what this crowd you tell,
Who, faced about behind you, go away;
That on my tablets I may note it well."
Not otherwise the mountaineer will stay,
Staring around confused, with wonder dumb,
When rude and rustic in the city gay,
Than every shade in aspect had become.
But when they were disburden'd of surprise,
By every lofty heart with ease o'ercome,[2]
"O bless'd art thou, for better life made wise,"
He recommenced whose prayer had been suspended,
"The pathway proving through our bounds which lies.
The tribe, who come not with us, have offended
In that respect for which, in triumph high,
Cæsar with shouts of 'Queen' was reprehended.[3]
Hence, in departing, 'Sodom' is their cry,
Heightening with shame their burning penalty,

[1] Beatrice, *Inferno*, ii. 70, &c.

[2] The natural sentiment of wonder at what is new or grand, is beneficial and laudable, when it prompts us to investigation and stimulates us in the pursuit of wisdom: but when it leads to nothing beyond itself it is irrational or idiotic.

[3] See SUETONIUS, *Julius Cæsar*, cap. 49, throughout which and the following chapter, the historian describes the immense licentiousness of Julius Cæsar.

While, as thou heard'st, themselves they vilify.
Our sin was double natured: and since we
To human laws conform'd not, but pursued
Our appetites, like beasts, most brutishly,
Therefore when we our interview conclude,
To our own shame we shout the name of her
Who took a brute's form in the sculptured wood.
Thus far our deeds and guilt: if who we were,
And what our names, perchance thou'dst have me say,
Time and my knowledge both would fail me here.
Thy wish to learn who I am I'll allay.
I'm Guido Guinicelli,[1] early purged
Thus, through repentance ere my latest day."
As in the sadness which Lycurgus urged,
Two sons once lost again their mother greet,[2]
Such was my joy, though not so high it surged,
When I had heard him thus his name repeat,
Sire of myself and betters, who e'er used
The rhymes of love so beautiful and sweet;
I without speech or hearing walk'd and mused
A long time looking at him; and had sped
Nearer, but me the fire its leave refused.
When I with gazing had enough been fed,
I tender'd him prompt service dutiful,
With words which win belief when they are said.
And he replied; "Such impress clear and full
Thou leavèst in me by what now I hear,
As Lethe[3] never can efface nor dull.

[1] A poet already noticed, Canto xi. 97, and note, and honourably mentioned by Dante in his *Convito* and in his *De Vulgari Eloquentiâ*. He died in 1276.

[2] See Canto xxii. 112, note.

[3] See *Inferno*, xiv. 136 and note.

But as that I believe thy words I swear, [110
Since thy regard both speech and looks have proved,
Tell me the cause why I to thee am dear."
And I to him; "'Twas your sweet sayings moved,
Which, while our tongues shall last, secure have made
The traces of your ink to be beloved."
"Brother," he said, and pointed at a shade,
"A greater workman's talents he who goes
Before me in his mother-tongue display'd.[1]
In amorous verses and romantic prose
He all surpass'd, and left the fools to say,
Limoges' bard in merit higher rose.[2] 120
By rumour more than truth they grope their way,
And so a fix'd opinion come to frame,
Ere disciplined by art or reason they.
Thus many cried up once Guittone's name,[3]
With babbling talk even giving him the prize,
Till truth at last by numbers overcame.
If thine such ample privileges rise,
That thou the cloister to approach art free
Whose college Christ as abbot sanctifies,
One Paternoster say to him for me, 130
As far as here our needs it can include,
Where power to sin with us no more can be."[4]

[1] See line 133 and note. In an affecting manner Dante here inculcates that modesty which usually accompanies true genius, and the Christian duty recommended by St. Paul, "In honour preferring one another."—*Romans* xii. 10.

[2] Giraud de Borneil, of Sideuil (Sidwell?), a castle in Limoges. He was called *Il maestro de' Trovatori*, "The master of the Troubadours;" and the invention of the Canzone is ascribed to him. He is repeatedly mentioned by Dante, and appears to have been much admired and caressed in his day.

[3] See Canto xxiv. 56 and note.

[4] See Canto xi. 22—24.

Then to give place to one who next him stood,[1]
He vanish'd in the fire which o'er him swept,
As glides a fish when diving through the flood.
I towards the Spirit he had shown me stept,
And said that my affection for his name
A gracious place within my heart had kept.
Then from his lips this answer freely came:—
"Such joie to me your curteis words are bringing,[2]
I neither woll ne can resist your claim.
Arnault Ik am, who weep as I go singing,
Within this fiery ford, my follies past;
And ken the day I hope for hither winging.
Now by that guiding power through which at last
You'll reach the summit whither you aspire,
Think in fit hour where my sad lot is cast."
He vanish'd then in the refining fire.

[1] Arnault Daniel, placed by Dante and Petrarch at the head of the Provençal poets. The latter says of him;—

"Among all, the first was Arnaldo Daniel,
Great master of love; who to his country
Still does honour by his polished and beautiful verse."

Trionfo D' Amore, cap. iv. ll. 40—42.

[2] In the original, the reply of Arnault Daniel, in these eight lines, is in the Provençal dialect.

CANTO XXVII.

THE ARGUMENT.

An angel beyond the flame sings *Beati mundo corde*, and invites the poets to enter. Dante hesitates, through fear of being burnt. Virgil encourages him, and informs him that it is the flame which separates him from Beatrice. The sound of her name decides him. While passing through it they hear the invitation, *Venite, benedicti patris mei.* On the other side a pathway appears within the rock, which they ascend; and being overtaken by night, sleep on the steps. His dream of Rachel and Leah. On awaking they proceed and reach the top, where Virgil formally resigns his charge, giving Dante up to his own guidance and choice until he shall meet with Beatrice.

'Twas when his earliest beams the Sun was throwing,
There where his Maker once pour'd out his blood,
Swift Ebro under the high Balance flowing,
While noon-tide glory shone on Ganges flood;
Here daylight, as he set, forsook the sky,[1]
When in our view God's joyful angel stood:
Beyond the flaming bank he tower'd on high,
And, "*Blessed are the pure in heart*,"[2] he chanted,

[1] At Jerusalem the Sun (in Aries) was now rising; Spain (traversed by the Ebro, the ancient Iberus) was under Libra (the sign *opposite* Aries), consequently it was midnight there; and in India (watered by the Ganges) it was noonday. Therefore, on the mount of Purgatory, at the antipodes of Jerusalem, it was sunset.

[2] *Matthew* v. 8.

In tones with which no human voice could vie.
"Unless the fire first bite, no path is granted:
Enter it, holy souls, nor be dismay'd,
But hear the song that yonder is descanted."[1]
'Twas thus he spoke, as our approach we made:
And when I heard his accents, I became
Like one who in the sepulchre is laid.[2]
My claspèd hands held up, my fears proclaim;
And Fancy strong, within the fiery bound
Saw human bodies prey'd on by the flame.[3]
Then towards me my good convoy turn'd him round,
And Virgil said, "My son, in this abode
There may be torment, but no death is found.

[1] The song heard from beyond the flame was their guiding signal.

[2] "I felt like one about to be entombed alive." "Buried with him by baptism into death."—*Rom.* vi. 4.

[3] His fancy might here have been aided by the actual scenes which in those days were not uncommon— the burning of heretics. On the 1st of June, 1307, in Vercelli, Fra Dolcino was compelled to witness the burning alive by a slow fire of his devoted follower, Sister Margaret; after which he was carried in procession round the city, torn with red-hot pincers, and his own mangled body thrown into the glowing heap which had consumed her. The rest of his followers who had survived with him, underwent similar punishments. Dolcino and his adherents, about 3000 in number, had sustained a siege for two years in the mountains north-west of Novara and Vercelli, their destruction having been the object of a Papal crusade. Of indomitable courage, and a strategist of the first order, Dolcino was the Garibaldi of the Middle Ages. In every encounter with his enemies, whether assailed or assailing, he was successful; and at last only succumbed to frost and famine. The sympathies of a dark and bigoted age were with his persecutors; but the admiration of Dante for his heroism is not obscurely expressed.—See *Inferno*, xxviii. 56—60, and note.

Remember, O remember: when we rode
On Geryon's back, if thee I safely led,[1]
What shall I do now so much nearer God?
Know that if cavern'd in its centre dread
A thousand years, the flame thou might'st contemn:
No single hair could perish from thy head.[2]
If thou my words deem false, in proof of them,
Go towards it now and for thyself essay,
With both hands holding up thy garment's hem.
Then cast off dread; yea, cast all fear away;
Plunge and pass through in full security."
Yet still, against my conscience, I delay.
When thus he saw my pertinacity,
A little vex'd, "Now see, my son," he cries,
"This is a wall 'twixt Beatrice and thee."
As Pyramus, at Thisbe's name, his eyes
Open'd in death, once more on her to look,
What time the mulberry gain'd its crimson dyes,[3]
Even thus one word my obstinacy shook;

[1] *Inferno*, xvii. [2] See *Dan.* iii. 27.

[3] Pyramus, a youth of Babylon, became enamoured of Thisbe. Forbidden to marry by their parents, they corresponded through a chink in the wall that separated their dwellings. Having plighted their vows to each other, they agreed to meet at the tomb of Ninus, under a white mulberry-tree, beyond the walls of the city. Thisbe was earliest at the trysting-place, but the sudden appearance of a lioness drove her from the spot, and she took shelter in a neighbouring cave. But in her flight she dropped her veil, which the lioness found and besmeared with blood. Pyramus now arrived, and finding Thisbe's veil all bloody, concluded that she had been torn in pieces; whereon he stabbed himself. Thisbe, recovering from her fright, returned from the cave, and finding Pyramus mortally wounded, fell on the same sword which was yet reeking with his blood. Ovid, who relates the tale, has added the tradition referred to by Dante:—

To Virgil turning, at that name I sped
Which always in my mind precedence took.
His head he nodded then: "How now?" he said;
"Wouldst thou stop here?"[1] and then he smiled at me,
As at an infant by an orange led.
Into the fire before me then went he,
Entreating Statius in the rear to pass,
For he had walk'd between us previously.
When I had enter'd, into molten glass
I would have plunged for coolness, if I could;
So great the immeasurable heat, alas!
To cheer me my good sire his way pursued
Speaking of Beatrice alone and said,
"Even now, it seems, by me her eyes are view'd."
Led by a voice of song beyond, we sped,
And, as our only guide, thereto attended;
We issued where the pathway upward led,
And, "*Come ye blessed of my Father,*"[2] then did
Welcome us thither from within a light;
Nor could I gaze upon a sight so splendid.
"The sun is set," it added, "and the night
Comes on, here stay not, strive the pass to win,
Ere yet the western sky is darken'd quite."[3]
Straight up our pathway rose, the rock within,
So that the level rays which feebly shone
I stopp'd before me; but few steps therein

"The fruit of the tree when sprinkled by this homicide,
Was changed in its appearance; and the root, with blood thus moisten'd,
Tinged with a crimson colour the depending mulberries."
Metam. iv. 55—127.

[1] "Wouldst thou stay here, when thou art separated from Beatrice, yet so near to her?"

[2] *Matthew* xxv. 34. [3] See *John* xii. 35.

My guides and I had climb'd while toiling on,
When we, soon as the shadow fail'd from thence,
Knew that behind, the sun to rest had gone.[1]
Now of one sombre aspect seem'd the immense
Horizon, and the dusky night had spread
Her curtain o'er its whole circumference.
And each of us then made a step his bed;
For such the nature of the mountain, we,
To climb though anxious, found the power was fled.
As rest the goats that sported wantonly
Up in the cliffs before they took their meat,
Now silent ruminating peacefully,
Screen'd by the umbrage from the noontide heat,
Watch'd by the shepherd on his staff who rests,
Thus rendering their security complete;
And as the swain himself of sleep divests,
And with his quiet cattle spends the night,
To guard them from the wild and hungry beasts;
Even such we then all three appear'd in sight,
They as the shepherds, as the goat was I;
The enclosing grot on each hand rose upright.
Without appear'd but little of the sky,
But in that little I beheld the stars,
Larger and brighter than their wont, on high.
While I thus mused, and on their glittering cars
Thus gazed, sleep seized me; sleep which oft discerns
Futurity, whose portal she unbars.[2]
It was the hour, I think, when Venus turns
The orient bright, on this high mount first shining,
The star that with love's fires for ever burns.
I saw a lady, in her form combining

[1] The direction of their journey, therefore, was now eastward.
[2] See Canto ix. 16—18; and *Inferno*, xxvi. 7, 8, and note.

Beauty and youth, and through a lawn she came
Collecting flowers, who sang, while them entwining,
(So dream'd I) "Know, whoever asks my name,
That I am Leah, and in roving ply
My beauteous hands a wreath for me to frame.[1]
And for my pleasure at this mirror I
Adorn myself; but loth from hers to stir,
My sister Rachel sits all day thereby.
To see her own fair eyes rejoices her;
And me with my own hands myself adorning.
Her choice is looking, working I prefer." [2]
And now appear'd the splendours of the morning,
Whose rising to the pilgrim seems more sweet,
The nearer lodged when homeward he's returning.
Darkness on every side made its retreat,
And my dream with it: then I rose and saw
Already the great masters on their feet.
"Those pleasant fruits,[3] which longing mortals draw
To wander searching through so many boughs,
This day will pacify thy hungry maw."
Such words as these did Virgil's lips disclose
To me, and never presents gave delight
Equal to that which now within me rose.

[1] Leah's fondness for flowers, here alluded to, refers to the incident respecting the "mandrakes" (*mandragoræ*, Vulg.; *flores amabiles, Jun. et Trem.*), which her son Reuben found in the field and brought to her.—*Gen.* xxx. 14.

[2] Leah is here taken as a type of the active and Rachel of the contemplative life. In the Church of S. Pietro in Vincolo are two statues by Michael Angelo, representing these two allegorical personages. Beatrice and Rachel are associated here, as in *Inferno*, ii. 102. Here, as elsewhere throughout the *Purgatorio*, the dream is intended as a presage of what follows.

[3] See *Inferno*, xvi. 61, 62.

And such intense desire to climb the height
Came o'er me at each step which upward led,
I felt wings growing to assist my flight.[1]
When the whole staircase, now beneath our tread,
Was pass'd, and o'er the topmost step we turn,
Upon me Virgil fix'd his eyes and said,
"The fires both temporary and eterne,[2]
Son, thou hast seen, and now hast reach'd a part
Where of myself no further I discern:
Hither I've led thee by my skill and art.
Take thine own pleasure for thy guidance now;
Freed from the steep and straiten'd way thou art.
Behold the sun that shines upon thy brow,
Behold the herbs, the flowers, the fruit-trees rare,
Which from the land without compulsion grow,[3]
Till she arrive with beaming eyes and fair,
Whose weeping sent me to thine aid along:
Thou canst sit down or wander here and there.
Expect not that our converse I prolong.
And since thy will is healthy, right, and free,
To disregard whose impulse would be wrong,
Lord of thyself I crown and mitre thee."[4]

[1] See *Paradise Lost*, ix. 1009—11.

[2] The fires of Purgatory and of Hell.—See *Inferno*, i. 112—120.

[3] "They passed into another most delightful plain. The plain itself splendid, sweet, and lovely, was of such magnitude, glory, and beauty, as no tongue can relate: for it was full of mirth and gladness and joy. There the odour of lilies and of roses, there the fragrance of all spices perfumed the air, there the land flowed over with manna and the abundance of all eternal delights. In the middle of this plain is Paradise."—*The Vision of Alberic*, sec. 20.

[4] "And hast made us unto our God kings and priests: and we shall reign on the earth."—*Rev.* v. 10.

CANTO XXVIII.

THE ARGUMENT.

Arrived at the summit of the mountain, the poets enter a verdant and delightful forest. They come to a pure stream of water, which impedes Dante's progress, but on the opposite bank there appears a fair lady, singing and gathering flowers. She explains to him the nature of the place, which is the *Terrestrial Paradise*, and of the river, which is *Lethe*, twin-born with another stream called *Eunoë*. Identity of Man's primeval condition here with the golden age sung by the ancient poets.

EAGER to enter and around survey
The fresh-green forest form'd by heavenly art,
Which temper'd to mine eyes the new-born day,[1]
No more I wait, but from the bank depart;[2]
And o'er the plain my way at leisure find,
Whose fragrant soil breathed sweets in every part.
A pleasant breeze which ne'er to change inclined,
So self-sustaining, smote me on the brow
With softest impulse, like a gentle wind,[3]

[1] "This region is the terrestrial Paradise from which man was first expelled for his sins."—*Vision of the Knight Owen.* ROGER WENDOVER, p. 519.

[2] The edge or extremity bordering on vacancy.

[3] "Wild birds their song among the branches make,
Azure and yellow, red, and white, and green;
Each murmuring rivulet and quiet lake
More limpid than the crystal's ray serene:

To whose mild influence all the branches bow
  Their trembling foliage towards the quarter where
  The holy mount casts its first shadow now; [1]
Yet not so discomposed thereby they were,
  But that the birds upon each top sublime
  Were left at ease their songs to warble there.[2]
And they with full delight the hours of prime
  Welcomed in their melodious minstrelsy
  Among the leaves, which did in chorus chime:[3]
Such as from bough to bough make melody
  Through the pine-forest on Chiassi's shore,[4]

> A pleasant breeze, which seems its way to take
> Ever the same, nor change can intervene,
> So tremulously shakes the air around,
> That from the noontide heat no hurt is found."
>
> ARIOSTO, *Orl. Fur.* XXXIV. 50.

[1] The morning shadow cast by the mountain towards the west. The gentle wind was blowing westward also, and as it smote on the poet's brow, consequently he was now journeying east with his face towards the rising sun.

[2] In ordinary cases, when the winds are rough, the birds are silent, as in terror.

[3] The whisper occasioned by the gentle wind among the leaves, mingled with the song of the birds.

[4] On the shores of the Adriatic, near the city of Ravenna, stood the town of Chiassi, anciently Classis. In the time of Cæsar it was close to the sea, which flowed up to the walls of Ravenna, though now four miles distant. The harbour, called Portus Classis, was built by Augustus, instead of the old one at the mouth of the Ronco, and was capable of containing 250 ships. He joined the new harbour with the Po by a canal, and built a causeway to it from the city. When, A.D. 404, Honorius chose Ravenna as the seat of the Western empire, the deposits of the Po accumulating on the coast had filled up the port of Augustus, and the forest of pines which supplied the Roman fleet with timber, had usurped the spot where the fleet had before anchored, and had spread far along the shore. The strength of its position and the

When Æolus hath set Sirocco free.[1]
Already had my slow steps wander'd o'er
The ground so far within an ancient wood,
That I its entrance could perceive no more;
And lo, a brook my onward march withstood,
While towards the left the herbs which by it grow
Bend with the wavelets of its crystal flood.
The purest streams that from earth's fountains flow
With them some taint or feculence combine,
Compared with this which nothing hides below;
Yet black with shade its limpid waves decline
Under that verdant roof's perpetual screen,
Through which no Sun or Moon can ever shine.
My steps were stay'd, but with mine eyes the scene
Beyond the stream I reach'd, amazed to see
The varied bloom of branches fresh and green.
All on a sudden there appear'd to me,
As when aught strikes us with astonishment,
Causing all other thoughts at once to flee,
A lady[2] unaccompanied, that went

fortifications added by Honorius, baffled the fierce invaders under Radagaldus and Alaric, and saved the city; but in 728, Chiassi or Classe was destroyed by Luitprand, king of the Lombards, with the exception of its church, the noble Basilica of S. Apollinare, in Classe, on the skirts of the *Pineta* or *Pine-forest*, which extends along the shores of the Adriatic twenty-five miles, from Lamone on the north of Ravenna to Cervia on the south, and covers a sandy tract, varying in breadth from one to three miles. One part of this venerable forest still retains the name of the Vicolo de' Poeti, from a tradition that it is the spot where Dante loved to meditate. It is also the scene of Boccaccio's most thrilling tale, *Nastagio degli Onesti*, and of Dryden's *Theodore and Honoria*.

[1] Æolus, the god of winds. Sirocco, the rainy south-east wind.

[2] By this lady Dante probably intended to represent the union of contemplation and activity. But, as in the case of Beatrice,

Singing and gathering flowers, from flowers that wove
Along her path its rich embellishment.
"O lady fair, that with the rays of love[1]
Art warm'd, if I may trust the sighs which long
Have the heart's witnesses been wont to prove;
May thy good pleasure move thy steps along,"
To her I said, "unto this brooklet near,
So that I may distinctly hear thy song.
For thou remindest me of what and where
Was Proserpine at that time when her mother
Lost her, and she her spring-time too lost there."[2]

Lucia, and others, a real person may also be alluded to, considered as the type of those virtues. In Canto xxxiii. 119, she is called Matilda, perhaps in allusion to the Countess Matilda, daughter of Boniface, duke of Tuscany and his duchess Beatrice, daughter of the emperor Conrade II. and sister to Henry III. She flourished about two centuries before Dante, and was the most powerful and wealthy Italian princess of her time. She was the head of the Guelf league, and defended the papacy with her troops against the emperor Henry IV. Her first husband Godfrey duke of Lorraine died in 1076. Her second was Welph or Guelph, duke of Bavaria, who married her in 1089 and was separated from her in 1105. Matilda was induced by Pope Gregory VII. to settle all her possessions on him and his successors in the Papal chair. This bequest was warmly contested by Henry V. and others, nor could the pontiffs retain more than a part, which has constituted a portion of the Papal States down to our own times. Matilda died A.D. 1115.

[1] In the allegorical or figurative sense, Divine Love is always to be understood.

"To whom the angel, with a smile that glow'd
Celestial rosy red, love's proper hue,
Answer'd, 'Let it suffice thee that thou know'st
Us happy, and without love no happiness.'"
Paradise Lost, viii. 618.

[2] *Inferno*, vii. 12, note; and x. 81, note.—

Close to the ground, alternate with each other,
As moves her feet a lady in the dance,
Yet scarcely puts one foot before another,
So towards me now did she her steps advance
On gold and vermeil flowers; not different
From some fair maid with downcast modest glance,
And did what gave my utter'd wish content,
Drawing so near me that the dulcet sound

"A lake not far from the high walls of Enna
Named Pergus there is: not on the gliding waves of Cayster
More numerous the songs of swans than are heard on its waters.
A wood crowns the waters, on every side surrounding them;
With its leaves, like a veil, it wards off the stroke of Apollo.
The branches give coolness, the moist ground yields purple flowers.
A perpetual spring is there. And here while Proserpine sported
'Midst the grove, and pluck'd the violets or the white lilies,
And while with girlish care both the basket and her bosom
She fills, and strives to surpass her coevals in the selection,
Almost at once she is seen in her pastime and seizure by Pluto:
For even thus prompt is love. With sad voice the terrified goddess
On her mother and her companions, but on her mother oftenest,
Called: and as she tore her garment from the upper border,
The collected flowers fell down from the slacken'd tunic,
And so much simplicity accompanied her years of childhood,
That even the loss of the flowers moved her virgin anguish.
The Ravisher urged on his chariot and encouraged his horses,
Calling each by name, and on their necks, and manes also,
He shook the loose reins, which were tinged with gloomy iron.
And she was borne through the deep lakes, and pools of the Palisci,
Stinking with sulphur and the broken earth burning:
And where the Bacchidæ, natives of double-sea'd Corinth,
Between unequal walls a harbour constructed."

OVID. *Metam.* v. 385—408.

I heard, and comprehended its intent.
Soon as she reach'd the river's grassy bound
Whose waves the greensward lave as past they run,
She raised her eyes, which I a largess found.
I do not think that so much splendour shone
Under the lids of Venus when pierced through
So unexpectedly by her own son.[1]
She, from the right bank smiling stood in view,
Plucking more flowers with colours richly dyed,
Which still unsown in that high region grew.
The river here was only three steps wide.
That Hellespont where Xerxes pass'd the sea,—
A bridle still imposed on human pride,—[2]
Leander hated not more cordially,
Because 'twixt Sestos and Abydos flowing,[3]
Than I did this which open'd not for me.
She said, "That I a smiling face am showing,
Here in this cradle of the human race,
With wonder some suspicion may be throwing
On me, since ye are strangers to the place.
But the Psalm '*Thou hast made me glad,*'[4] supplies

[1] Cupid, by whose dart she was accidentally wounded, and so became enamoured of Adonis.

[2] Xerxes bridged the Hellespont from the Asiatic to the European shore. When the first bridge was broken by the waves, he ordered the sea to be scourged and a pair of fetters to be thrown into it, as if he would reduce it to the condition of a slave. Over the bridge then reconstructed, he and his vast army passed: but on his return, defeated, with a small number of attendants, he found that it had been swept away; and was glad to pass over in a fishing boat.

[3] Hero, a beautiful priestess of Venus at Sestos, was beloved by Leander, a youth of Abydos, who swam across the Hellespont to see her, but was at last drowned in the attempt.

[4] "*Quia delectasti me Domine.—Psalm* xcii. (*Vulg.* xci.) 4.

That light which from your minds the cloud will chase.
And thou who standest now before mine eyes,
And pray'dst me, say if thou wouldst hear aught more.
I come to answer, far as may suffice."
"The occasion of the stream I would explore,
And whispering forest, which oppose," I said,
"With a new faith what I had heard before." [1]
Then she; "I will explain how they are bred,
And show their cause, thy wonder to decrease,
And so dispel the clouds that round thee spread.
The Sovereign Good, sole source of his own peace,
Made man sublime, and gave him this high seat,
An earnest of the joy that ne'er shall cease.
Not long man stay'd here, through his foul defeat;
By his own fault he into toil and woe[2]
Changed laughter innocent and pastime sweet.
That those disturbances which oft below
Occur through vapours of the sea or earth
Which follow heat, as far as they can go,
To fierce assaults on man might not give birth,
This mountain lifts its head thus high towards heaven,
And is exempt, from where the gate looks forth.[3]
Now since, obeying the first impulse given,[4]
The atmosphere doth in its circuit glide,
Save where its round is by some hindrance riven,[5]

[1] In allusion to what Statius had lately told him, Canto xxi. 46, &c., that there was neither wind nor water in the upper part of the mountain.

[2] See *Paradise Lost*, iii. 95—99.

[3] Exempt from storms upwards from the Gate of Purgatory, described Canto ix. 130.

[4] By the *Primum Mobile*, according to the Ptolemaic theory of the universe.

[5] Unless its motion is impeded by a contrary wind or the tops of mountains.

Hence on this height, open on every side
To the pure living air,[1] such motion[2] shakes
The thick wood through, resounding far and wide;
And in each tree so struck such power awakes
That all the air partakes its properties,
And sows them in the circling course it takes:
And yonder earth,[3] as far as it agrees
In soil or clime, receives and brings to light
Of different virtues all the different trees.
Your wonder, therefore, it should not excite,
Considering this, if any plant meanwhile
Take root from seed not plain to human sight.
Know that this plain, which needs not human toil,
With seeds of every kind spontaneously,
Bears fruit that never grew on mortal soil.[4]
From no such spring the river thou dost see,
Of mists on which the cold exerts its force,
Like rill renew'd and spent alternately;[5]
But issues from a sure and constant source,
Which on God's will for such supply depends[6]
As from its opening pours in double course.
On this side with a virtue it descends
Which takes away all memory of sin:
On that, each virtuous deed with memory blends.

[1] The air disburdened of all terrestrial vapours and impurities.

[2] The motion of the *Primum Mobile.*

[3] He means "the great dry land" (*Inferno*, xxxiv. 113), inhabited by the living, and separated from Purgatory by the ocean.

[4] "Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil."—MILTON'S *Lycidas*, l. 78.

[5] See Canto xiv. 34—36.

[6] "And he showed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb."—*Rev.* xxii. 1.

Lethè the name this hither stream doth win,[1]
Eunoë that;[2] but no effect is wrought
From either till to taste it we begin.
The last in flavour is unmatch'd by aught:
And though thy thirst might well be satisfied,
If I to thee no more discoveries brought,
One corollary I will give beside:
And thou from censure wilt my words exempt,
Although beyond my promise satisfied.
The ancient bards, who in their high attempt
The golden age and happy state recall,
Perhaps of this place in Parnassus dreamt.[3]
Here our first Parents dwelt before their fall:
Perpetual spring and every fruit was here:
This is the nectar mention'd by them all."
Backward I turn'd me to the poets near,
And in their looks the smile I well could trace
With which to this last sentence they gave ear:
Then to the lady fair I turn'd my face.

[1] See *Inferno*, Canto xiv. 136, note. *Purgatorio*, xxxiii. 96.

[2] "Good remembrance:" the Antithesis of Lethe. Canto xxxiii. 127.

[3] See Canto xxii. 65. "*In bicipiti somniasse Parnasso:*" "In forked Parnassus to have dreamed."—PERSIUS, *Prol.* l. 2. This was a mountain in Phocis, Achaia, sacred to Apollo and the Muses. Hesiod has described the state of primeval innocence, the introduction of evil, and the Hope which, through the will of Heaven, survived the Fall.—*Works and Days*, i. 40—107.

CANTO XXIX.

THE ARGUMENT.

They pursue their journey along the banks of the river, the fair lady on one side, and the three poets on the other. A glorious light shines through the forest, and Dante invokes the Muses anew, especially Urania, to aid him in describing what he saw. The seven golden candlesticks and their lights, the four-and-twenty elders, the four living creatures, and a Car drawn by a griffon with wings expanded and raised on high, are seen on the opposite bank in triumphal procession. Other symbolical beings accompany and follow them. When the Car arrives in front of Dante, at a thunder signal the whole comes to a stand.

LIKE an enamour'd lady she her strain[1]
Continued singing till her words were done,[2]
"Blessed are they who lose their guilty stain" [3]
And like the nymphs who tripping one by one
Through forest shades by eagerness are speeded,
This one to fly and that to see the sun;
Walking against the stream she then proceeded
Along the bank, and following her I paced
With equal step, to walk as slow as she did.
Between us not a hundred steps were traced,
When both banks bent one even with the other,

[1] See Canto xxviii. 43, and note.

[2] Continuing from her words in the preceding Canto.

[3] *"Beati quorum tecta sunt peccata."—Psalm* xxxi. (*Vulg.*—Eng. Vers. xxxii.) 1; abbreviated by Dante for the sake of rhyme and metre.

So that again I towards the orient faced.
Nor had we gone in this way far together,
When that fair lady turn'd herself towards me,
Exclaiming, "Look and listen, O my brother."
And, lo! a lustre flashing suddenly
Through the great forest everywhere was seen,
Which made me doubt that lightning it might be.
But since the lightning glares with transient sheen,
While this remaining yet more brilliant grew,
Within myself I said, What can it mean?
And a sweet melody was wafted through
The luminous air, and hence a wholesome zeal
Made me condemn Eve's daring act anew.[1]
For there, where heaven and earth obedience leal
Render'd, she only, form'd so recently,
Would not continue under any veil;
Which if she had but borne religiously,
These joys ineffable I should have proved
At first, and afterwards enduringly.[2]
While I amid such primal plenty roved,
Of joys eternal, wrapp'd in deepest thought,
Yet with desire of greater bliss was moved,
It seem'd as if on fire the air had caught
Before us there, under the branches green;
And the sweet sounds were into singing wrought.
Chaste Muses, if cold, watching, hunger keen,
For you I've ever borne, do not amerce
Me of the meed I claim for so much teen:

[1] And, *by innuendo*, the daring act of the Papacy in invading the province of the Civil Power and usurping its authority.

[2] And so, figuratively, if the Pastors of the Church had confined themselves to their proper province, they would better have promoted the temporal and eternal welfare of Mankind.

Now Helicon through me thy streams disperse,[1]
And with her choir Urania[2] lend me grace,
To grasp high things and utter them in verse.
Seven golden trees,[3] not far beyond the place,
Appear'd, with aspect false through that long tract
'Twixt us and them of intervening space.
But when so near them I had come in fact,
That, of the object which had mock'd my sense,
No more the distance hinder'd sight exact;
The power that brings the soul intelligence,
That these were candelabra made me sure,[4]
And recognised "Hosanna" chaunted thence.
Above them shone their beauteous furniture
Far brighter than the moon at midnight crown'd
With her full splendour in the azure pure.
Then fill'd with admiration I turn'd round
To the good Virgil, and he answer'd me,
With looks that wonder show'd not less profound.
I look'd again those lofty things to see,

[1] A mountain in Bœotia, near the Corinthian Gulf, sacred to Apollo and the Muses. The famous fountain Hippocrene was at its foot. Here, of course, the power of poetry is intended.

[2] The Muse that presided over heavenly things. That heavenly Wisdom personified in Beatrice. See *Inferno*, ii. 53, and note.

"Descend from heaven, Urania, by that name
If rightly thou art call'd, whose voice divine
Following, above the Olympian hill I soar,
Above the flight of Pegaséan wing."

Paradise Lost, vii. 1, &c.

[3] See *Zech.* iv. *Rev.* i. 12, 20.

[4] See *Rev.* i. 4. Dante himself says, "Because these gifts proceed from ineffable charity, and Divine charity is appropriated to the Holy Spirit, hence also it is that they are called gifts of the Holy Spirit, the which, as Isaiah distinguishes them, are seven." —*Convito*, p. 189.

Which moving toward us with a slower pace
Than that of new-made brides appear'd to be.
Then cried the lady, "Wherefore dost thou place
Thy eager gaze thus on each living light,
Nor look'st at what comes after them apace?"
A people then I saw array'd in white,
Come near to each of these as to a guide:
On earth no garments ever look'd so bright,
The water flash'd its rays on my left side,
And of my figure a reflection made,
Which I as in a mirror might have spied.
Descending close to where the river stray'd,
While parted from the scene by that alone,
To see it better I my steps delay'd.
And I beheld those radiant flames move on,
Leaving the air along their track so painted,
That they like streaming banners proudly shone:
And though so lofty, still distinct they were
In seven bands, displaying each bright hue
Of the Sun's bow,[1] and Delia's girdle fair.[2]
Behind, more distant than my sight could view,
These banners reach'd; and near as I could frame
A guess, ten paces part the outer two.
Beneath a sky thus fair, as I the same
Describe, were four-and-twenty elders;[3] they
Walk'd two and two, and crown'd with lilies came.
"Blessed art thou;" they chanted on their way;

[1] The rainbow.

[2] The halo round the moon, Diana called Delia, from Delos, the mythological place of her birth and that of her brother Apollo.

[3] *Rev.* iv. 4. Dante is here supposed to represent figuratively the books of the Old Testament, which in Jerome's enumeration

"'Mongst Adam's daughters blessed shalt thou be
With all thy charming excellence for aye."[1]
No sooner had the flowers in front of me,
And herbs, which on the further bank were growing,
Been left by that elected company,
Than, as in heaven star follows star all glowing,
So, close on these, each crown'd with chaplet green,
Four animals of mystic shape were going,[2]
And with six pinions wing'd was each one seen.
Their plumes were full of eyes.[3] And Argus' eyes,
Had they been living, such as these had been.
These rhymes to sketch their figure must suffice,
Since, reader, other things my pen require,
So that on this it no more amplifies.
But read Ezekiel, who their forms entire
Paints, as he saw them, from the northern cold
Come rushing forth in whirlwind, cloud, and fire.[4]
And such as we within his page behold

were four and twenty, reckoning the Minor Prophets as one, the two Books of Samuel as one, and the Books of Kings and Chronicles as one; and omitting the Apocrypha.

[1] *Judges* v. 24; *Luke* i. 28, 42.

[2] Symbolizing the four Evangelists, or the four Gospels. "In the midst of the throne and round about the throne were four animals (or living ones) full of eyes before and behind."—*Rev.* iv. 6. The rendering of ζωα by "beasts," as in the English version, is exceedingly repulsive, improper, and incorrect. Why should ζωον, which means an animal or living creature, and θηριον, which signifies a "wild beast," be both translated "beast"? An eagle is an animal, but not a beast; and one of the four was "like a flying eagle"!

[3] "And the four living ones had each of them six wings about him, and they were full of eyes within."—*Rev.* iv. "Each one had six wings."—*Isaiah* vi. 2.

[4] *Ezek.* i. 4, 5.

Were these, except their wings,[1] as I've explain'd:
From him John differs, and with me doth hold.
The space which was between these four, contain'd
A car which at a Griffon's [2] neck was drawn,
By two triumphal wheels on high sustain'd.
And he stretch'd out above his wings each one,
The midmost and twice three side stripes between,
So that of these he cleft and injured none.
So high he raised them that they were not seen:
All golden were the bird-like parts he wore,
White and vermilion elsewhere intervene.
The car which Scipio or Augustus bore,
In Roman triumph, ne'er such pomp assumed;[3]
And even the Sun's, compared with it, were poor:
The Sun's—by Jove's high counsel justly doom'd,
What time the Earth preferr'd her urgent claim[4]—

[1] "And every one had four wings."—*Ezek.* i. 6.

[2] Gryphon (γρυψ), an imaginary or symbolical creature, composed of the united forms of the Lion and Eagle; and here a symbol of the Divine and human natures united in the person of Christ. See *Deut.* xxxii. 11; *Rev.* v. 5. His wings are so high as to be out of sight: line 112. His Divine character and nature surpass our comprehension. The Car is the symbol of the visible Church, which ought always to follow and be guided by him.

[3] Scipio, when he had vanquished Hannibal (See *Inferno*, xxxi. 115—117, and note) was honoured with a triumph, and received the title of Africanus B.C. 202. Octavius Cæsar had a triumph continued three successive days, for as many victories, B.C. 28, and shortly after received the title of Augustus.

"At Cæsar, triplici invectus Romana triumpho
Mœnia."—*Æneid.* viii. 714.

[4] The prayer of the Earth (too long for quotation) on being scorched by the Sun, when his *Phaeton* went astray, is given by

Which wandering from its pathway was consumed.
Three ladies dancing in a circle came[1]
At the right wheel; one with such ruddy glow,
She had been scarcely noticed amid flame:
The other was, in flesh and bones, as though
Of one green emerald; like a sudden drift,
The third appear'd to be, of new-fall'n snow.
Now they seem'd led by her in white; now shift
And follow her in red; and to her song
The others time their steps both slow and swift.
At the left wheel four ladies dance along,[2]
Each clothed in purple, following the lead
Of one of them to whom three eyes belong.
Next that whole group of which I've mention made,
Two aged men in dress dissimilar
I saw, but both in gesture grave and staid.
One seem'd to be some sage familiar
Of great Hippocrates, by Nature meant
For creatures whom she makes her dearest care.[3]
The other show'd an opposite intent
With keen and glittering sword, which to my heart,
Across the stream, a pang of terror sent.[4]

OVID. *Metam.* ii. 279—300. See also *Inferno*, xvii. 106, 108, and notes; *Purgatorio*, iv. 72.

[1] The three Evangelical Virtues take the place of honour on the right, and are distinguished by three colours; white being the symbol of Faith, green of Hope, and red of Charity.

[2] The four Moral or Cardinal Virtues. The three eyes of Prudence, who takes the lead, may signify her cognizance of the past, the present, and the future.

[3] "Luke, the beloved physician."—*Col.* iv. 14; here mentioned as author of *Acts of the Apostles*, though previously included among the four Evangelists.

[4] St. Paul, who fought the good fight of faith, armed with

Then I saw four in humble guise apart;[1]
And last of all, alone an old man stray'd,
In vision rapt, with face of heavenly art.[2]
Like the first four-and-twenty were array'd
The later seven,[3] save that no garlands lay
Around their temples of bright lilies made,
But roses wreathed with vermeil flowers had they.
One would have sworn, to look at them from far,
That flames on all above their eyebrows prey.[4]
And when in front of me arrived the car,
I heard it thunder; and this worthy band,
As if to their advance they found some bar,
Came with their guiding ensigns to a stand.

"the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God."—*Eph.* vi. 17. See also *Heb.* iv. 12. He maintained the doctrine that Rulers should not bear the sword of magistracy in vain. The sword is also the supposed instrument of St. Paul's martyrdom.

[1] The authors of the epistles, James, Peter, John, and Jude.

[2] St. John, as author of the Apocalypse; though, like St. Luke, mentioned in another capacity before.

[3] They all bore the same sacred character.

[4] In allusion, probably, to the "cloven tongues like as of fire" which "sat upon each of them."—*Acts* ii. 3.

CANTO XXX.

THE ARGUMENT.

One of the celestial company sings *Veni, sponsa, de Libano;* and a hundred heavenly beings mounted on the Car exclaim, *Benedictus qui venis.* They scatter lilies and quote VIRGIL'S *Æneid.* Beatrice appears, her head is covered with a white veil. Dante, without the full certainty of her presence, yet feeling the mysterious influence of her high virtue, turns to address Virgil, but grieves at missing him, he having taken his departure. Beatrice consoles him for the absence of his guide, but indirectly reproves him for not having followed the course of life she had taught him.

WHEN the Septentrion of that primal heaven,[1]
Which neither setting nor uprising knows,[2]

[1] The golden candelabra and their lights, mentioned in the preceding Canto, symbolical of the Holy Spirit; the stars of that "primal heaven," or empyrean, which guide the soul in her voyage to eternity, as the Northern Wain guides the mariner at sea. *Septentrio,* or *Septem triones,* the seven stars forming the constellation *Ursa Major,* Greater Bear, or Northern Wain, which in our latitude never sets. *Triones* are ploughing oxen; quasi *teriones,* from *tero,* to plough.

[2] "Every good gift and every perfect boon cometh down from on high, from the Father of lights with whom is neither parallax nor tropical shadow."—*James* i. 17 (WAKEFIELD). *Parallax* is the difference between the apparent place of a heavenly body as it might be viewed from the earth's surface and from its centre. *Tropical variation,* or "shadow of turning," may refer to the alternation of light and darkness occasioned by the Earth's diurnal revolution round its axis and its annual one in its orbit.

(Nor other cloud but sin[1] could veil the seven,
Which did to each his duty there disclose;
Even as below, the Northern Wain at sea,
How he may steer for port the helmsman shows)
No longer moved,—the faithful company
That first between it and the Griffon came,
Turn'd to the Car and rested peacefully.[2]
And one of them, like herald in heaven's name,
"*Come spouse from Lebanon,*" full sweetly singing
Cried thrice; and then the rest all did the same.[3]
As, at the final summons quickly springing,[4]

The rude astronomical instruments at the command of the ancients could enable them to detect the displacement of the moon from parallax, which amounts to twice her diameter; but from the distance of the Sun, *his* displacement from this cause could not have been observed by them. The Apostle's language refers to the Uncreated Sun, the Source of Being and of every blessing, the Unchangeable, the Beneficent, "who dwelleth in light which no man can approach unto;" and who maketh HIS *Sun* to rise upon the evil and the good, and sendeth rain upon the just and upon the unjust."

[1] "Your iniquities have separated between you and your God, and your sins have hid his face from you."—*Isaiah* lix. 2.

[2] The pause of the guiding lights was a signal instantly obeyed by the company that were following, who turned towards the Car and remained at rest.

[3] Solomon, in *Canticles* iv. 8, invites the Bride, here symbolized by the triumphal Car. With him all the others unite in testifying to Christ and his Church.—See *John* i. 45; 1 *Peter* i. 10—12.

[4] "The thridde cause that ought to meve a man to contrition, is drede of the day of dome, and of the horrible peines of helle. For as Seint Jerome sayth, At every time that me remembreth of the day of dome, I quake: for when I ete or drinke, or what so I do, ever semeth me that the trompe sowneth in min eres: riseth ye up that ben ded, and cometh to the jugement."—CHAUCER, *The Persones Tale.*"

The blessed will forsake their graves cavernal,
In flesh put on anew their flight upwinging,
So mounted on the heavenly Car supernal
A hundred at that elder's high command,
Envoys and ministers of life eternal.
"*Blessed is he that cometh,*"[1] cried they, and— [20
While upwards and around sweet flowers threw they—
"O scatter lilies with a liberal hand."[2]
Oft have I noticed at the break of day
Rich roseate hues adorn the eastern sky,
The rest of heaven with blue serenely gay;
And the sun's disc at rising, shaded by
The temper'd mists a soften'd radiance pours,
Which long I've gazed on with undazzled eye:
Thus in the centre of a cloud of flowers,[3]
Which scatter'd from the hands of angels came,
And fell within and round the Car in showers, 30
Beneath a snow-white veil a lovely dame
Appear'd, with olive crown'd, in myrtle green,[4]
Her dress the colour of the living flame.
And lo, my spirit, for it now had been

[1] *Psalm* cxviii. 26; *Matt.* xxi. 9. Having welcomed the approaching Bride, they invoke the presence of the Bridegroom, Christ.

[2] "*Manibus date lilia plenis.*"—*Æneid.* vi. 883.

[3]
Veil'd in a shower
Of shadowing roses, on our plains descend."
THOMSON, Invocation to *Spring.*

[4] In the Mysteries of Isis, as described by Apuleius, the veiled image of the goddess was preceded by women dressed in robes of dazzling white, with garlands of leaves and flowers on their heads; who as they went scattered flowers on the path of the sacred company that followed them; &c. &c.—*Metam.* lib. xi. It was probably the same goddess, under the name of Ceres, whose rites were celebrated in the Eleusinian Mysteries.

So long since I had felt that speechless awe
Through trembling wonder at her brow serene;[1]
Without full cognizance of what I saw,
Moved by some secret influence of her own,
Felt now the ancient force of love's great law.[2]
Soon as upon my sight the rays were thrown
Of that high virtue which had thrill'd my breast
Before that I my boyhood had outgrown,
And as a child flies to his mother's breast,
I turn'd me to the left, my need the same
As his, when he is frighten'd or distress'd.
I wish'd to say to Virgil, "In my frame
No drop of blood that trembles not is pent:
I know the tokens of my early flame."[3]
But Virgil at my side no longer went;
Virgil was gone, my father loved the most,
Virgil, whom for my safety she had sent:
The sight of all that our first mother lost
To keep my cheeks undew'd could not avail;
So great my grief a flood of tears it cost.[4]
"Dante,[5] though Virgil's guiding footsteps fail,
Yet weep not his departure, weep not now,
Because another sword must make thee wail.[6]

[1] Beatrice had been dead ten years. We should neither confine our attention to the literal sense, nor wholly lose sight of it.

[2] "Love is *old*, old as eternity."—BYRON, *The Island*, iv. 9. "Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love."—*Jer.* xxxi. 3.

[3] "*Agnosco veteris vestigia flammæ.*"—*Æneid.* iv. 23.

[4] Not all the beauties of the terrestrial Paradise which appeared around him could allay Dante's grief at finding himself deprived of Virgil.

[5] This is the only place in the whole poem in which Dante's name occurs, and for its mention here he makes an apology.

[6] A more pungent sorrow—the pangs of an awakened conscience—will make thee weep.

Like some high admiral on poop or prow,
Who has the crews of all his fleet in sight.
Inspiring courage by his lofty brow,
So on the left side of that car of light,
When I turn'd round at hearing my own name,
Which here but from necessity I write,
I saw, as I before had seen, the dame
Under the rosy shower angelical;
Across the stream towards me her glances came.
Although the veil that o'er her forehead fell,
Wreathed with the foliage of Minerva,[1] made
Her features and her form less visible;
Then added she, with regal scorn display'd,
Like one who, that the effect he may not miss,
His fiercest speech hath to the last delay'd,
"Observe me well; yes, I am Beatrice!
What! hast thou deign'd then to approach the mount?
Didst thou not know that here man findeth bliss?"
My downcast eyes now fell on the clear fount;
Myself seen there, they to the turf digress,
So much of shame sat heavy on my front.
Thus to a child his mother's haughtiness,
As hers to me appear'd, when bitterly
He proves the taste of her stern tenderness.
She ceased: the angels chanted suddenly,
"*In thee, O Lord, I trust,*"—but never pass'd—
"*In a large place my feet are set by thee.*"[2]
As on Italia's back[3] is frozen fast

[1] Olive-leaves, the symbol of peace and reconciliation.

[2] The *Psalm* "*In te, Domine, speravi;*" to "*pedes meos*" (xxx. 1—10, Vulg.; xxxi. 8, Eng. Ver.), we may very well suppose to have been a favorite one with Dante in his wanderings.

[3] The Apennine ridge.

The winter snow among the living beams,[1]
Breathed on and bound by each Sclavonian blast;
Then to itself thaws back in limpid streams,
When the wind blows from where no shade appears,[2]
Even as the fire to melt the candle seems;
Thus harden'd was I, without sighs and tears,
Ere they had sung whose notes are ever found
Following the music of the eternal spheres:
But when I heard in that melodious sound
For me more pity than if they had cried,
"Him, lady, wherefore dost thou so confound?"
The frost which round my heart had petrified
Pass'd off in sighs and tears of agony,
Which through my mouth and eyes my breast supplied.
O'er the car's right wheel firmly standing, she
Thus turn'd her converse and these words did say
To those bright beings who had pitied me:
"Ye keep your watches in the eternal day,
So that nor night nor sleep can steal from you
One footstep made by time upon his way;
Hence with more care my answer keeps in view,
That he may hear me who doth yonder weep;
For as his fault such be his grieving too.
Not only wrought on by the mighty sweep
Of spheres which guide each seed to some fit end,

[1] The trees which grow on the sides of the Apennine.

"*Fraxineæque trabes.*"—*Æneid.* vi. 181.

"The beams of our house are cedar, and our rafters of fir."—*Canticles* i. 17.

[2] The south wind, which blows from Africa. The sun is never vertical except between the tropics, which include the largest portion of Africa. There, at certain times, an erect body will cast no shadow; and hence the fable of the *Ascii*, or shadowless men.

As on life's dawn the stars their aspects keep;[1]
But by celestial graces which descend
In showers from vapours of such height sublime,
That thither our weak sight cannot extend,
This man was gifted so in his life's prime
With every rightful habit virtually,
That wondrous fruit might thence have grown in time.
But as much more malign and wild will be
The soil, if sown with ill or left untill'd,
As it hath more of native energy.[2]
Him, for a while sustain'd, my aspect fill'd [bent,
With strength: when towards him I my young eyes
I in the right way led him as I will'd.
Soon as I reach'd the threshold eminent
Of my next age, and alter'd my life's aim,[3]
He then left me and after others went.
When I from flesh to spirit upward came,
And worth and beauty had in me increased,

[1] The belief in Judicial Astronomy prevailed in Dante's time and long after, but he regards the influence of the stars, not as necessitating, but predisposing; yet controlled by Divine Grace.

[2] "If the disposition be not well cultivated and fenced by good habit, the seed will be useless and had better be unsown. St. Augustine and Aristotle, *Ethics*, ii., insist that man may curb his passions and do well, so that, strengthened by good custom, this germ will produce the sweet fruit of human felicity."—*Convito.*

[3] In his *Convito* Dante divides human life into four ages, the first ending and the second commencing at the twenty-fifth year, the age at which Beatrice died. In *Purg.* viii. 59, 60, he calls the present his "first life," and a future life "the other."

But besides the literal sense, the poet here describes, under the veil of allegory, the struggle in his mind between true and false religion, between the flesh and the spirit, the things of the world and those higher and spiritual pursuits to which Divine Philosophy would have led him on.

To him less dear and pleasing I became.
In error's path his footsteps then digress'd,
Following mere semblances of good, which ne'er
With deeds fulfil the promise first profess'd.[1]
Nor aught avail'd those inspirations rare
Which I, in dreams and otherwise, employ'd
Him to recall; so slight for them his care.[2]
So low he fell, all means were now made void
That unto his salvation might have led,
Except to show him those by sin destroy'd.
For this I sought the portal of the dead;
To him who hither deign'd his guide to be
My prayers were borne, with tears profusely shed.[3]
'Twould be to violate God's high decree,
If Lethe's wave were pass'd, and such good cheer
Partaken of, and people went scot-free[4]
From that repentance which compels a tear."

[1] "The false traitors promise to remove every thirst, and every want, and to bring sufficiency and abundance; but instead of refreshment they bring a feverish and intolerable thirst."—*Convito, Trat.* iv. 12.

[2] See *Job* xxxiii. 14—17.

[3] *Inferno,* ii. 53—120; *Purg.* i. 58—66. The fear of future punishment is not the highest motive to obedience; yet, in certain conditions of the mind, it is found to be the most powerful restraint on our sinful inclinations; and in the earlier stages of the Christian life, an important aid to virtue and motive to obedience. See note, line 13.

[4] On the expression *senza alcuno scotto,* Biagioli has the following amusing apostrophe to one of his rival commentators:—"Thou sayest, O Venturi, that this word is low, and therefore not at all suitable for a subject so grave and illustrious: but I answer thee, O inconceivable vulgariser of Tacitus, that the authority of Dante exalts everything low. Take that and gulp it down (or ruin it) if thou canst."

CANTO XXXI.

THE ARGUMENT.

Beatrice's reproof of Dante becomes more direct and severe, till he is overwhelmed with shame and confusion; and, having confessed his error, is plunged by Matilda in the river Lethe; and having passed through it, is conducted by the Moral and Evangelical Virtues to the presence of Beatrice, and at their entreaty is permitted to see her face unveiled.

"O THOU that art beyond the sacred stream,"[1]
Turning on me her pointed speech, whose force
Had seem'd so sharp with even a sidelong gleam;[2]
She recommenced, nor paused in her discourse,
"Speak, speak, if this is true; for thus accused,
Thy own confession should the charge endorse."
But now my faculties were so confused,
That ere my voice, though raised, a word could say,
Its organs to perform their part refused.[3]
She paused awhile, then said, "Why this delay? 10
Tell me; for those ill memories in thee
Are not yet by the waters wash'd away."[4]

[1] Beyond, with respect to Beatrice, who was on one side of the river, and Dante on the other.

[2] See the preceding canto, where she addresses the angels, but speaks of Dante; here she directly addresses him.

[3] "*Vox faucibus hæsit.*"—*Æneid.* passim.

[4] He had not yet passed through the waters of Lethe, but was very soon to do so.

Fear and confusion, blended so in me,
Forced from my lips a "Yes" in such faint guise
To hear it it was needful too to see.
As breaks the cross-bow, when the arrow flies
Because the cord and bow are too much bent,
And to the mark the shaft less firmly hies,
So under this great burden was I spent,
And soon in sighs and tears my griefs transpire,
Weakening the voice when through its passage sent.
Then she resumed: "Since through my strong desire
Thou early wert induced to love the good,
Higher than which the soul cannot aspire,
What fosses or what fetters have withstood
Thy onward progress, that thou shouldst give over
The effort and all further hope exclude?
What beauties or what gains didst thou discover
Upon the brow of others, that so nigh
To these in preference thou shouldst fondly hover?"
After the heaving of one bitter sigh,
My voice to frame an answer scarce avail'd,
Nor without effort could my lips reply.
Weeping I said, "The things at hand prevail'd,
With their false joys, to draw my steps aside,[1]
Soon as your countenance became concealed."
And she: "Hadst thou been silent, or denied,
What thou confessest, not less fully known
Had been thy fault, by such a judge descried.[2]
But when a man with his own mouth hath shown
How he condemns the sin, then in our court

[1] When the Divine Wisdom had been withdrawn, mankind fell into error, superstition, and idolatry.—See *Romans* i. 21.

[2] This can hardly apply to any human judge.—See *Rev.* ii. 23.

Against the sword's edge turns the grinding stone.[1]
Still, that thy fault bring shame of better sort,[2]
And that when thou the Sirens next shalt hear,[3]
Thyself more manfully thou mayst comport,
Dismiss each cause of weeping, and give ear:
Thus wilt thou gather how thou shouldst have learn'd
Through my decease an opposite career.
In art or nature ne'er hast thou discern'd
Aught that could with delight thy soul inspire,
Like my fair form, which has to dust return'd.
If thy chief bliss then, when I did expire,
Forsook thee thus, what mortal thing could be
Deem'd worthy to lead captive thy desire?
Thou shouldst, when first the shaft was aim'd at thee
By fair fallacious things, have soar'd on high,
Since I'm no longer such, to follow me.
Thy wings should not have stoop'd below to fly,
More strokes awaiting, as of some slight girl,
Or other vanity, so soon pass'd by.
Twice, thrice, the bird, when first his wings unfurl,
Is trick'd; but in the sight of one full-fledged,
Vain is the spreading net or missile's whirl."[4]
As little children, to reproof keen-edged

[1] The sword of Divine Justice is blunted by the sinner's repentance and confession.

[2] See *Ezek.* xvi. 62, 63.

[3] See Canto xix. 19.

[4] "Surely in vain is the net spread in the sight of any bird."—*Prov.* i. 17. "*Astutus astu non capitur.*" "Old birds are not caught with chaff." Beatrice intimates that Dante's departure from the path of wisdom was the more to be censured on account of his mature age. And the falling away from the truth, under the Christian dispensation, was less excusable than the lapse of mankind in the early ages from the patriarchal faith to idolatry.

Stand listening, mute, ashamed, with eyes downcast,
And own with penitence each fault alledged;
So stood I, and she said, "If cause thou hast
For grief at hearing, lift thy beard, and lo,
At seeing will that grief be far surpass'd."
Not such reluctance a stout oak will show,
Forced by our country wind to quit its place,
Or that which from Iarbas' realm doth blow,[1]
Than I to lift at her command my face:
And when my face she spoke of as my "beard,"
The venom of her drift I well could trace.[2]
And when my countenance I had uprear'd,
Those primal creatures who the flowers had strown,
Pausing therefrom, now in my sight appear'd,
And there mine eyes, though not quite sure yet grown,
Saw Beatrice bend o'er that animal
Who joins two natures in one form alone.
Beyond the river-bank's green sloping fall,
Beneath her veil, more to excel seem'd she
Her former self than she on earth did all.
Repentance with her nettle so stung me,
That with all else which from her love had led
The most, I was the most at enmity.
So much remorse within my heart was bred,
I fell subdued: what then my state, behold

[1] That is, from Africa; the south wind. Iärbas was the king of Gætulia, from whom Dido bought the land on which she built Carthage. He was also her suitor, to avoid marrying whom she slew herself.—*Æneid.* ii.—iv.

[2] The mention of his "beard" by Beatrice implied a severe censure on his want of that wisdom which should always accompany manhood. His fault had not been that of a beardless boy. He had not the excuse of being an unfledged bird. He was "no chicken."

She knows who caused it by her presence dread.
Soon as my powers to consciousness unfold,
The lady I had met alone[1] did say,
Now seen above me, "Hold fast by me, hold!"
She made me through the river take my way
Up to the throat, and drew me on, while o'er
The stream, like shuttle swift, she sped away.
When I had almost reach'd the blessed shore,
I heard "*Asperges me*"[2] so sweetly sung,
No thought or pen could now those tones restore.
The lovely dame her open arms then flung
Around my head and plunged me, forced to brave
Gulping the water as it pass'd my tongue.[3]
She took me thence, and from the cleansing wave
Within the dance of those four maidens fair
Led me, and each a sign of welcome gave.
"Here we are nymphs, but stars in heaven,[4] and there,
Ere Beatrice did on the earth alight,
To be her handmaids we appointed were.
We'll lead thee to her eyes; but for the light
In them so joyous, those of deeper ken,
Yon three, will render more acute thy sight"[5]
Thus singing, they commenced; and with them then
Conducted me the Griffon's breast unto,

[1] Matilda, Canto xxviii. 40, who, after the preceding confession, brings him now through Lethe.

[2] "Thou wilt wash me with hyssop," &c.—*Psalm* li. 7. The *Antiphone*, or Anthem, chanted in the Romish worship, while the priest sprinkles the congregation with holy water.

[3] "Save me, O God, for the waters are come into my soul."—*Psalm* lxix. 1.

[4] The four cardinal virtues, Prudence, Justice, Temperance, Fortitude.—Canto i. 39, and note.

[5] The three Christian Graces, Faith, Hope, Charity.

Where towards us turn'd stood Beatrice. Again
They said, "Spare not to take an ample view;
We've placed thee where those emeralds[1] are display'd
Whence Love[2] erewhile his arms to gain thee drew."
A thousand longings, which like lightning play'd,
Made fast mine eyes to eyes that brightly shone,
Which yet were on the Griffon firmly stay'd.
As in a mirror we may see the sun,
The two-fold animal within them beam'd,
Now in one aspect, now another, shown.[3]
Think, reader, how astonishing I deem'd
An object standing steadfast in my sight
Which in its image so transmuted seem'd.
While fill'd with admiration and delight,
My soul partook that heavenly sustenance
Which while it satiates gives new appetite.
And then I saw the other three advance,
Of loftier line by their demeanour shown,
Singing sweet songs to their angelic dance.
"Turn, Beatrice, thy holy eyes on one
So faithful"—thus in chorus they appeal'd—
"Who hath to see thee such long journeys gone.
Yield us the grace that now to him unveil'd
Thy lips may be, that he with joy supernal

[1] The eyes of Beatrice. The early French writers applied the epithet *green* to eyes which are peculiarly piercing. It may be considered equivalent to *eagle-eyed*. Thus also Shakespeare:—

"An eagle, madam,
Hath not so green, so quick, so fair an eye,
As Paris hath."—*Romeo and Juliet*, Act iii. Sc. 5.

[2] In the allegorical sense, Divine Love, or Christ.

[3] In the eyes of Beatrice, or Divine Wisdom personified, He whose nature is two-fold shone reflected, now in one aspect, now in another; Divine, yet human; Crucified, then Glorified.

May see thy second beauty, now conceal'd."[1]
O splendour of the living light eternal![2]
Who hath become beneath Parnassus shade
So pale, or quaff'd its fountain sempiternal,
That had not an o'erburden'd mind betray'd,
Attempting to describe thee standing there,
O'ershadow'd by the heavenly music made,
When thou appeard'st reveal'd in open air![3]

[1] By the second beauty may be understood her celestial beauty, as distinguished from that which Dante had previously seen on earth, and which had hitherto remained concealed. Rosetti says, "In the Mystic Science brought from Egypt by the Templars, *Manifestation* was performed, first, by presenting to the candidate significant symbols; and secondly, by explaining to him their meaning through the Hierophant. These were called the *eyes* and *mouth* of Madonna, the Lady of the mind; and they constituted the *first* and *second beauty*. The *Vita Nuova* and the *Convito* are filled with descriptions of these."—*Disquisitions*, vol. ii. p. 53.

[2] Solomon makes Wisdom say, "The Lord possessed me in the beginning of his way, before his works of old. I was set up from everlasting, from the beginning, or ever the earth was;" &c. —*Prov.* viii. 22—31.

[3] It is obvious that throughout this canto and elsewhere, in the description of Beatrice the literal sense is quite subordinate to the figurative. The language is too elevated to be applied to a mortal, however beautiful and virtuous. How could the spirit of Beatrice Portarini, to whom Dante had not been even affianced while she remained on earth, charge that on Dante as a fault, which would have been blameless, even had she been his wedded wife? His having admired others, or married Gemma Donati, after the soul of Beatrice had winged its flight to Paradise, could be no unfaithfulness to her; nor would he, when upbraided with having *so* slighted her, have stood abashed like a repentant criminal. He is reproved for his neglect of heavenly Wisdom and his preference of earthly vanities; and the full display of that Wisdom fills him with rapture, and transcends the power of poetry to describe.

CANTO XXXII.

THE ARGUMENT.

The poet's happiness in that sublime contemplation. The procession moves on and Dante and Statius follow it. The mystic Tree of Adam, and what befel it. Various Apocalyptical prodigies, which symbolise the unhappy state of Christendom.

MINE eyes were fix'd with ardour so intense
To quench the ten years' thirst I had endured,[1]
That all extinct was every other sense;[2]
On either side from heed they were immured
Of aught beside; so much that saintly smile
Drew them, and with its ancient net secured.
Then, as by force, my look made versatile
Swerved towards those goddesses, upon the left,[3]
Whence "Ah, too fix'd thy gaze!" they cried erewhile.
As when the eyes have been of sight bereft
Through having lately gazed upon the sun,[4]
So for a time was I in darkness left,
But when my vision had again begun
To notice things less bright than that full blaze
Of splendour whence I had by force been won,

[1] Beatrice, who died A.D. 1290, had now been dead ten years.
[2] See Canto iv. 1—12.
[3] The seven Graces and the Car were at Dante's left hand.
[4] "We boast our light; but if we look not wisely on the sun itself, it smites us into darkness."—MILTON'S *Areopagitica*. Prose Works, p. 115, col. 1.

Upon the right hand side there met my gaze
That glorious army, as they turn'd and wheel'd,
Facing the seven flames and the sun's bright rays.
And as for their defence, with lifted shield,
A banner'd army at the signal sound,
Wheels round ere changing stations in the field;
So that celestial soldiery first wound
Their path along, all marching in array,
Ere yet the car its draught-beam had turn'd round.
Then to the wheels those ladies took their way,
Again the Griffon drew his blessed load,
Yet still his feathers all unruffled lay.
The lovely dame who led me to the flood,[1]
Statius, and I the chariot-wheel pursued
Which marked the lesser curve upon the road.[2]
So passing through the void and lofty wood,
Void through her fault who on the snake depended,
Our steps were timed by notes of heavenly mood.
Perhaps as far our journey had extended
As the wing'd arrow thrice projected flies,
When from the chariot Beatrice descended.
I heard the murmur'd name of "Adam" rise
From all; then circled they a wasted tree,
Whose every branch nor flower nor leaf supplies.
Its crest spread out the more luxuriantly
The higher up it rose, whose height if kenn'd
In Indian forests would a marvel be.[3]

[1] Matilda.

[2] The *Car*, following the celestial host, having wheeled about before Dante, passes on in a direction from his left to his right: he, on commencing his walk, follows the right wheel, which was the nearest to him and which in turning had described the lesser arc.

[3] "Or the woods which India bears, nearer the ocean,
A recess at the confines of the world, where no arrows

"O Griffon, blest art thou, who didst not rend
With thy strong beak this tree, of such sweet gust,
Which turns when swallow'd to so ill an end."
Thus in a circle round the tree robust
They cried; and he who join'd the natures two,
"Thus is conserved the seed of all the just."
Then, turning towards it, he the chariot drew,
And to that widow'd shrub's foot with it wending,
He left it bound by her own branch thereto.[1]
As earthly plants, when copiously descending,
Behind the heavenly fishes, from his car
The solar splendour shines, with Aries blending,
Their buds expand and tinted fresh they are
Each with its proper bloom,[2] before the Sun
His coursers yokes beneath another star;
Thus its renewal had that plant begun,
Opening its hues 'twixt rose and violet,
Whose branches had at first so naked shone.[3]

Can by their flight surmount the tree's high summit;
And yet that nation is not backward in the use of the quiver."
VIRGIL, *Georg.* ii. 122—125.

See also *Paradise Lost*, ix. 1102—7.

[1] See *Isaiah* xi. i, 2; *Rom.* ix. 5. The connecting branch is Christ's human nature.

[2] See the commencing lines of CHAUCER'S *Canterbury Tales*, Prologue.

[3] In the wood which was made void by the fault of Eve, says Dante, was placed this tree, which he hears called "Adam," by those heavenly beings who encircle it. We cannot resist the conclusion that this tree, which literally was the interdicted tree, or tree of knowledge of good and evil, is here designed figuratively to represent human nature; fallen but redeemed. Of course, the higher it rises from its first root, the more it spreads. The Banyan tree of the Indian grove is not near so marvellous. The mystic double-natured being, who though he took on him our

I knew not, nor on earth was ever yet
Heard such a hymn as then was chanted there,
Nor did I hear how closed that canzonet.[1]
Could I describe how, told in Argus' ear,
The tale of Syrinx lull'd his cruel eyes,
Those eyes whose power of watching cost so dear,[2]
Like painter who to sketch some figure tries;
I might inform you how asleep I fell;

nature, partook not of its depravity, receives blessing and praise from saints and angels (*Rev.* v.) for not having dealt severely with offending man. And as the literal tree appeared good for food, pleasant to the eye, and desirable for the wisdom it promised to confer, yet the participation of its fruit by our first parents ruined mankind; so, in the symbolical sense, the knowledge of the world is pleasant and inviting, especially to the young and inexperienced. Yet it is not gained but at the cost of much sorrow and disappointment.—*Eccles.* i. 18. The sacred seer by the river of Chebar saw that the mystic roll which *anticipated* the history of nations, though "in his mouth as honey for sweetness," could not be digested without bitterness; for it was written "within and without, and there was written therein lamentation, and mourning, and woe."—*Ezek.* ii. 10; iii. 3. In like manner, he who saw the Apocalypse thus describes the mystic roll which he ate; "It was in my mouth sweet as honey; and as soon as I had eaten it, my belly was bitter."—*Rev.* x. 10. By Christ's assumption of human nature, for the redemption of mankind, and his establishment, in our fallen world, of the Church, on which he bestows the gifts of the Holy Spirit, the new creation is commenced.

[1] "And they sung as it were a new song before the throne and before the four living ones, and the elders: and no man could learn that song but the hundred and forty and four thousand, which were redeemed from the earth."—*Rev.* xiv. 3.

[2] Argus, chosen for his hundred eyes to be the guardian of Io, was consequently lulled to sleep by the song in which Mercury sung to him the misfortunes of Syrinx; and in this condition Mercury slew him.—Ovid. *Metam.* i. 689.

But he must feign well who such tale supplies.
I pass it then till I awoke, and tell
How a new splendour broke the veil of sleep,
And "Rise, what art thou doing?" roused me well.
As that tree's flowerets, which with longing deep
Fills even the angels of its fruits to taste,[1]
While heaven's perpetual marriage feast they keep,[2]
Peter and John and James to see were graced;[3]

[1] "Which things the angels desire to look into."—1 *Peter* i. 12.

[2] "Blessed are they which are called to the marriage supper of the Lamb."—*Rev.* xix. 9. Also *Matt.* xxii. 2; *Luke* xiv. 16, 17.

[3] These three apostles are by St. Paul called "pillars."—*Gal.* ii. 9. The Paulicians made these pillars emblems of Faith, Hope, and Charity. In the rites of the sect which boasts its descent from the Albigenses, three pillars appear, and on their capitals are inscribed in golden letters, "Faith," "Hope," "Charity." The candidate, in allusion to the age of our Saviour, takes thirty-three turns, called years of travel, to learn the beauties of the new law. The Master leads him round the three columns in succession, repeating the name of each virtue; and then asks him what he has learned in his pilgrimage: to which he answers, the three virtues of Faith, Hope, and Charity, by which he intends to govern himself. The master assures him that these are the principles and *pillars* of the new mystery. (See LIGHT on *Freemasonry*.) In these same rites, the tragedy of *Good Friday*, and the events of the following days, are rehearsed. This New Mystery, or New Law, is the essence of DANTE'S *Vita Nuova*. In *Paradiso*, before the last vision, St. Peter examines Dante on Faith, St. James on Hope, and St. John on Charity: relating to the three pilgrimages,—of the Palmers, or Templars, to St. John of Jerusalem (See Canto xxxiii. 78); of the Pilgrims, or Albigenses, to St. James of Gallicia; and of the Romei, or Ghibellines, to St. Peter's in Rome. These three pilgrimages were symbolically directed, the first to the East, where the light first appears; the second to the West, where it vanishes; and the last to the North, which is opposed to the course of the light, and where Lucifer established his throne (Isaiah xiv. 13). In

And overcome were waken'd by that word,
By which even deeper slumbers have been chased;[1]
And saw themselves, with consciousness restored,
Of Moses and Elias now bereft,
And his own alter'd garment on their Lord:
Thus I awoke, and saw above me left
That pitying lady who had been my guide
When recently the eddying waves I cleft.[2]
And "Where is Beatrice?" all in doubt I cried.
"See her beneath yon tree with leaves fresh crown'd,
Upon its root now seated:" she replied:
"Behold the choir that circles her around.
After the Griffon have the rest ascended,
With songs of joy more sweet and more profound."[3]
And if her words were further still extended,
I do not know, since she was in my view
On whom exclusively my thoughts attended.
Sole sat she on the earth so pure and true,
As if left there the guardian of the car,
Which I had seen the Griffon harness'd to.
The seven nymphs in a claustral circular
Had ranged themselves, with lights held in their hands,
Which quite secure from north and south winds are.
"Brief will thy stay be in these green-wood lands,
And thou shalt be a citizen with me
For ever, of that Rome where Christ commands.[4]

the above-mentioned rites the three pillars are placed in the same situations respectively.—ROSETTI'S *Disquisitions*, vol. i. pp. 231.

[1] Alluding to Jairus' daughter, the widow's son of Nain, and Lazarus of Bethany.

[2] Matilda. See Canto xxxi. 94.

[3] Christ's ascension attended by the angelic host.

[4] The Empyrean. See *Inferno*, i. 127—129. "For our citizenship (πολιτευμα), is in heaven."—*Phil.* iii. 20.

Hence, that the wicked world may learn from thee,
Observe the Car; and when return'd below
Forget not to record what thou shalt see."[1]
Thus Beatrice: and with obeisance low,
To her commands devoted, I now bent
My thoughts and eyes, where she might will, to go.
Never sped lightning with such swift descent
From the thick cloud, its total force expending,
From the far confines of the firmament,
As now I saw the bird of Jove descending
Right through the tree below; its bark he crush'd,[2]
Much more the flowrets and new foliage rending:
And on the Car with all his might he rush'd,
Which reel'd like ship storm-tossing on the sea,
To leeward now, and now to windward push'd.[3]
And then I saw a fox leap rapidly,

[1] Nothing could more emphatically mark the importance attached by Dante to the scene described, than this admonition.

[2] The eagle is the Roman emperor. Suetonius relates, that some one having said in the hearing of Nero, "When I am dead, let fire consume the world," Nero replied, "Let it be while I live." Accordingly, pretending dislike to the old buildings and winding narrow streets of Rome, he set fire to the city, and beholding from the top of a tower the conflagration, was so delighted with the grandeur of the scene, that he went to his own theatre, and dressed as an actor, sung the "Burning of Troy."

[3] Not only did Nero, by his monstrous cruelty and other vices, wage war against mankind at large, but for the purpose of getting rid of the infamy which he had incurred by firing the city, he laid the blame of it on the Christians, and then inflicted on them the most horrible torments. "But it was evident," says Tacitus, "that they fell a sacrifice, not for the public good, but to gratify the cruelty of one man."—*Annales*, xv. 44. This was the first of ten persecutions, raised by the Roman emperors against the Church, during nearly three centuries.

Up into the triumphal Chariot's hold;
Fasting from all good food he seem'd to be.
But when my lady with reproaches bold
His filthy faults exposed, he took to flight
With speed which his gaunt frame alone controll'd.[1]
Then from the place where first he came in sight,
Into the Car I saw an eagle dart,
And leave it lined with its own plumage light.[2]
And such a voice as issues from a heart [said,
With grief o'ercharged was heard from heaven, which
"O how ill-freighted, my frail bark, thou art!"
Then, as it seem'd, between both wheels gaped wide
The earth, and thence a dragon rising, who
Pierced with his tail the Car above, I spied:
And as a wasp withdraws its sting, he drew

[1] The hold or seat of the car is the "*Sedes apostolica*," or See of Rome; into which the "Fox," hypocrisy, has often vaulted. Petrarch, epistle 17, *sine titulo*, invokes the emperor to drive from their lair the intrusive foxes, and deliver from chains and misery the Spouse of Christ. The popular history of Reynard the Fox, has been traced back to the twelfth century. Its frequent allusions to ecclesiastical characters are conceived in a spirit of biting sarcasm. At one time Reynard appears in the character of a hermit; at another, of a pilgrim. He proposes to go to Rome to buy pardons, and bring back indulgences, and then proceed to the Holy Land. After overreaching most of the other beasts, he succeeds in becoming the principal adviser of the Lion. In a romance called *Le Noveau Renard*, written about A.D. 1289, by Jacquemais Gielée, the Fox, who had been at variance with the Lion, pretends reconciliation, draws over to his side the clergy, and makes his two sons friars—one a Franciscan, the other a Dominican. Finally, he goes to Rome, where, favoured by fortune, he at length becomes Pope.

[2] The famous donation of Constantine, and the subsequent spoils of the Roman empire appropriated by the Bishops of Rome.

Back towards himself his tail malign, and tore
Its base away, and off exulting flew.[1]
That which remain'd, even as with herbage fine
The fresh green turf, was quickly cover'd over
With feathers, offer'd haply with design
Chaste and benignant, and they form'd a cover
For both wheels and the pole; in such time done
As o'er the open lips a sigh might hover.[2]
Such transformation having undergone,
The holy structure put forth heads, and wore
Three on the pole and in each corner one.
Horns the first three of these like oxen bore;
The four had only one horn each in front:
Like monster no man ever saw before.[3]
Securely, as a rock on some high mount,
O'er it was seen a wanton harlot seated,
Whose eyes glanced round her in their shameless wont.[4]

[1] The *Ottimo Comento*, the anonymous author of which had the advantage of personal intercourse with Dante, pronounces the dragon in this passage to be Satan, and refers to *Rev.* xii. 9. He says that Dante here "shows the strength of the persecutor, who, by his malign power, corrupted the edifice of the Church."

[2] The increase of wealth and temporal dominion in the Church bestowed by Constantine, Charlemagne, and the Countess Matilda, but ill compensated for the loss of those primitive and Christian virtues for which they were substituted.

[3] Dante's allusion is to *Daniel* vii. 7, 8, 20—26; and *Rev.* xiii. 1.

[4] The she-wolf, *Inferno*, i. 49, so described in allusion to the traditional nurse of Romulus and Remus, is here the harlot.—See *Rev.* xvii. The symbolical character of this woman is an additional proof that Beatrice must also be considered figuratively; otherwise there would be no consistency in the allegory. "Some would have it that this harlot means the Court of Rome, adopting what is said, *Rev.* xvii. 2: And of this the author had experience in the time of Boniface VIII., when he went as ambassador for

And that she might not be from thence unseated,
I saw a giant there close at her side;[1]
And oft with kisses they each other greeted.
But when her amorous wandering eyes aside
She turn'd on me, that cruel paramour[2]
To her the lash from head to foot applied.
Then jealous and with fierce rage boiling o'er,
The monstrous Car he from the tree released;[3]
Drawn through the wood, by me were seen no more
The harlot and the newly form'd wild beast. 160

the Republic; so that he knew with what sort of eyes she looked, and what sort of a paramour Boniface was—not her legitimate spouse, according to the opinion of many. God knows the truth. The author, however, treats of this subject here and in the nineteenth of the Inferno."—*Ottimo Comento.*

[1] The kings of France have usually been the most zealous champions of the Papacy. But the pride and ambition of Boniface VIII. provoked the wrath of Philip IV. ("Le Bel"), and prompted him to those outrages which made his holiness an object of pity even to Dante.

[2] "When this harlot turned her wanton eyes on the author, the giant, a fierce paramour, lashed her from head to foot—to signify that she must not turn away from him, since she had prostituted herself for money."—*Ottimo Comento.* "In the giant, every one recognises Philip le Bel."—Ugo Foscolo, *Discorso*, p. 381.

[3] "The meaning is, that this paramour of the Roman Court carried away the Church from the tree to which Christ bound it, and withdrew it from the sight of the Good, and from a conspicuous situation, into a place of sin, and an obscure wood, full of vice and darkness, as described in the first canto of the *Inferno*."—*Ottimo Comento.*

CANTO XXXIII.

THE ARGUMENT.

Deus, venerunt gentes, chanted by the Seven Virtues, in lamentation for the sad condition of the Church. Beatrice explains the symbols to Dante, and utters an enigmatical prediction. They proceed onward, with Statius, Matilda, and the Seven Virtues, handmaids of Beatrice. Arrived at the river Eunoë, Dante drinks of its water; and has no space left sufficient to describe its sweetness. He now finds himself purified, and prepared for ascending to the Stars.

"*O God, the heathen are come in,*"[1] thus weeping
The ladies now commenced sweet psalmody,
Now three, now four, alternate measure keeping[2]

[1] *Psalm* lxxix.; Vulgate, lxxviii. This Psalm, written during the captivity in Babylon, deplores the overthrow of Jerusalem, the conflagration of the temple, and the slaughter of God's people; and invokes the Divine vengeance on their oppressors. It is here sung in alternate strains by the Evangelical and Moral Virtues, to deplore the state of the Church, as described at the end of the preceding canto. The period from A.D. 1304 to 1374, during which the Popes resided at Avignon, in France, has been called by Roman Catholic writers, "the Babylonish captivity."

[2] The most ancient Church music appears to have been a recitative chant of the simplest kind, and was probably *antiphonal*. In the Jewish Church it was practised from the time of Moses, whose *Ode* at the Red Sea, on Israel's deliverance, was thus chanted.—*Exod.* xv. 20, 21. The description of Isaiah's Vision, *Isaiah* vi. 1—3, is founded on this practice, and represents the Seraphim in two divisions of a choir, the one singing respon-

And Beatrice, with sighs all piteously,
Was listening with devotion so entire,
Scarce Mary at the cross more changed could be.[1]
But when the other virgins who stood by her
Had ceased their song, up on her feet rose she,
And answer'd, while her colour glow'd like fire,
"*A little while, and me ye shall not see;*
And I will also add, my sisters dear,
A little while ye shall again see me."[2]
Then all the seven she sent before her there;
And following after, led by her sole sign,
I and the dame and sage[3] who tarried, were.
Thus on she went, and had not, I opine,
Made her tenth step, as on the ground she paced,
When suddenly her eyes encounter'd mine:
And with a tranquil aspect, "Make more haste,
So that if I should speak to thee," she cried,
"Thou for our converse may'st be better placed."
Soon as with her command I had complied,
"Brother," to me she said, "why art thou dumb
In questioning, thus walking by my side?"
Like those who, by the presence overcome,
Of their superiors, with such awe profound,

sively to the other. See also 1 *Sam.* xviii. 6, 7; *Ezra* iii. 10, 11. Pliny's Letter to the Emperor Trajan (A.D. 107) concerning the Christians of his province, after saying that they met on a stated day before it was light, adds, "*Carmenque Christo quasi Deo dicere secum* INVICEM" (They were also accustomed to sing among themselves *alternately*, a hymn to Christ as God).

[1] *John* xix. 25. In thus comparing the grief of Beatrice to that of Mary at the cross, Dante hints that the corruption of the Church was a "crucifying the Son of God afresh, and putting him to an open shame."—*Heb.* vi. 6.

[2] *John* xvi. 16. Compare this with *Rev.* xii. 6.

[3] Statius, who remained when Virgil had departed.

Would speak, but find no living word will come;
Such case was mine, that with imperfect sound,
"My lady," I began, "you know my need,
And how its fit supply may best be found."[1]
And she replied, "Of shame and fear indeed,
I will that thou at once throw off the yoke,[2]
Nor longer talk like one whom dreams mislead.[3]
Know that the vessel which the serpent broke
Was and is not;[4] nor shall the offender stay
With suppliant rites the Almighty's vengeful stroke.[5]
Yon eagle's heir, though after long delay,
Will come, who left his feathers in the car,
Which made it first a monster, then a prey.
Sure truth I see and speak: each favouring star

[1] Dante was naturally afraid lest, in attempting to speak of such things, he should either commit himself, by incurring the reproach of heresy, at that time so perilous, or betray the interests of truth; he therefore felt how much he stood in need of Divine wisdom, to aid him in treating the subject suitably and under the proper *veil* of allegory.

[2] *Inferno*, ii. 49; iii. 14, 15.

[3] "Be no longer misled by popular delusions or legendary fictions, but speak the truth without undue timidity or shame."

[4] See *Rev.* xvii. 8.

[5] The ceremony supposed to be here alluded to is thus described: "According to the prevailing superstition at Florence, a murderer was safe from vengeance, if within the space of nine days he had eaten a sop of bread in wine upon the slain man's grave." The word "*suppe*" rendered "sops" or "soups," and by Cayley "*witch's broth*," may also have been intended, by *a paranomasia*, as an abbreviation, to suit the rhyme, of "supplice" suppliant. The sentiment is, "Let it not be supposed that the corruption of true religion and the oppression of its adherents can be expiated by prayers and genuflexions, much less by superstitious rites of human appointment, which have assumed the name and usurped the place of religion."

At hand proclaims a time that shall arrive,
Secure from all impediment and bar,
In which five hundred with a ten and five,[1]
From God commission'd, will that foul one kill;
Nor shall the giant vile, her mate, survive.[2]

[1] These numbers, according to the Roman method of notation, DXV., if slightly transposed, form the Latin word for a Leader or Captain, DVX, or *Dux*. The line in the original, "Un cinquecento diece e cinque," will form in Roman numerals the word IVDeX, *Judex*, the just and avenging *Judge* who will destroy Antichrist.—See *Thess.* ii. 8.

Dante, doubtless, had in view the example of St. John, who makes the number of the Beast to be 666; *Rev.* xiii. 18. There might, in both cases, be important reasons for not speaking more plainly. It was sufficient if the solution of the enigma was possible. Enigmas were common in ancient times, and the designation of persons by the letters which formed their names was not unusual. Thus, among Pagans, the Egyptian mystics indicated Mercury by 1218, because the Greek letters composing his Egyptian name *Thouth*, when estimated by their numerical value, together made up that number. Again the pseudo-Christian Gnostics, from St. John's time downwards, affixed to their gems and amulets the mystic word *αβρασαξ* or *αβραξας*, under the idea of some mystic virtue attached to its number 365, as being that of the days in the annual solar cycle.

[2] See *Inferno*, i. 102; *Purg.* xx. 15. The study of astronomy was formerly associated with that of judicial astrology, which in the middle ages was generally credited. Even Lord Bacon maintained that the science of astrology was not to be rejected, but reformed.

While Dante professes to ground his prediction on astrological calculation, it is amusing to find his commentator Landino, on the first of the two passages just referred to, writing thus:—"In the year 1484, on the 25th of November, at 41 minutes past 13, Saturn will be in conjunction with Jupiter in Scorpio. This announces a change in religion, and as Jupiter is superior to Saturn, we may predict that the change will be for the better. I am therefore in great hope that the Christian republic will, at

And possibly my dark narration will
Be heard like Themis[1] and the Sphinx[2] in vain,

length, be governed wisely and well." Landino's comment was printed at Florence in 1481. In the year and month indicated in the above comment on Dante's "*veltro*," or greyhound, that was to chase the she-wolf back to hell, Luther was born. It has also been remarked that *ueltro*, the old spelling, is an anagram on his name as written in Italian, *Lutero*.—ROSETTI, *Disq.* vol. ii. note I. p. 227.

Dante, as a *Vates*, might well prognosticate from the signs of the times that the civil power would not always remain submissive to the papal tyranny: but in his expectations of help towards the achievement of Italian unity and liberty from the Emperor Henry VII., or Can Grande della Scala, he was disappointed; and his followers and countrymen still more so, in that "cowardly spectre of a Cæsar," Charles IV. Were Dante now living, he would scarcely acknowledge as the Eagle's heir the Austrian or the Bourbon: but would he not recognise his Veltro in Garibaldi, his Dux or Judex in Victor Emmanuel and the late Count Cavour, and his favouring stars in the Providence that raised them up, and brought them into conjunction? Perhaps he would also include as a *double* star, mainly favorable but partially obstructive, the Emperor Napoleon III.

[1] Themis, daughter of Cœlus and Terra. As the personification of Divine Justice, she is called the wife of Jupiter, and holds a pair of scales in one hand and a sword in the other. (See *Daniel* v. 27, 28, 30). After the Deluge, Deucalion and his wife Pyrrha consulted her oracle as to the division of lands, and were directed to set up landmarks. This is what the classical story, when stripped of figure, amounts to; and is evidently an adaptation or tradition of what is described, *Gen.* viii. ix. x.; *Deut.* xxxii. 8; *Acts* xvii. 26, 27. See OVID. *Metam.* i. 321; VIRG. *Geor.* i. 62; PINDAR, *Olymp.* ix. 66.

[2] A fabulous monster, having the bust and voice of a virgin, the body of a dog, the paws of a lion, the wings of a bird, and the tail of a serpent: the offspring of Orthos and Chimæra, sent by Juno into the vicinity of Thebes, from hatred to the family of Cadmus (because his wife, Hermione, was the daughter of Venus,

Its meaning now, like theirs, inscrutable.[1]
But facts will be the Œdipus to explain
What this obscure enigma shadoweth,
Without mischance to cattle or to grain.
Mark then what my communication saith,
And to the living all these words teach thou,[2]
For human life is one career to death.
When thou shalt write, remember to avow
Without reserve, that thou hast seen the tree
Which here hath twice been devastated now.[3]
To him who strips or cleaves it, certainly
God's wrath by such profaneness is ensured,
Who made it sacred for himself to be.
Its taste for Adam pain and want procured,
Five thousand years and more desiring Him

her greatest enemy). The Sphinx put forth a riddle, and devoured all who could not solve it. On the arrival of Œdipus, he expounded the enigma, upon which, as the oracle had foretold, she immediately slew herself by dashing her head against a rock.—SOPH. *Œd. Tyr.* But on the removal of this pest, Minerva sent a dreadful pestilence, in which men, cattle, and the fruits of the earth were cut off.

Dante seems to have read Naïdes by a corruption of the text in Ovid, Laïdes being the correct reading. Œdipus is so called as the son of Laius.

"The son of Laius explained the verses which the sagacity
Of those before him understood not, and the mystic prophetess
Cast herself down headlong, forgetful of her enigmas.
Fostering Themis indeed left not such acts unrevenged.
Immediately another plague was sent on Aonian Thebes,
And smote with death many both of men and cattle."

OVID. *Metam.* vii. 759.

[1] Yes; facts are explaining the otherwise inscrutable enigma —perhaps in a way not anticipated by Dante.

[2] A second injunction to this effect. See Canto xxxii. 105.

[3] The rise of spiritual tyranny was like a Second Fall of Man.

Who for that sin the penalty endured.[1]
Thy reason slumbers, if to thee seems dim
What its tall stature specially must mean,
Inversely spreading towards the top each limb.
And had there not, like Elsa's waters,[2] been
Vain thoughts around thy mind, with pleasure stain'd,
As did the mulberry Pyramus,[3] thou'dst seen
The tree forbidden morally explain'd,
And from such circumstances even alone
God's equal justice thoroughly maintain'd.[4]
But since thy intellect is turn'd to stone,
And deeply tinctured too with sin, I find,
So dazzled by the light my words have thrown,
I will too, if not penn'd, that on thy mind

[1] The number mentioned includes the years of Adam's life on earth, together with the time which, according to Roman Catholic doctrine, he had spent in Limbo, until his release at the Crucifixion, &c. See *Inferno*, iv. 54, and note, and *Paradiso*, xxvi. 118—123. Dante mainly follows the ancient Chronology, preserved in the Septuagint and Josephus, confirmed by the New Testament, and followed by Augustine and all the early fathers; according to which the crucifixion of Christ occurred about A.M. 5497. By the modern system of Chronology, founded on a servile deference to the Masorites and the existing Hebrew Text, the clock of the world has been *put back nearly fourteen hundred years!*

[2] Elsa, a little stream which flows into the Arno about twenty miles below Florence, is said to possess a petrifying quality.

[3] See Canto xxvii. 39 and note.

[4] "Many there be that complain of Providence for suffering Adam to transgress. Foolish tongues! when God gave him reason, he gave him freedom to choose, for reason is but choosing; he had been else a mere artificial Adam, such an Adam as he is in the motions" (that is, in the *Automata*, or Puppet-show, representing the Fall).—MILTON'S *Areopagitica*.

In *Paradiso*, xxvi. 115—117, Adam tells Dante that it was not the mere act of eating of the tree that caused his banishment, but his transgression of the Divine law.

They may be pictur'd faithfully, at least,[1]
As pilgrims bear a staff with palm entwined."[2]
"As when on wax the signet-seal is press'd,
Which changeth not the figure stamp'd," said I;
"Ev'n so by you my brain is now impress'd.[3]
But wherefore does your wish'd for converse fly
So far above my view, that all the more
I fail to reach it, when the most I try?"
"That thou may'st know the school which heretofore
Thou hast been following,[4] and perceive," said she,
"How much behind my doctrine is its lore,
And how far distant is your way, may'st see,
From the divine; as far as earth below

[1] A third admonition, showing the importance of the Allegory.

[2] Our word *Pilgrim* (French *pélerin*) seems derived from the Italian *pellegrino*, and *peregrino* (See Canto viii. 4; xxiii. 16), Latin *Peregrinatus* (coming from abroad, a stranger, a foreigner), from *peragro*, I wander over, traverse; *per agros*, over the fields, in opposition to being in the house. "Peregrique et domi."—*Plaut.* Dante says, in his *Vita Nuova*, "It is to be understood that those persons who go on the service of the Most High, are probably named in three ways. They are named Palmers, inasmuch as they go beyond sea, from whence they bring back the palm. They are called Pilgrims, inasmuch as they go to the house of Galicia; because the sepulchre of St. James was further from his country than that of any other Apostle. They are called Romei, inasmuch as they go to Rome."—See Canto xxxii. 76, note. At present, says the *Vocab. Della Crusca* (printed in 1734), a pilgrim of any sort is called Roméo. It is probable, our word Roamer is a derivation from it.

"Ac now is religion a rydere, a *romere* aboute," &c.
Piers Ploughman's Vision, ll. 6217-18.

[3] See Canto x. 45.

[4] "The school in which Dante had been brought up was that of the corrupt Papacy—'teaching for doctrines the commandments of men'—a school of practical infidelity."—WRIGHT.

Is from the heaven that speeds most loftily."[1]
Then I replied: "My memory doth not show
That I from you have felt estrangement ever,
Nor for such fault one pang doth conscience know."
"If thou canst not remember it, however,"
She answer'd smiling, "think of what occurr'd
Just now; for thou hast drunk of Lethe's river:
And as from smoke some fire may be inferr'd,[2]
So this oblivion clearly proves to-day
That thy desire, elsewhere intent, hath err'd.[3]
But henceforth I indeed from what I say,
Far as is fit, will all concealment chase,
To thy crude thought its meaning to display."
Now more effulgent, but with slower pace,[4]
The sun had mounted his meridian arch,
Varying his aspect as we shift our place;[5]

[1] The highest or most distant of the created heavens; the *Primum Mobile*, or Crystalline; which consequently was supposed to move the most rapidly as having the largest sweep.

Dante intimates that the true Evangelic doctrine, taught by Divine Wisdom, as far surpasses both heathen philosophy and popular tradition, as the highest heaven is distant from the earth.—*Isaiah* lv. 9.

[2] "Where there is a smoke there must be some fire."—*Old Proverb.*

[3] The waters of Lethe were supposed to cancel the memory of *evil* only. Hence, the fact forgotten is proved to have been wrong.

[4] Biagioli explains, that at noon the Sun is not only brightest, but, *on account of his distance from the horizon, seems* to move most slowly. The allegorical sense may refer to the pleasure which Dante anticipated from the promised manifestation of Divine Truth. So in *Paradise Lost*, vii. 99, Adam, to describe his pleasure in listening to Raphael's discourse, represents it as charming the Sun and arresting him in his course.

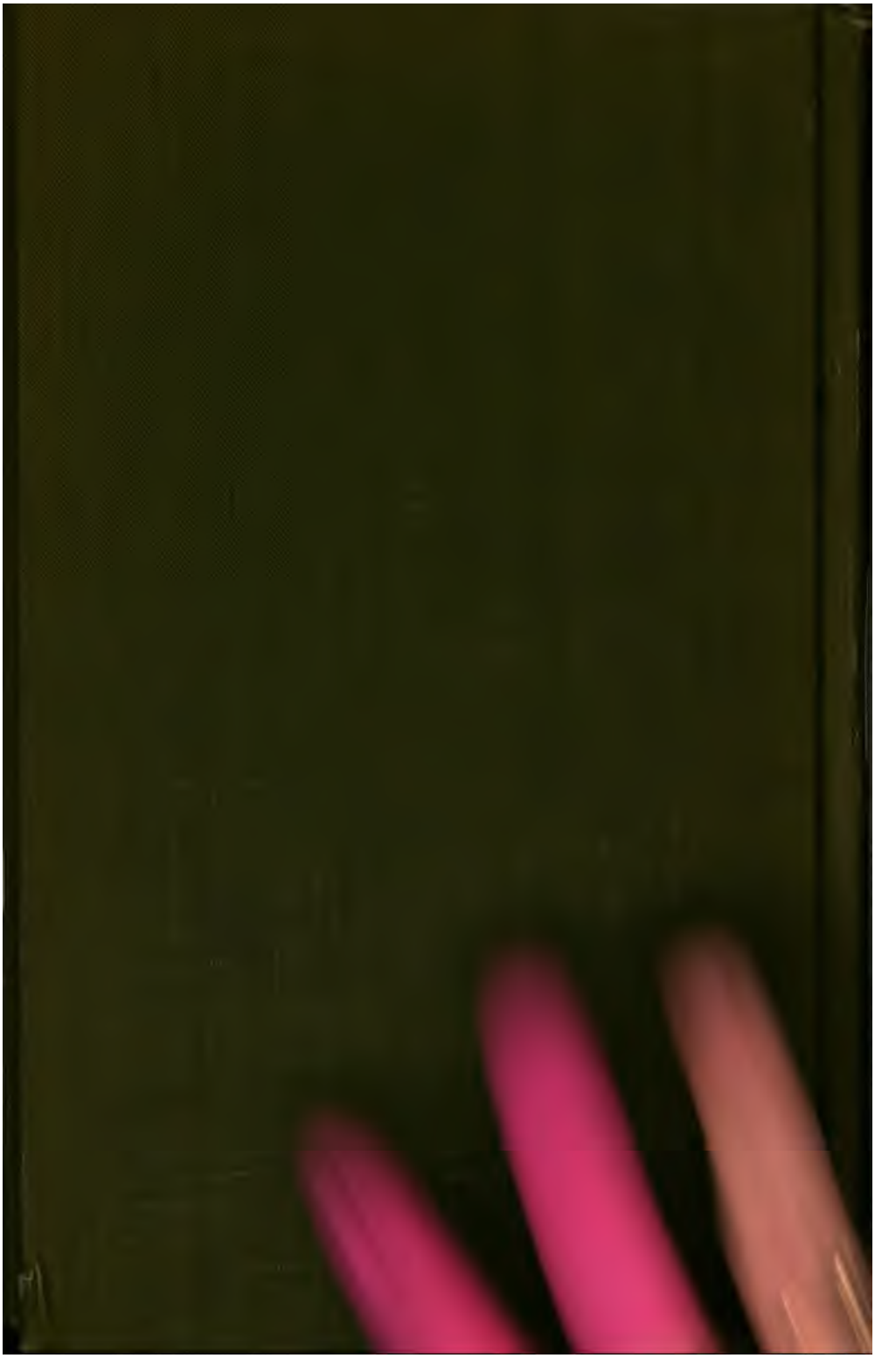
[5] Rosetti says, "A now existing sect, which boasts, and with a reason, of its antiquity, uses, in its *manifestation, sealing-wax*, to

When the seven dames,—like escort on their march,
Who in an army's van a halt have made,
Where something new occurs to challenge search,—
On a dark shadow's verge their motion stay'd,
Like that where gloomy woods of ancient growth
O'er Alpine torrents chill have cast their shade.
Before them Tigris and Euphrates both
Well'd from one fountain in a strict embrace,[1]
Like old friends lingering, and to part seem'd loth.
"O light, O glory of the human race,[2]
What may this water be, whose waves digress'd
From one beginning separate channels trace?"
This answer to my prayer she made: "Request
Matilda to inform thee." That fair lady,
As one who would when blamed some plea suggest,
Then answer'd; "This and other things already
He hath been told by me; and I am sure
They are not swept from him by Lethe's eddy."[3]

signify that the lady of the mind is now stamped on the brain of the initiated. They make a mysterious voyage, and return with *a staff entwined with palm*, alluding to the *palmers*. Finally, to signify the completeness of the instruction, they say that *the sun has reached his meridian*. What wonder, then, that they claim Dante as a brother?"—*Disquisitions*, ii. 55.

[1] The river which watered Paradise, afterwards became divided into four heads or streams, two of which are called *Euphrates* and Hiddekel.—*Gen.* ii. 14. For the latter the Vulgate reads *Tigris*. Dante transforms them, for the purpose of his allegory, into Lethe, which he had now traced up to its fountain (See *Inferno*, xiv. 136 and note; *Purg.* xxviii. 25) and Eunöe (*Purg.* xxviii. 131); the one to take away the memory of sin (*Heb.* viii. 12), and the other to regenerate and renew the soul. (*Titus* iii. 5).

[2] Compare with *Inferno*, ii. 76—79; in proof that Celestial Wisdom is here personified in Beatrice.

[3] Therefore they cannot be faults. See line 99 and note.

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